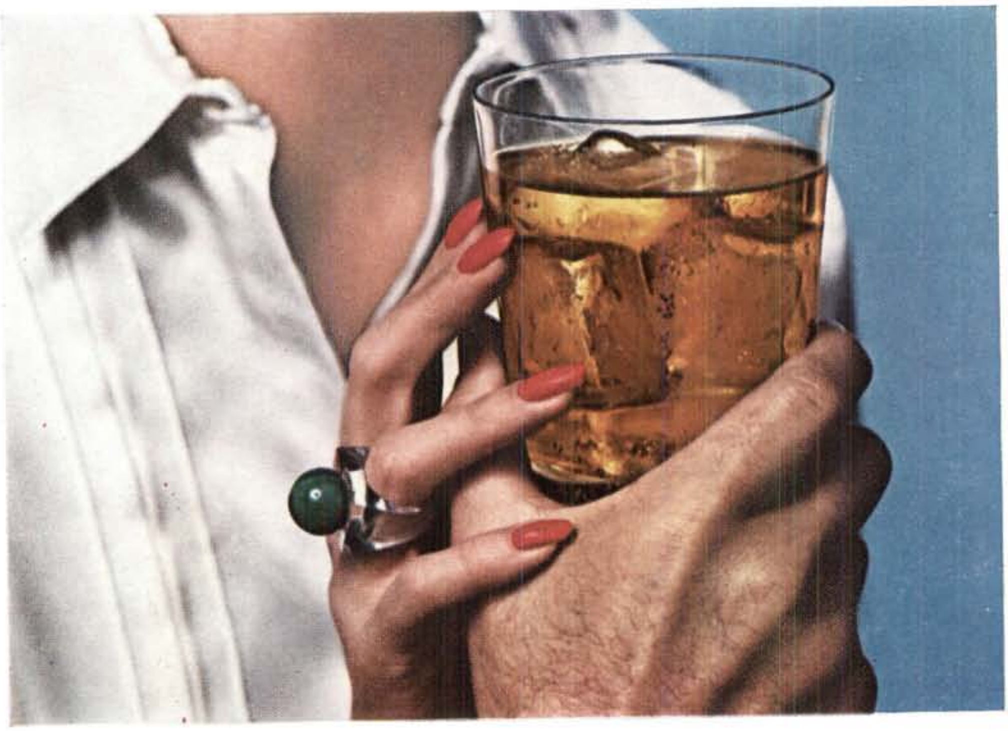
April 18, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents



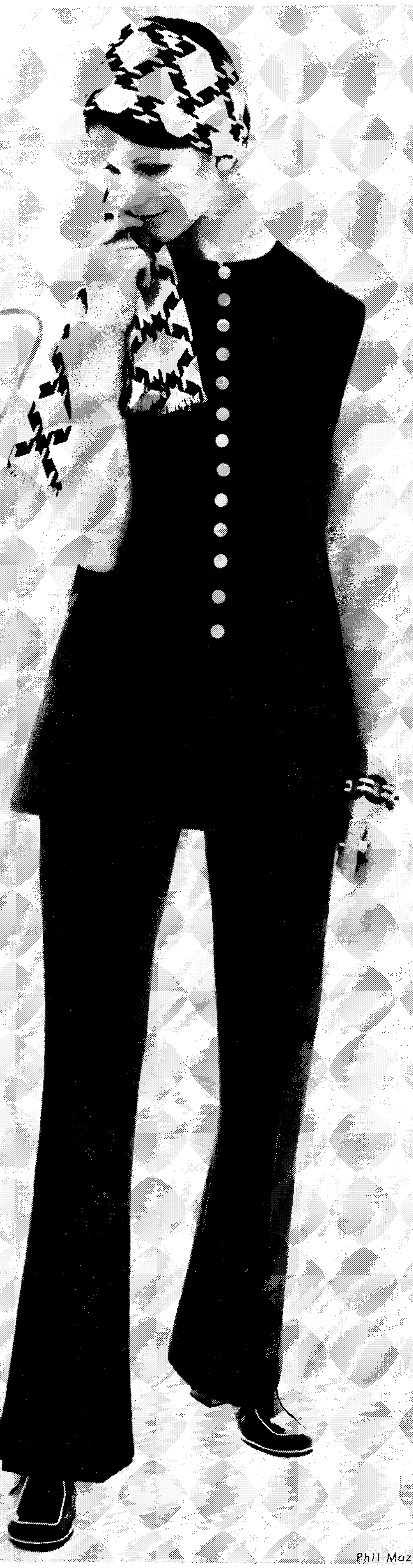
TRY SOMETHING BETTER.

There is only one J&B Rare Scotch. And only one reason for drinking it. The delightful rare taste you pour every time from every bottle. Isn't something like that worth a few cents more?

J&B Rare Scotch

From the house of Justerini & Brooks, founded 1749.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. The Paddington Corp., N.Y.



Phil Mazzurco

Our city pants idea

with fling of scarf could give the dress some competition. By Jr. Aim in Cruiseway by Crown, a crisp rayon-silk. Black or yellow, sizes 3 to 13, 45.00 Young New Yorker Dresses, Sixth Floor. And at all Lord & Taylor stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Borstal Boy—Bringing back to life a Brendan Behan not in the least Lazarus-like but characteristically indignant and joyous. With Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Brotherhood and **Day of Absence**—A pair of one-acters by Douglas Turner Ward, one of the shrewdest and best of all our playwrights. The first is a blunt and harsh practical joke about a black couple who come for cocktails to the suburban house of a white couple. The second is a revival of Mr. Ward's sharp, witty satire about a day in a small Southern town when all the blacks decide not to turn up for work. The performances are very good indeed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 26.)

Butterflies Are Free—A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with sure-fire jokes and the merest pinch of life. Well acted by Keir Dullea, Blythe Danner, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Child's Play—Robert Marasco's spooky play about how pedagogy corrupts and absolute pedagogy corrupts absolutely. With brilliant performances by Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—A revival of the Howard Richardson-William Berney play. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear Janet Rosenberg, Dear Mr. Kooning—A pair of brief imports by a British playwright named Stanley Eveling. Their prevailing cuteness becomes quite exasperating at times, but they are literate and entertaining all the same. With Kevin O'Connor, Catherine Burns, and Penelope Allen. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who is ably supported by Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Harvey—A revival of Mary Chase's old comedy about an invisible rabbit. James Stewart is marvellous as Harvey's close friend. Also in the cast are Helen Hayes, Jesse White, and Henderson Forsythe. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 2.)

Inquest—A play by Donald Freed, based on a book by Walter and Miriam Schneir about the trial of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. The cast is headed by George Grizzard, Anne Jackson, and James Whitmore. Alan Schneider directed. Previews Thursday, April 16, through Wednesday, April 22. Opens officially on Thursday, April 23. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Marcel Marceau—*Words fail him, and no wonder.* (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Final performances Sunday, April 26.)

Paris Is Out!—A smothering momma-and-poppa Jewish comedy, with Molly Picon and Sam Levene, who evidently hate idleness. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Thursday at 2, and Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 19.)

The Persians—An adaptation by John Lewin of a play by Aeschylus. Opens Wednesday, April 15, and will run through Saturday, May 2. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St., east of Third Ave. 533-2222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Half an hour before curtain time,

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 33
"TEST" . . . . *John Bailey* 38
"EXILES" (PART II) . . . . *Michael J. Arlen* 41
"LEAVING A STATION—SUNDAY, FEB. 1, 1970" (POEM) . . . . *Peter Kane Dufault* 44
"BRUEGHEL: THE TRIUMPH OF TIME" (POEM) . . . . *Howard Nemerov* 48
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 79
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 82
"THE ROOFS" . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 89
"THROUGH THE AUTOMATIC CARWASH" (POEM) . . . . *Robert Vas Dias* 90
U. S. JOURNAL: LOS ANGELES . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 92
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 106
LETTER FROM PARIS . . . . *Genêt* 128
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 134
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 138
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 148
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 150
RECORDS: ROCK, ETC. . . . . *Ellen Willis* 155
BOOKS . . . . *L. E. Sissman* 161
BRIEFLY NOTED 166

COVER: *Charles Saxon*

DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., Joseph Mirachi, J. B. Handelsman, Donald Reilly, Henry Martin, Robert Day, Alan Dunn, William O'Brian, James Stevenson, John Corcoran, William Hamilton, Warren Miller, Dana Fradon, Syd Hoff, William Steig, Frank Modell*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 9, April 18, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

Time for graduation

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST.

ATLANTA PHIPPS PLAZA · **CHICAGO** 715 N. MICHIGAN AVE. · **HOUSTON** FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG. · **SAN FRANCISCO** 252 GRANT AVE. · **BEVERLY HILLS** 9502 WILSHIRE BLVD.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the ceremonies begin in Stuyvesant Square, with the music of a Persian santur and with jugglers.)

A Place for Polly—Marian Mercer and Cathryn Damon in a comedy by Lonnie Coleman. Ronny Graham directed. Previews through Friday, April 17. Opens officially on Saturday, April 18. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Private Lives—A very successful revival of Noël Coward's sleight-of-hand comedy about four people, three marriages, and a divorce that refuses to take. With Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, directed by Stephen Porter. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Sam Shepard's OPERATION SIDEWINDER is a noisy play about good guys and bad guys, ingeniously produced, and with songs by the Holy Modal Rounders. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 25.)... ¶ At the Forum, in the same building—LANDSCAPE and SILENCE, two one-acters by Harold Pinter, each of them an invasion of the privacy of its characters, who speak their thoughts aloud but rarely get in touch with one another. The scripts, needless to say, are good, but the performances, with a couple of exceptions, are not. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:45, and Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Sheep on the Runway—David Burns, Martin Gabel, and half a dozen other gifted comic actors have a grand time hamming it up in Art Buchwald's farce about international politics in some Eastern Erewhon. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 2.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq., 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Le Tréteau de Paris—A five-week repertory of eight plays, in French. Pinget's LETTRE MORTE and ARCHITRUC: Wednesday, April 15, at 2:30 (preview) and 7 (opening); Thursday and Friday, April 16-17, at 8:30; Saturday, April 18, at 8:30; Sunday, April 19, at 3; Tuesday, April 21, at 8:30; Wednesday, April 22, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Thursday, April 23, at 8:30.... ¶ Beckett's OH! LES BEAUX JOURS, with Madeleine Renaud: Friday, April 24, at 7 (opening), and Saturday, April 25, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 541-8586. Closes Sunday, May 10.)

The Unseen Hand and Forensic and the Navigators—The first of these short plays in the modern, far-out manner is an edged comedy about a spaceman and three leftovers from the Old West, and it is original and funny. The second also has its entertaining moments, but it ends with clouds of smoke billowing over the audience, and it can be skipped with no great loss. Sam Shepard is the dramatist, and he also doubles as drummer in a rock trio that performs during intermission. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Final performance Wednesday, April 15, at 8:40.)

The White House Murder Case—Jules Feiffer's satire on war and a number of other things is clever but ultimately ineffectual, in spite of Alan Arkin's fine direction and satisfactory performances by all concerned. With Paul Benedict. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—ADAPTATION and NEXT: Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... THE CONCEPT: A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... FORTY CARATS: Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for June Allyson, Tom Poston, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY: Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... PLAZA SUITE: Three skits by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

MUSICALS

Applause—A rousing, tireless, immensely skillful retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's 1954 musical, starring Judy Carne. Directed by Gus Schirmer. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and André Previn, with sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. It purports to be about the great Gabrielle Chanel of Paris and turns out to be about the great Katharine Hepburn of Hartford. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cry for Us All—An ambitious but unsuccessful adaptation of William Alfred's play "Hogan's Goat," with Joan Diener, Robert Weede, and Steve Arlen. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Final performances Wednesday, April 15, at 2 and 8:30.)

The Drunkard—A musical version by Bro Herrod of the W. H. S. Smith melodrama, with music by Barry Manilow. (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. 691-1413. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joy—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, Fredricka Weber as both girls, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Look to the Lilies—Shirley Booth and Al Freeman, Jr., have reason to look longingly at the exits. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Minnie's Boys—An account of the Marx Brothers and their rise to fame and fortune. Trite and untuneful. Shelley Winters is Minnie, and Lewis J. Stadlen is an admirable Groucho. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Park—A musical with a cast of four (plus five musicians), in which Joan Hackett, Julie Wilson, David Brooks, and Don Scardino will appear. Paul Cherry has written the book and lyrics, and Lance Mulcahy the music. John Stix is the director. Previews Friday, April 17, through Tuesday, April 21. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 22. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Purlie—An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious," grown too big for its hand-me-down breeches. With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Salvation—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Wednesday and Thursday at 8:30; Friday and Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Closes Sunday, April 19.)

Stomp—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of the songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 4. Closes Sunday, April 19.)

This Was Burlesque—Miss Ann Corio and her young ladies bump and grind and twirl tassels, but there is no life in the show, in spite of the venerable presence of Steve Mills and a few other comedians. (Hudson West, 361 W. 57th St. JU 2-4020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... DAMES AT SEA: A takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... THE FANTASTICKS: Buck Mulligan frowned quickly and said: —What? Where? I can't remember anything. I remember only ideas and sensations. Why? What happened

WHILE YOU'RE FEELING AT HOME IN THE CARIBBEAN, WHO AT HOME IS LOOKING AFTER YOUR SECURITIES?

Set up a Custody Account with the Trust people at Chase Manhattan.

Freedom from concern about your investments means freedom to enjoy the fascination of far-off places.

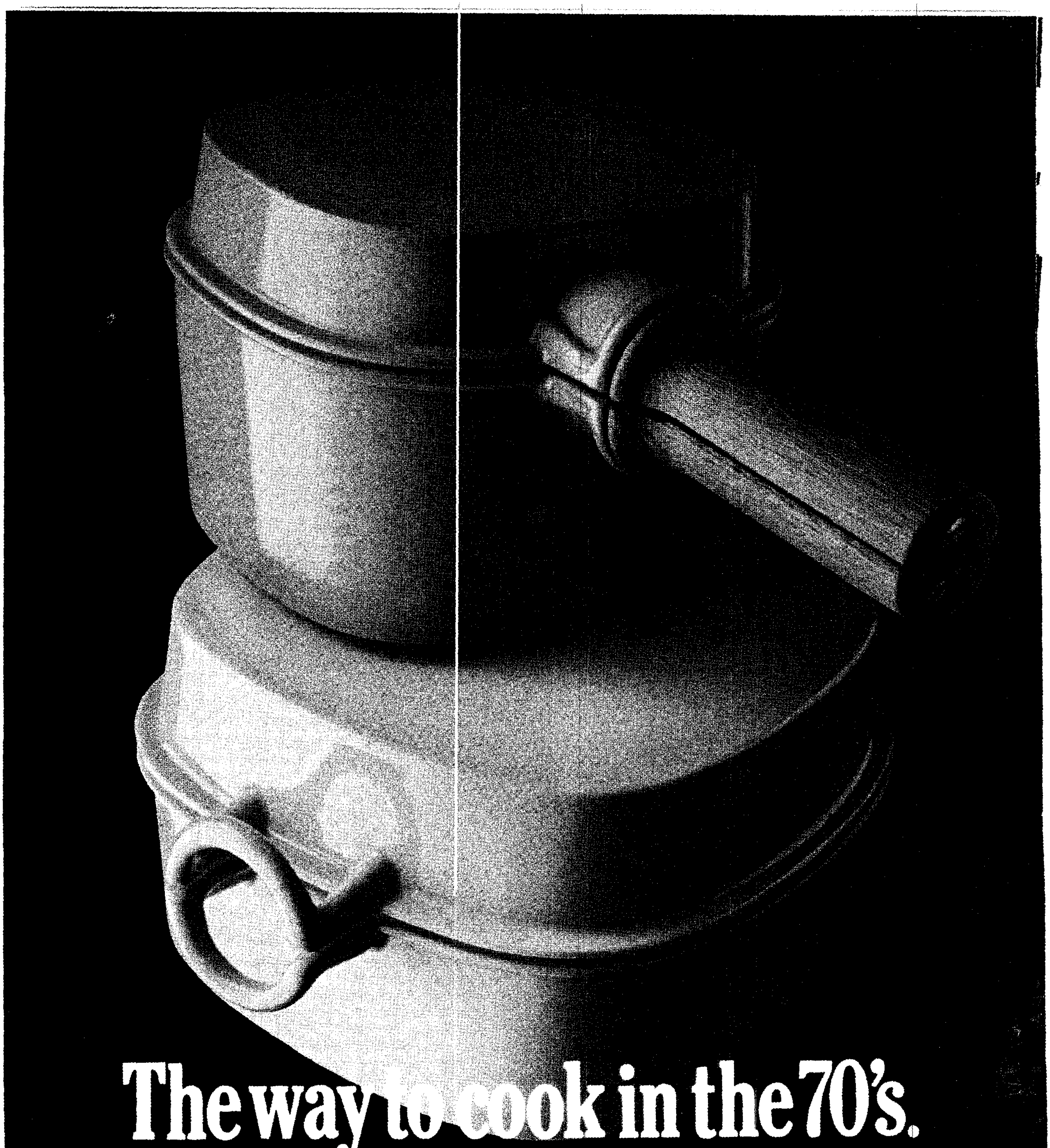
With a Custody Account at Chase you *know* your securities are safe, that dividends will be collected, coupons clipped, rights sold or exercised, and accurate, detailed records furnished. And we will even render income-tax service.

A Custody Account is another service in which the Trust people at Chase are experienced, understanding, and creative in helping people find ways to fulfill their personal planning objectives.

How can we help you? Come in and talk it over. Remember, in trust services, you have a friend at Chase Manhattan.

Personal Planning Division • 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza or 535 5th Avenue • Member F.D.I.C.

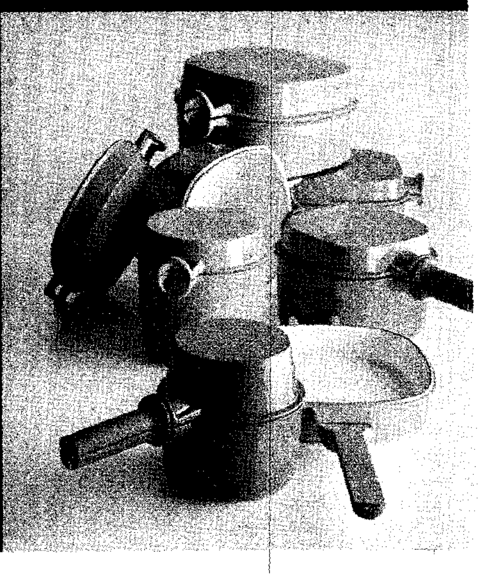
THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK, N.A.



The way to cook in the 70's.

It's the new Ørecast Cooking System by Dansk®.
System? Take the yellow pot here. It's a Dutch Oven. The top used alone is an oval baker. The bottom is a 4 quart pot. Three in one.
Jens Quistgaard evolved new shapes for the multi-functional Ørecast System. (With Jens, function becomes beauty.) The pots are cast iron. In 2000 years no one has come up with a better material for slow even cooking. Layers of brilliant porcelain are heat-fused to the cast iron body. Nothing cleans easier nor looks new longer. Ørecast is to be brought to the table. Where it is in harmony with everything else Dansk. It was planned that way. You can see everything Dansk (576 tabletop things) in our new color catalog. Send 10c to Dansk Designs Ltd., Dept. OD, Mt. Kisco, New York 10549.

DANSK DESIGNS LTD



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in the name of God? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —You were making tea, Stephen said, and I went across the landing to get more hot water. Your mother and some visitor came out of the drawingroom. She asked you who was in your room. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** —Yes? Buck Mulligan said. What did I say? I forget. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Incidentally, Ethel Merman is now Dolly.) . . . **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Somegoro Ichikawa plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, June 14—Tuesday, April 21, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Afternoon of a Faun," "In the Night," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 22, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Allegro Brillante," "The Cage," and "Raymonda Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 23, at 8:15: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Friday, April 24, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "In the Night," Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 2:15: "Bugaku," "The Cage," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 8:15: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ROYAL BALLET—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, May 31—Tuesday, April 21, at 7; Wednesday, April 22, at 8; and Saturday, April 25, at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 23, at 8: "La Fille Mal Gardée" and "Marguerite and Armand." . . . ¶ Friday, April 24, at 8: "Daphnis and Chloë," "Symphonic Variations," and "A Wedding Bouquet." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880.)

ALVIN AILEY DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 26—Wednesday, April 15, at 8, and Friday, April 17, at 8:30: "Toccata," "Hermit Songs," "Icarus," "Epic" (première), and "Prodigal Prince." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 2: "Toccata," "Journey," "Metallics," "Blues Suite," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 8:30: "Dance for Six," "Masekela Langage," and "Prodigal Prince." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 19, at 2: "Toccata," "Journey," "Icarus," "Blues Suite," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 19, at 7:30: "Dance for Six," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 23-24, at 8:30: "Toccata," "Hermit Songs," "Metallics," an unnamed ballet (première), "Threnodies," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 2: "Dance for Six," "Blues Suite," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 8:30: "Dance for Six," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—The animal kingdom on its party manners. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. The performances on Thursday, April 16, will be cancelled because of a hockey playoff, and the performances on Monday, April 20, and Friday, April 24, may be cancelled because of basketball playoffs. Closes Sunday, May 10. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. John Denver and Nancy Michaels sing separate varieties of folk songs. On Wednesday, April 22, a rock group named Roxy will arrive. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea abound.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Some come to drink and some to dine, and some hang around to hear the music. It is a quietly vital kind of jazz, turned out by Joe Beck on electric guitar, and it runs from eleven to three. Dinner is served until one.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Jazz in a cerebral direction, from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Zoot Sims' reliable quartet is on the stand six nights a week. Light Italian dishes are served, and the jukebox is filled with jazz. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Eddie Hubble, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another paean to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The World's Greatest Jazz Band—well, anyway, Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber, Gus Johnson, Jr., and Kai Winding—is working hard on behalf of Early Americana, and if it is to survive, dig we must. Hot—in every sense of the word—on their heels is Bobby Hackett's quintet, including Vic Dickenson, Dave McKenna, Jack Lesberg, and Cliff Leeman. The mood is the Good Old Days, of which we could all use a few. Music as early as five-thirty (tea dancing has come back to us), during the week, and as late as one. Saturdays, it begins at seven-thirty, and on Sundays, from two-thirty to five-thirty, Bill Berry and the New York Band, a sixteen-piece orchestra, including Dave Frishberg, Sol Gubin, and Bob Dougherty, look after the footwork. Dinner and supper.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the audience knows pretty much where it's at. Gary Burton's original and nearly impeccable quartet plays until Tuesday, April 21, when Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers will move in. Closed Mondays.

UNCLE JOHN'S STRAW HAT, 316 W. 49th St. (581-1828)—The Charlie Shavers quintet—which includes Budd Johnson, Nat Pierce, Gene Ramey, and Oliver Jackson—will do an eight-to-eleven session on Sunday, April 19. Music of one sort or another on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the congenial upstairs rooms, you can drink or dine while listening to the Ray Alexander-Johnny Knapp quartet. On Mondays, these people are off and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Miriam Makeba will be singing, backed up by a small group, Fridays and Saturdays, April 17-18 and 24-25. (Fridays from ten and Saturdays from nine-thirty.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface and—in the history of jazz—significant establishment. The Bill Evans trio and the George Benson trio entertain Thursday through Saturday, April 16-18. On Sunday, April 19, at five-thirty and again at eight-thirty Gil Evans' sextet will play a concert. The Roland Kirk quartet opens Tuesday, April 21. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2808)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four.

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. Upstairs, underneath the arches, couples shake, shuffle, or glide—depending on the whims of the *discaire*—from nine to three-thirty every night. The atmosphere is quasi-Moorish.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates attempted to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a little dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of rock records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Peculiar-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic kind of carrousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as Wednesdays and Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Quarry alternates with records, and on Thursday, April 16, Canned Heat will join in. On Wednesday, April 22, Glory River will take over. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Calmness and an absence of obtrusive gadgetry make for smooth-running evenings. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort. Dancing to records from eleven until three or four. No music Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—A discothèque with a view, on the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower. Dancing to music both live and nonlive, Mondays through Fridays from ten to three. Light suppers are served. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Suavity prevails, in an ambience of reverberating luxe. People dance to strong records from ten until three or four. Late dinners are available, and the view of the Park is fine. Reservations preclude disappointments.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—For evenings when you feel like dancing in a glyptotheca, this one will do as well as any. Sphinxes gleam. The records are as loud as squibs. Three times a night, Linda Price & the Pipers play and sing. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose youthful patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. The live sounds of Sarajopi alternate with high-powered records until Monday, April 20, when another group will move in. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. Good vibrations, comely people.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The medina never looked better. You see a lot of Americans around now, and fewer of the old native customers, but at that it's superior to Acapulco any day—or night. A Lester Lanin band keeps fairly regular hours with fairly regular music, which runs from nine until three. No action on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at two-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve, and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A quick glance, and not a discouraging one, at Las Vegas. Music and song and stuff, but the point of it all is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace. His earthy eruptions take place every night, beginning at nine on Saturdays and a trifle later the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The essential incompatibility of husband and wife is set forth, very much in person, by the team of Stiller & Meara, who have been through the mill themselves. Through Saturday, April 18, and never before midevening.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. Song and dance and real home cooking, often Israeli. Dancing for the house guests, too. Closed Monday through Thursday, April 20-23.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from six until one. Dance music for all hands. Closed Sundays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Like Rome, Sergio Franchi's outgoing voice wasn't built in a day, but it was certainly built to last, and last it does, unflaggingly and cheerfully, through dinner and supper every night but Sunday in the Royal Box. The Lee Evans orchestra is a loyal mate and an invigorating dancing master.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—La Morucha, more a young lady of fashion than a flamenco gypsy, nevertheless ends up in a spontaneous combustion of heel-and-toe tumult that cannot be faulted. Another newcomer from the Latin world is Bertha Dupuy, who is Cuban and vocal. No dark nights. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Pepe Preiego) and voice (Antonio Maya). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Tom Jones, a gymnast just partly disguised as a Welsh troubadour, breaks training on Wednesday, April 15. Next evening, the girl glee club called the Supremes, now without Diana Ross, returns to action. Every night, at least twice. . . . ¶ In the lounge, the music and the listeners are sort of home-on-the-range, out at that big ranch in Nevada.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Sy Oliver, proud father of a band that looks over its shoulder at a wonderful past (as far back as the Jimmy Lunceford band, for one), is providing that past with a series of beautiful sunsets. The milieu is ale-and-chophouse, as it should be. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Another sign of the *temps* that have become just about *perdus* in the uproar of rock is given during dinner and supper in the Persian Room by the still-extant Mills Brothers, gentlemen choristers all. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte share the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz**, the showpiece is George Shearing's quintet, which, though given to moments of poesy, is in general a spirited crew. Its activity is solely for eyes and ears; dancing occurs only when Marty Napoleon's really rollicking trio is in motion. Dinner and supper for all listeners. Events begin at eight; Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to ten-thirty, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano, eight to one, except Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Head in the clouds, which is a lovely way to live. There is dance music from eight until well after the theatre, and twice of an evening a first-time-around soprano, Bobbi Martin, sings out. Closed Sundays.

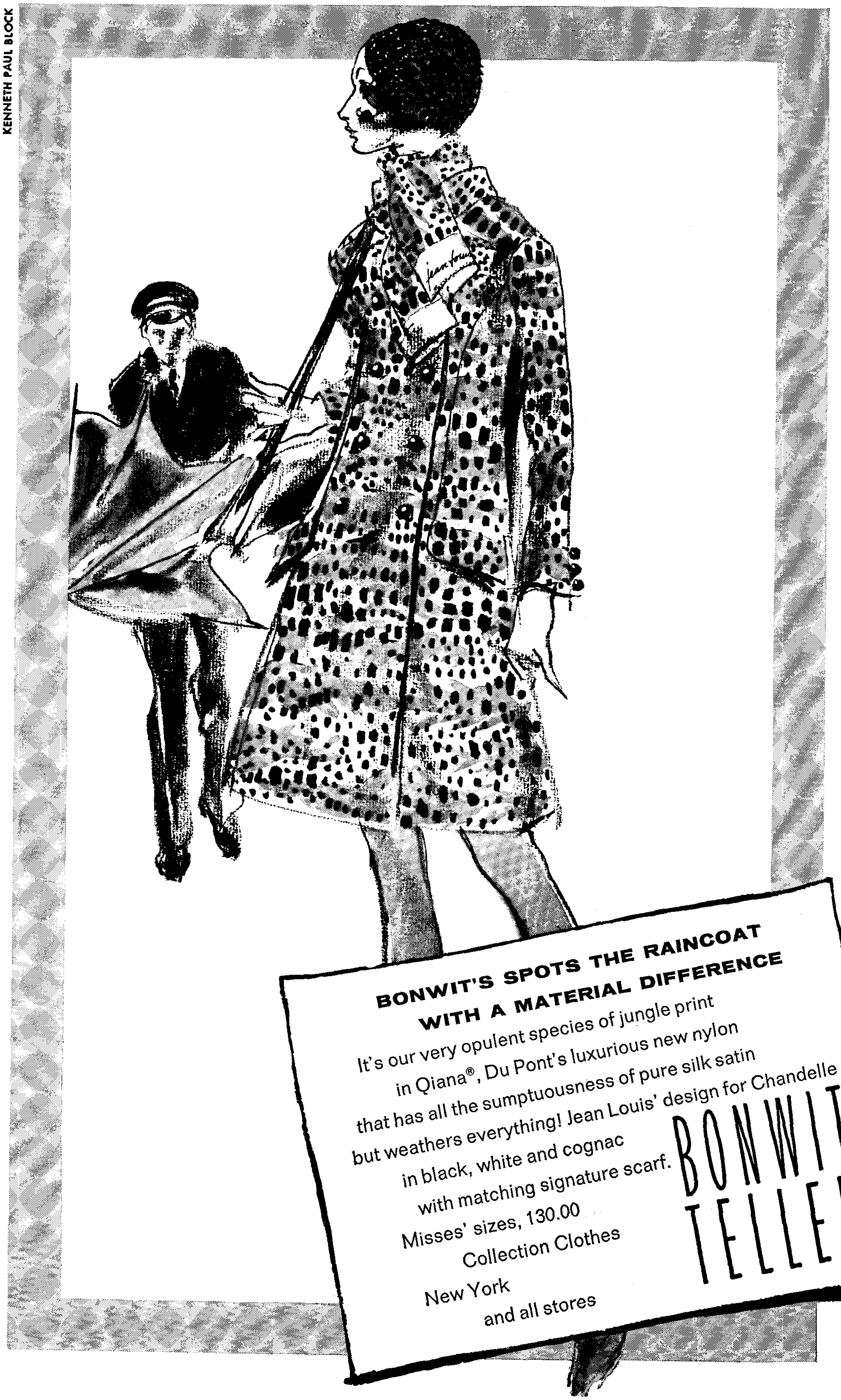
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Earl Wilson, Jr., a calm and mercifully unorgiastic tenor, finishes his stint in the Maisonette on Wednesday, April 15. One night later, Hildegarde, a women's-page philosopher, starts singing. The recitals happen at dinnertime through the week, at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Quintero's Latin scholars and Hal Turner's new, and first-rate, band do all the other honors. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, the next-door woodland glade, Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano discourse peacefully from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—If there is to be a national flower, let it be Peggy Lee, who mingles blood-red rose and modest violet as she chants, ever so deftly, in the midst of dinner and supper in the Empire Room. Charles Turecamo's orchestra fills up the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Whatever songs Bobby Short decants in this highly educational institution are in the Academy of the Immortals, but there is nothing academic about his performance of them. His aides-de-camp (and sometimes de-Camp) are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays. . . . **Jamaica Arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The set is right out of "Treasure Island," but the crew is calypso, not Long John Silver, and the native rum and edibles are not served on a dead man's chest. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): College reunion, continual, coeducational, and convivial. The bar is straight and narrow; the dining room is as broad as it is long, and frequently filled by the music of a duo, led by Joel Shulman, which is in service every night but Sunday. . . . **Chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian mixture as before and forevermore—Tibor Rakossy for officer of the watch, Béla Babai's



BONWIT'S SPOTS THE RAINCOAT WITH A MATERIAL DIFFERENCE

It's our very opulent species of jungle print
in Qiana®, Du Pont's luxurious new nylon
that has all the sumptuousness of pure silk satin
but weathers everything! Jean Louis' design for Chandelle
in black, white and cognac
with matching signature scarf.
Misses' sizes, 130.00
Collection Clothes
New York
and all stores

BONWIT TELLER

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Drift down to breakfast in our voile robe floated with daisies, edged with fluted ruffles and tied with a velvet bow. It's Dacron® polyester-and-cotton in white with green or shock pink, and lined. For 8 to 16 sizes, $26. Robe Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The Manhattan *pied-à-terre* of Rita Dimitri, the perpetual-motion *grande vedette*, which serves also as her *pied-à-piano*, from the top of which she is apt to sing at nine-thirty most nights and again at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). Someone is almost always at the piano, and the best of this ground swell is Scott Reed, whose voice and mild piano carry on from nine-thirty until three, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti is the name of the cuisine, right enough, but the vocal outpouring, which often involves not only the entire staff but the entire audience, runs from Neapolitan opera to the Donnybrook fairgrounds. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee all over the place (by, naturally, prowling violinists) and, for good (and hearty) measure, an occasional rehearing (by a quartet whose lead singer is Leyna Gabriele, prop.) of this or that operetta. From dinner until two, every night but Sunday. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Grecian isle, afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionable Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Feudal life as it always was—knights and their ladies dining at their leisure in the refectory, but quite a bit of jousting in the outer court, or bar. George Cardini and his faithful violin begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. Everything is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and postprandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE**, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one absolutely every night. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): New scenery but the same pianist, Dick Hankinson, who addresses the keyboard off and on from six until one; Sundays, this or that pianist serves as his lieutenant. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (*five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty*) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A pretty formal occasion, and a just plain pretty one, too. George Feyer, dean of our Viennese musicologists, has the use of the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. No sound on Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Dinner and supper to the tune of Ray Hartley's piano, whose felicities would be hard to top. Six to midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A fairly ornate mulberry bush, around which, regular as clockwork and eager as little beavers, a posse of musicians goes from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): *Faubourg* existence, and a well-fed one, in an Old, Old World. The favorite tipple of the musicians, who are led by Elemer Horvath, is Romany Rye. They sound off from seven-thirty until three, night after night. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): State occasion. Joe Miles is as quiet as a church mouse when he tends piano, which he does from nine until twelve-thirty, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **WINE CELLAR**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Lotus is not on the menu of this duplex chalet, but eaters of it will be at ease in this world unto itself. Perambulating song and guitar, and a menu full of other things. Every night.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MARCH AVERY—Pastoral themes and figures by the daughter of the well-known American painter; through Sunday, April 19. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 6.)

WALDO BALART—Wood sculptures of scenes of New York City painted in bright colors; through April 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILL BARNET—New works by a veteran New York painter; through May 2. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY BAUERMEISTER—Twenty-five of this artist's shiny constructions, incorporating pebbles and lenses; through May 9. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD BAUMBACH—Abstract canvases from 1955 to 1965; through Saturday, April 25. (Cerberus, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BEAL—Nudes in interiors, in high-keyed colors; through May 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

CAROLINE VAN HOOK BEAN—Street scenes of New York done in 1918-19 by a classmate of Bellows and Glackens; through Friday, April 24. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

FRANK BERNARDUCCI—Paintings that experiment with the human figure; through Saturday, April 18. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

HARRY BERTOIA—Metal sculptures that move and whisper; through Saturday, April 25. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES BISHOP—Square paintings that use squares; starting Saturday, April 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

NORMAN BLUHM—Paintings by an Abstract Expressionist who has stayed with it; starting Tuesday, April 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

PETER BLUME—One major painting and related paintings and drawings by a noted American Surrealist; through Saturday, April 18. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

RICHARD JEROME BOGART—Romantic landscapes; through Thursday, April 23. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY BOTKIN—Abstract collages; through Saturday, April 18. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

HANS BREDER—Geometric sculptures of glass and metal that reflect light; through April 28. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

DAVID LEE BROWN—Mechanical constructions in stainless steel and bronze; through Thursday, April 23. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

CALVERT COGGESHALL—Non-objective paintings; through Saturday, April 18. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM COPLEY—Recent paintings by a Surrealist-influenced American; through Saturday, April 25. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

CORNEILLE—Expressionistic paintings with figurative elements by a founder of the Cobra group; through May 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSÉ DE CREEFT—Sixty sculptures from 1919 to the present; through May 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—Thirty-five Abstract bronzes,

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE
Something to believe in.

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

BODY BY FISHER

Something great.
Just for you.
The Buick LeSabre Custom. Something to believe in.
Quality.
Craftsmanship.
Integrity.

Something beautiful. Every stylish inch. Front to rear. Wheels to roof. All you've told us you've wanted in a car. And then some.

Engine? A 350 cubic-inch V8 with 260 horsepower that runs on regular gas. Premium performance in every touch of the accelerator.

More standard equipment?
Wide tread bias belted tires for added traction and longer wear.

AccuDrive. Buick's exclusive suspension system that gives almost unheard of handling and cornering ease.

Radio antenna hidden in the windshield.
Comfort-Flo ventilating system for added driver and passenger comfort.
Famous Magic-Mirror finish baked on a strong, silent Body by Fisher.
And many more things to believe in.
All standard.
Plus a long list of performance options, should you want to order them.
It's something to believe in.
Believe.

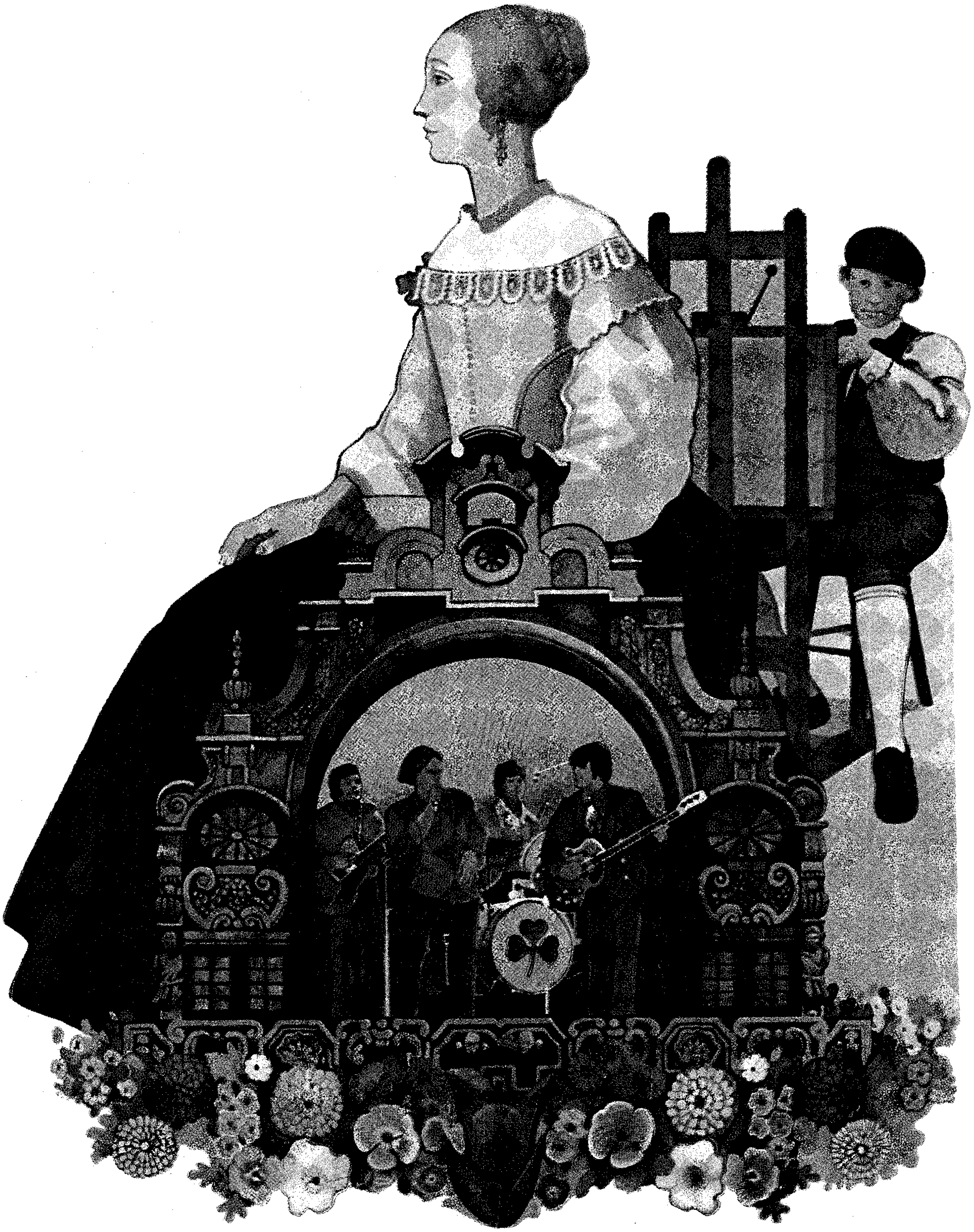
Wouldn't you really rather have a **Buick.**

Fly Irish
Your first resort to Brussels

To Rome, to Paris, to Barcelona...to twenty-three cities beyond Ireland. Flying Irish International Airlines is the first choice of more people each year. You get the best buy to or from Europe...beautiful Ireland...for no extra air fare on Irish-Aer Lingus. Ask your Travel Agent.

OFFICES IN: New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.

IRISH
AER LINGUS
IRISH INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

some with totemic suggestion; starting Tuesday, April 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Robert De Niro—Expressionist figures and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 25. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—Watercolors and drawings done between 1915 and 1943 by this pioneer Abstractionist; through May 2. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Juan Downey—Constructions that affect the viewer by means of sound, light, and/or movement—sometimes audience-activated; through Saturday, April 25. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hamilton Fraser—Abstract landscapes by a British painter; through May 28. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Jan Geld—Landscapes with symbolic overtones; through Saturday, April 25. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chuck Ginnever—Sculptures and models shown in conjunction with works by Louis Kahn, architect; through April 29. (Cooper, 100 Prince St., between Mercer and Greene Sts. Closed Mondays.)

William Gropper—Recent works lampooning the current scene by a foremost American social satirist; through Saturday, April 18. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—More than sixty drawings and watercolors from his Berlin period, 1913-31; through Saturday, April 25. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Gussow—Landscapes of Monhegan Island, Maine, and upstate New York; through May 2. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Hart—Abstract paintings; starting Tuesday, April 21. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Oils, collages, and drawings by a prominent second-generation Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, April 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Robert Harvey—Figure paintings with photographic effects intended to arouse reminiscences of the twenties and thirties; through May 2. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Eva Hesse—Abstract gouaches; through Thursday, April 23. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ralph Humphrey—Luminous wavy lines on curved canvases; through Thursday, April 23. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Luis Jimenez—Figurative sculptures in fibre glass and epoxy; through April 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Donald Judd—Structures by a "serialist;" through May 2. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herbert Kallem—Paintings of nudes; through April 30. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Seventy drawings by the Art Nouveau master; through April 28. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Misch Kohn—Graphics in several mediums by this leading American printmaker; through May 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Aristide Maillol (1861-1944)—Sixty-two bronzes, plus pastels and drawings; through Saturday, April 18. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Leo Manso—Paintings and collages; through May 6. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clement Meadmore—Two huge Abstract steel sculptures painted black; through Thursday, April 23. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Mehring—Minimal paintings by a member of the "Washington, D.C., School;" through Saturday, April 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Piet Mondrian—Reconstruction of a room according to a plan by this master, plus drawings; through May 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Moore—Two showings of sculptures of the sixties: Carvings in marble and travertine at Knoedler (14 E. 57th St.) and bronzes at Marlborough (41 E. 57th St.); both through May 16. (Marlborough is closed Mondays.)

Robert Moskowitz—Analytical paintings and drawings of the architecture of rooms; through May 4. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Jerome Myers (1867-1940)—Drawings and watercolors by an American artist prominent during the first half of the century; through May 2. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Oils and watercolors by the German Expressionist; through April 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Padovano—Chrome-plated geometric forms; through Thursday, April 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bernard Perlin—Flower still-lifes; through May 9. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Pettet—Four Abstract paintings in huge dimensions; through April 28. (David Whitney, 53 E. 19th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fairfield Porter—One of America's painters of intimate scenes; through Thursday, April 23. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Ryan (1889-1954)—Forty collages by a highly regarded New York artist who worked with bits of fabric and paper; through Saturday, April 18. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Fred Sandback—String constructions; through April 30. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ludwig Sander—Geometric color areas by a veteran New York artist; through Thursday, April 23. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lenore Tawney—Symbolic juxtapositions in box assemblages and wall pieces; through Saturday, April 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

William Thon—Landscapes of Maine and European settings; through Saturday, April 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Soroku Toyoshima—Stamped aluminum and stainless-steel structures; through Saturday, April 25. (Katz, 38 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Tumarkin—Life-size bronze figures and stainless-steel abstractions by an Israeli artist; through May 13. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Felix Vallotton (1865-1925)—Fifty-five paintings, plus woodcuts, drawings, and engravings, by a Swiss member of the Nabi group; through Saturday, April 25. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

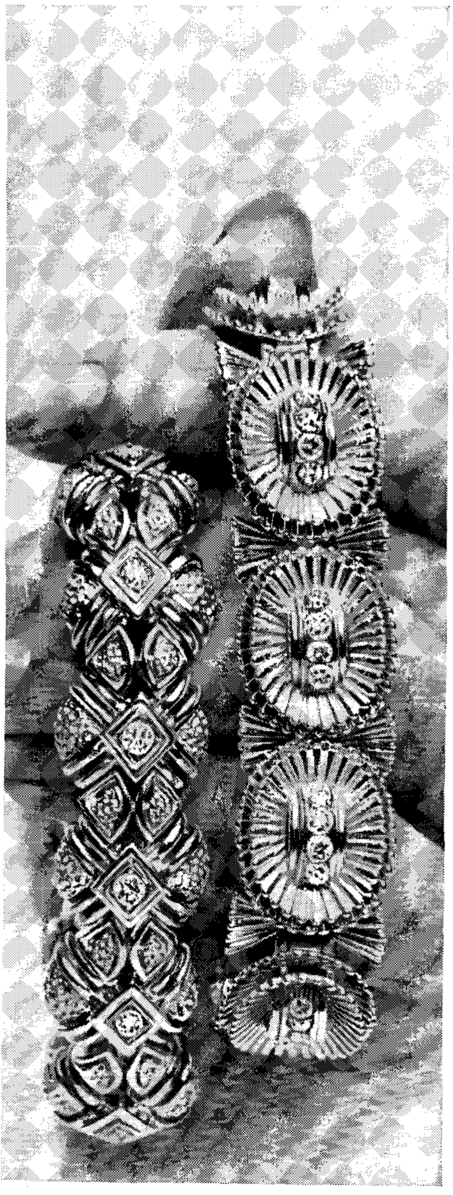
Tom Wesselmann—New paintings by the celebrator of the great American nude; through May 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Karl Zerbe—Figurative and Abstract paintings, collages, and constructions; through April 30. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **CREATIVE EAST**, 53 E. 10th St.: A memorial exhibition for Oronzo Gasparo, an artist who died last year, of works by ten painters, including such old-timers as Harold Anton, Remo Farruggio, and Alice Neel; through Friday, April 24. (Daily, 11 to 7.) . . . **DANENBERG**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty-five nineteenth-century American painters, among them Homer, Inness, and Moran; starting Tuesday, April 21. . . . **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Art of the Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans from 800 B.C. to 400 A.D. (wall paintings, vases, sculptures, and jewelry); through April 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Twenty examples of Tantric art; through Saturday, April 25. . . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Bierstadt, Sully, Kensett, and others; starting Saturday, April 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Seven Expressionist figurative artists; through Saturday, April 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 4.) . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 W. Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Geometric paintings on glass by Richard Roth, kinetic sculptures by Mel Leiserowitz, and miniature paintings juxtaposing images of Pop Art by Richard Pettibone; through May 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . .

The magic amulets

Bracelets, in some primitive countries, are still used as amulets against evil spirits. Cartier only claims that our dazzling bracelets will raise some good ones. Both of 18 k gold, they combine polished and satin finishes for texture interest. Both are brilliant with round diamonds. The first is ablaze with 12 round diamonds in individual bead settings, $2,100. The second is a series of eight ovals connected by bows, featuring 32 diamonds, $2,400. Both are Cartier exclusives.



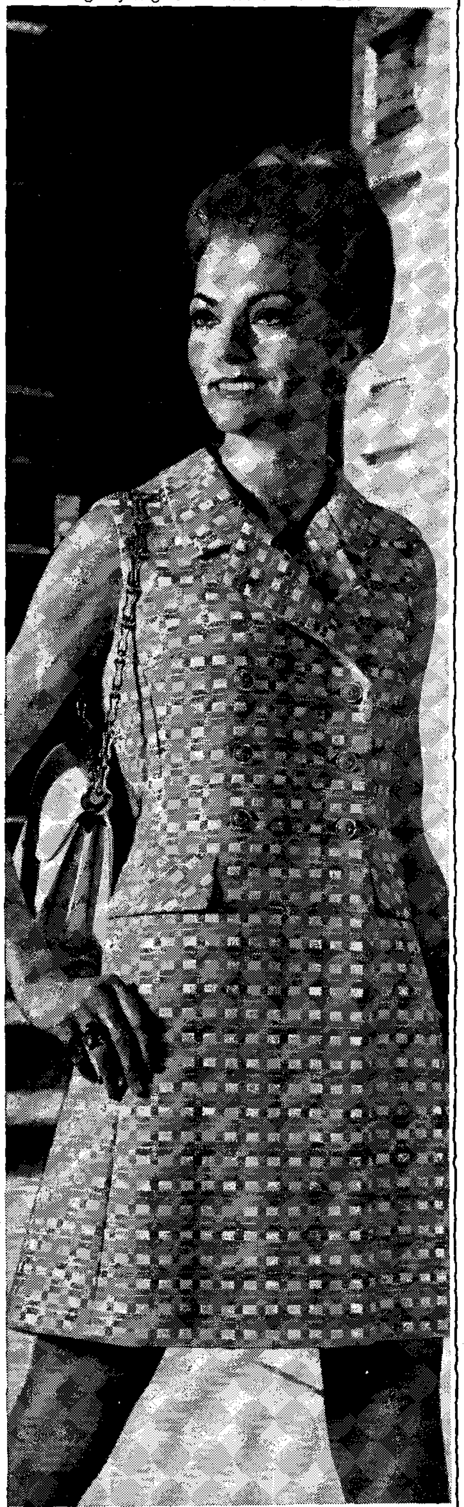
Cartier

Fifth Ave. and 52/N.Y. 10022/Palm Beach/Chicago

Peck & Peck salutes fashion checkers. And a certain kind of woman.

Checks add up. Right? Here they add up to a super-spruce coatdress in woven cotton. Fully lined for luxury, importantly collared, buttoned and back-belted for chic. Celery/white or pink/white. 8 to 16, 50.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast



Fifth Avenue and Branches

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such major twentieth-century Europeans as Braque, Chagall, Gris, Miró, Modigliani, and Léger (a kinetic painted wood relief of Charlie Chaplin); starting Tuesday, April 21.... **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, for example, Arp, de Kooning, Feininger, Pollock, Léger, González, and Salemme; through Friday, April 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs by Atget, Brassai, and others; through April 30.... **DORIS WIENER,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: One hundred Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through May 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of approximately a hundred paintings by Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Degas, Cézanne, Gauguin, and Toulouse-Lautrec (to name a few), representing a century of Impressionism; through May 9.

SCULPTURE—Bronzes by members of the Sculptors Guild, who include Doris Caesar, Robert Cronbach, Vincent Glinsky, and Ruth Vollmer; through April 28. (797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

NOTE—Works by the following artists are being shown at their studios on the next two weekends (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6): Mary Abbott, 333 Park Ave. S.; Arnold Belkin, 303 E. Houston St.; Charles DuBack, 304 Bowery; Alan Kessler, 365 Canal St.; Joe Millions, 31 Walker St.; Luis Molinari-Flores, 307 W. Broadway; Georges Noël, 16 Greene St.; Paul Spina, 471 W. Broadway; May Stevens, 97 Wooster St.; and Karl W. Stücklen, 151 Canal St.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, also period rooms and fixtures; starting Thursday, April 16. *Except on Mondays, admission is $1....* ¶ Over three hundred items of medieval art, including gems, manuscripts, stained glass, textiles, sculptures, and works in enamel, metal, and ivory, done between 1180 and 1220, the period when the cathedrals of Chartres, Reims, and Notre Dame, and the first palace of the Louvre were built. The exhibition, which represents the emergence of the Gothic style, comprises borrowings from fourteen countries, including the United States. Through May 10. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty paintings by Frank Stella, dating from 1959 and covering the entire range of his work; through May 31.... ¶ A hundred and fifty items and photographs of Art Nouveau by designer-architect Hector Guimard (1867-1942), including furniture, textiles, graphics, and industrial objects; through May 10.... ¶ Fifty etchings done by Joan Miró between 1965 and 1968; through April 26.... ¶ Drawings of architectural ideas by Theo van Doesburg, leading De *Stijl* painter; through June 7.... ¶ Works in which photographs are given the illusion of solidity through various mediums; through July 5. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, collages, sculptures, prints, drawings, photographs, and stage designs by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946), designer in many mediums, who was affiliated with the Bauhaus; through Sunday, April 19. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Twelve large sculptures by Robert Morris, prominent for his experiments with different styles and materials; through May 31. ... ¶ A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, drawings, and prints of the Pop artist Jim Dine; through Sunday, April 19.... ¶ Five large paintings dealing with slavery and contemporary political personages by Thomas Nast, America's leading cartoonist of the nineteenth century; through May 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifty-eight works of Asian art borrowed from museums and private collections in the United States, including Chinese and Japanese scrolls, sculptures in stone and bronze, precious objects, illuminated manuscripts, porcelains, and decorative arts; starting Thursday, April 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM OF DESIGN, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Drawings by forty artists, including Rosenquist, de Kooning, Johns, Lindner, Steinberg, and Glarner; through May 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and sculptures by four young New York artists concerned with "beauty;" through April 26.... ¶ Fifty examples of Indian Tantric mystical diagrams; through April 26.... ¶ Works that incorporate words and images; through April 26. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday, April 21-22.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one "conceptual" artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A charming group of watercolors and sketches, done by Baroness Hyde de Neuville during her stays in the United States from 1807 to 1814 and 1816 to 1822, of landscapes and figures (many of Indians, understandably). (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Rare books and manuscripts drawn from the Library's Lenox Collection; through June 3. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 15, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lucine Amara, Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Thursday, April 16, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Gabriella Tucci, Jean Madeira, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Friday, April 17, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Marie Collier, Nedda Casei, Richard Tucker, and Walter Cassel; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis.... ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 2: "Roméo et Juliette," with Jeannette Pilou, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, Justino Diaz, and Clifford Harvuot. ... ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 8: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Renato Cioni, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 15, at 8:15: "Katerina Ismailova" (in English), with Eileen Schauler, Sandra Darling, Edward Pierson, David Clements, and John Stamford. ... ¶ Thursday, April 16, at 8:15: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, Arturo Sergi, Edward Pierson, and Will Roy; and "Carmina

Burana," with Patricia Wise, John Darrenkamp, and Kenneth Riegel. . . . ¶ Friday, April 17, at 8:15: "Manon," with Carol Neblett, Ion Piso, John Darrenkamp, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 2:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Milena Dal Piva, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Louise Lebrun, Karan Armstrong, John Stewart, and Will Roy. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 19, at 1:15: "Katerina Ismailova" (in English), with Eileen Schauler, Sandra Darling, Erik Townsend, Edward Pierson, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 19, at 7:15: "Manon," with Carol Neblett, Ion Piso, John Darrenkamp, and Michael Devlin. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER—The Juilliard School will open the new Juilliard Theatre with début performances by its American Opera Center, offering Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress," conducted by Erich Leinsdorf and staged by Tito Capobianco. (Juilliard School, Lincoln Center. Thursday, April 23, and Saturday and Sunday, April 25-26, at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

HUNTER COLLEGE OPERA THEATRE—Performances of "Elephant Steps," written by Stanley Silverman and directed by Richard Foreman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, April 24, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 25, at 8 and 11.)

MANNES OPERA WORKSHOP—Performances of Rossini's "Il Signor Bruschino" and Puccini's "Il Tabarro," staged by Fabrizio Melano. Paul Berl is the music director. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Saturday through Monday, April 25-27, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting—Thursday, April 16, at 8:30; Friday, April 17, at 2; and Saturday, April 18, at 8:30 (all with Jane Marsh, soprano); and Thursday, April 23, at 8:30; Friday, April 24, at 2; Saturday, April 25, at 8:30; and Monday, April 27, at 7:30 (all with André Watts, piano).

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Final concerts of the season here—Henry Mazer conducting an all-Richard Strauss program, with Martina Arroyo, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 15, at 8:30.) . . ¶ Lukas Foss conducting and acting as piano soloist, with Bernard Goldberg, flute, and Fritz Siegal, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, April 16, at 8:30.)

HOUSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Hans Schwieger conducting, with Young Uck Kim, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 22, at 8:30.)

LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Bernard Haitink conducting the orchestra, appearing here for the first time, in three programs. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 23, and Saturday, April 25, at 8:30, with Claudio Arrau, piano, and Friday, April 24, at 8:30, with Ivan Davis, piano.)

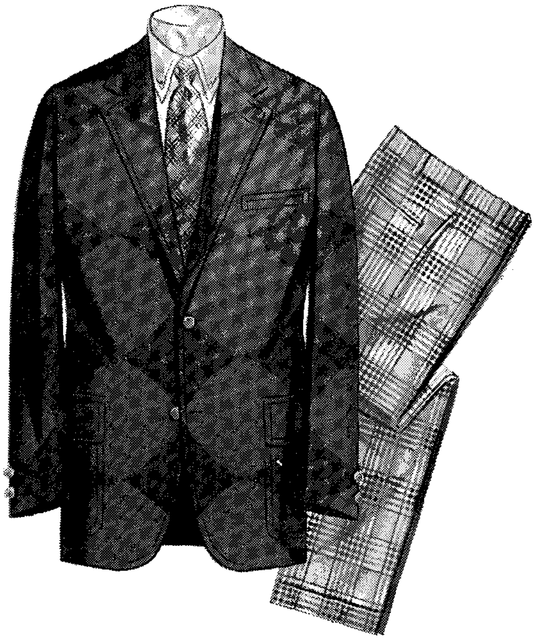
AMERICAN SYMPHONY—Leopold Stokowski and Roland Gagnon conducting a benefit concert in honor of Pablo Casals, with Beverly Sills, soprano, and Rudolf Serkin, piano. Señor Casals will conduct a hundred invited cellists in one of his own works. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 15, at 8. For tickets, call 581-1640.)

"MARÍA SABINA"—Leonardo Balada directing his own symphonic tragedy (with text by Camilo José Cela) performed by New York University Chorus and a symphony orchestra from the Manhattan School of Music. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 17, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting the final concerts of the season, with Henryk Szeryng, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, April 18-19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK—Gene Forrell conducting the final concert of the season, with Miriam Molin, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 19, at 8:30.)

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA—Giampaolo Bracali and Alvaro Cassuto conducting, with Robert Helps, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhat-



ESTABLISHED 1818

THE CLASSIC "346" BROOKS BLAZER
in a new and interesting model

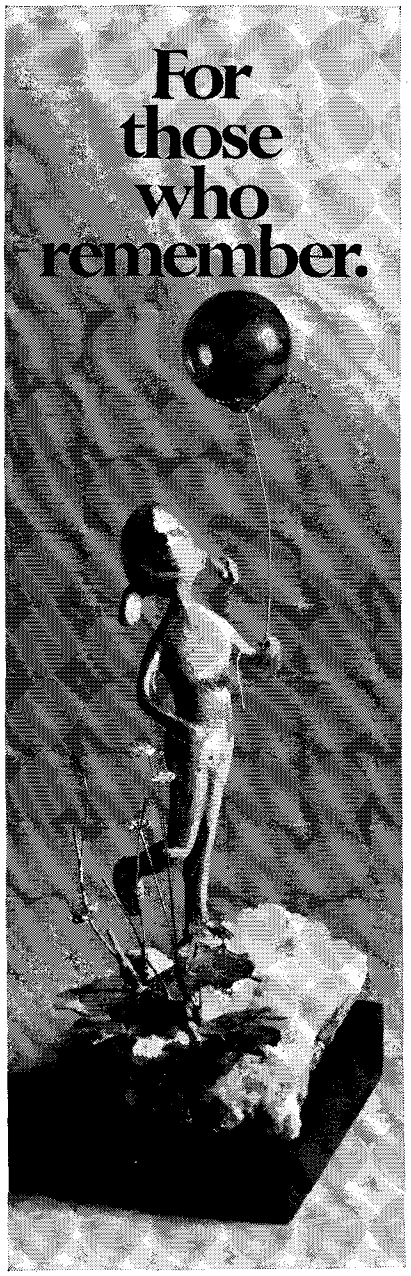
There is always room, and need, for a blazer in a man's leisure wardrobe. We offer this good-looking, lightweight 3-button model of Dacron polyester and wool blend with wider lapels, deeper pocket flaps and welted edges in traditional navy blue... as well as hunter green or medium blue. $80*

Patterned "346" Odd Trousers of tropical worsted come in blue or grey plaids; as well as stripes, Tattersalls and windowpanes in a variety of colorings, $36

*Price slightly higher west of the Rockies.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE & 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • SCARSDALE • WASHINGTON



Malcolm Moran captures that moment when the whole world is a red balloon. *Small Girl with Balloon,* a bronze study in nostalgic innocence, rests on a mineral base. 9½" overall height (as shown), $125. On a plain wooden base, $65. Add $2 for shipping.

Chas. Schwartz & Son
Since 1888

1313 F Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20004
(and at the Washington Hilton)

tan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, April 23, at 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the final concert of the season, with Karen Altman, soprano; William Metcalf, baritone; and Michael May, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Norwegian Singing Society—Norman Myrvik directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 25, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Composers String Quartet—Playing the two string quartets of Elliott Carter. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 15, at 8:30.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano, in a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 16, at 8:30.)

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli—Piano, in a recital postponed from March 11. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—Final concerts of the season. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 17, at 8:30, the last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 18, at 8:30, an all-Beethoven program.)

Bruce Hungerford—Piano, in a recital postponed from March 22. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, April 19, at 2:30.)

Camilla Williams and David Glazer—Soprano and clarinet, in a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 19, at 3.)

Jennie Tourel—Mezzo-soprano, with James Levine, piano, and Gary Karr, double bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 19, at 8:30.)

New Amsterdam Ensemble—Chamber music (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 25, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Alban Berg Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by a wind ensemble conducted by Arthur Weisberg; Janet Steele and Diana Hoagland, sopranos; Ma Si-hon, violin; Tung Kwong-kwong, piano; and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 22, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Pink Floyd—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday, April 16, at 8:30.

Ray Charles and His Orchestra with the Raelets, Dizzy Gillespie's Quintet, and Mongo Santamaria—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, at 8 and 11:30.

Jefferson Airplane, Glenn McKay's Headlights, and John Hammond—Fordham University Gym, Third Ave. and Fordham Rd. Sunday, April 19, at 3 and 8. For information about tickets, call TA 3-8407.

Rhinoceros and Ten Wheel Drive—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 19, at 8.

Incredible String Band and **Stone Monkey Mime Troupe**—A staged production of "U," a pop pantomime. (Fillmore East. Thursday, April 23, at 8; Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, at 8 and 11:30; and Sunday, April 26, at 7:30.)

Mary Lou Williams—With a twelve-man band. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday and Sunday, April 25-26, at 8. For tickets, call 280-3567.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, April 16, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, April 17, at 2:05; Saturday, April 18, at 2:15; and Sunday, April 19, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Diego, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 21-22, at 2:05. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Oakland, Friday, April 24, at 8, and Saturday, April 25, at 2.

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association championship playoffs, Eastern Division: Knicks vs. Milwaukee. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, April 20, and Friday, April 24, at 7:30, if the tug of war is still on.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 18.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 25.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 25.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, April 25.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup East Division playoffs: Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 16, at 7:35, if necessary.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 25-26.)

Hunt Racing—Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 18.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 18.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 25.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 23. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 18; the Toboggan Handicap, Monday, April 20; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Tuesday, April 21; and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 25. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:45, from Monday, April 20, through Saturday, May 30.

Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Monday, April 20.) . . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 24-25.)

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday, April 17, at 10; Saturday, April 18, at 9:30; and Sunday, April 19, at 10.)

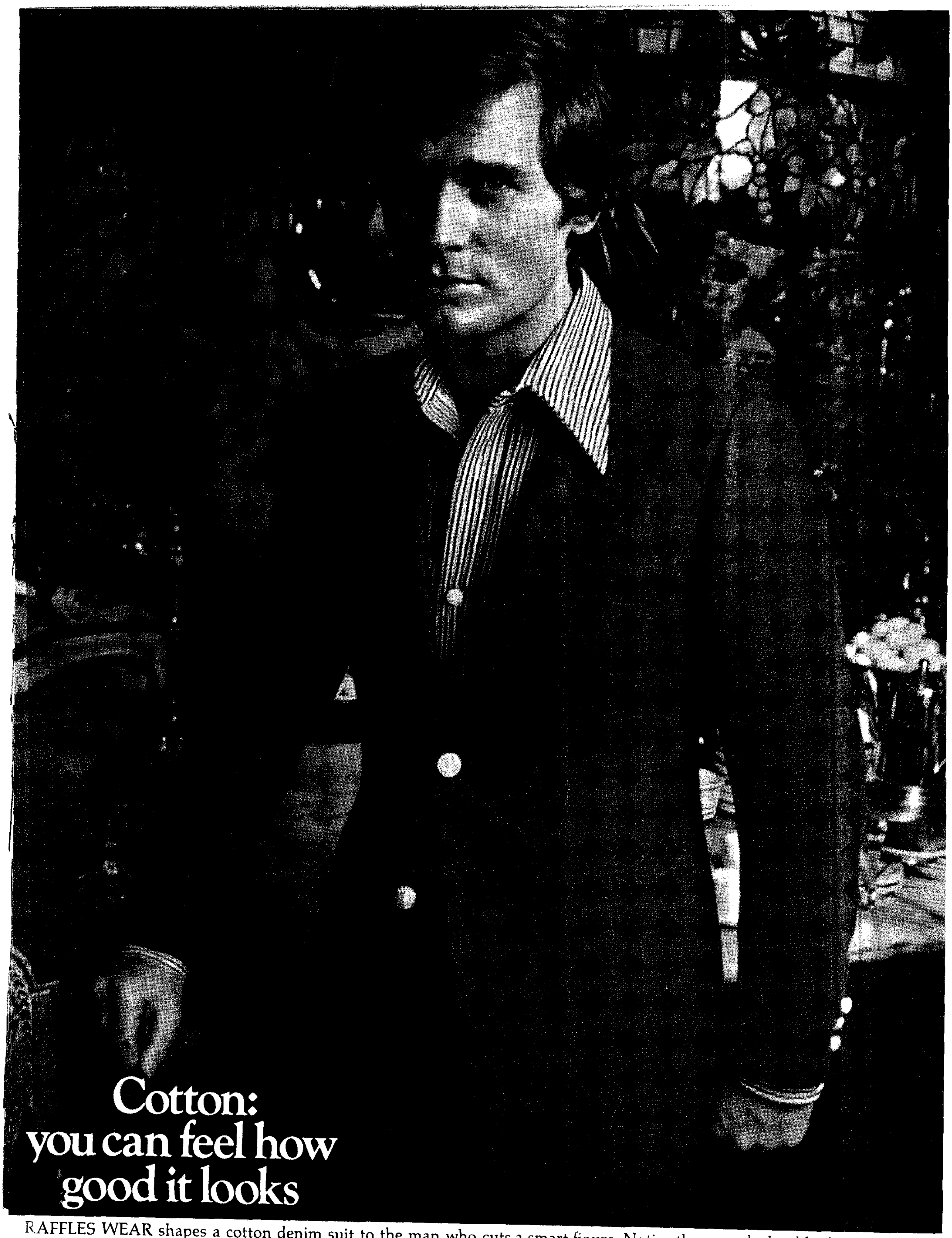
Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Monday, May 25. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **dragon marionettes:** "Cinderella." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Saturday, April 18, at 2.) . . . **salvatore guida:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, April 18, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Sunday, April 19, and Saturday, April 25, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **meri mini players:** "The Wizard of Oz," Saturday, April 18, at 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Princess and the Pea," Saturday, April 25, at 3:30. (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952.) . . . **performing arts repertory theatre:** "Young Jefferson," Thursday, April 16. . . . ¶ "Babes in Toyland," Friday, April 17. . . . ¶ "Just So Stories," Wednesday, April 22. . . . ¶ "This Was America," Thursday, April 23. . . . ¶ "Martin Luther King, Jr.," Friday, April 24. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 10.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "New Challenge of the Planets;" through April 27. (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In **central park:** A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include



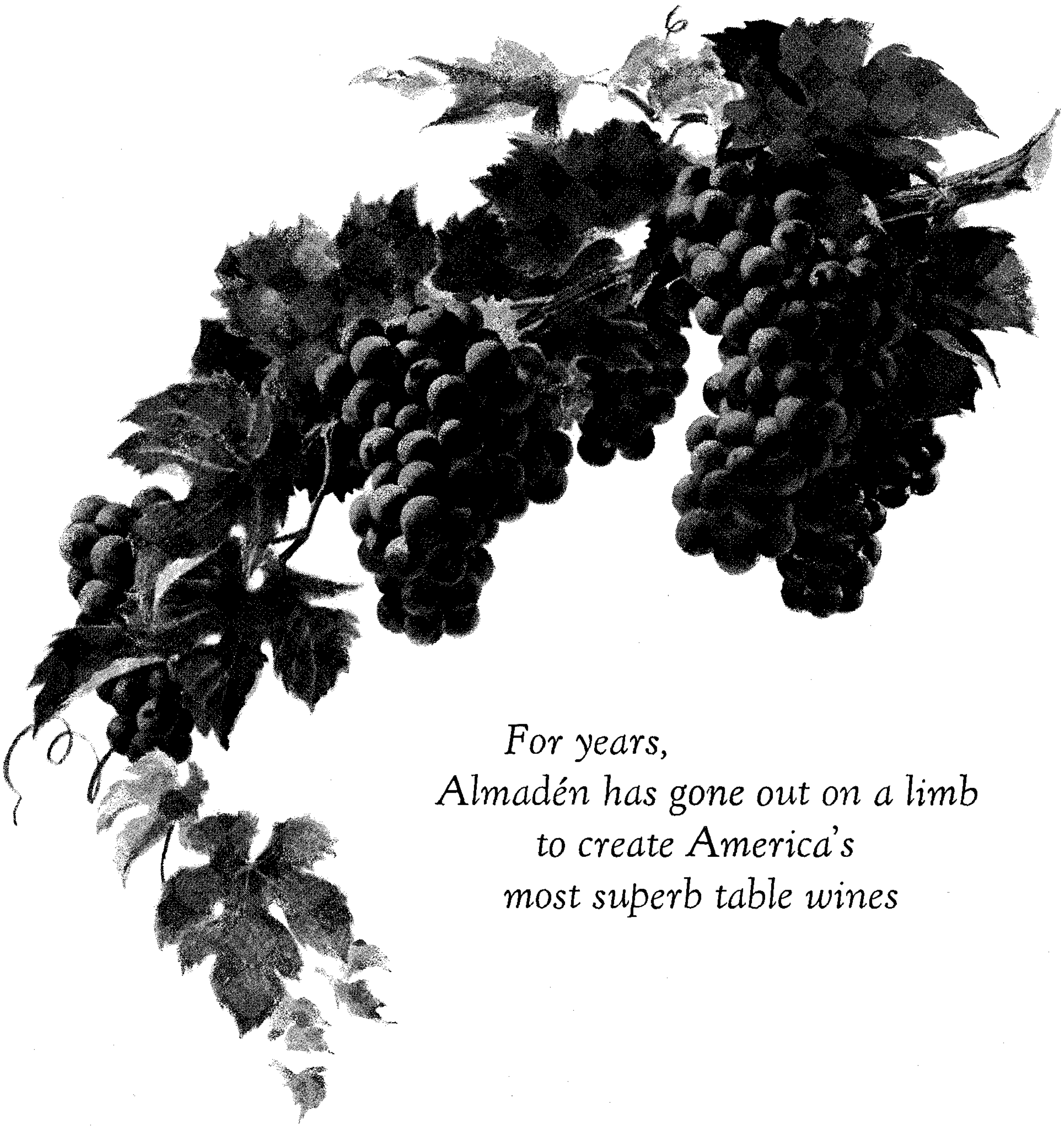
RAFFLES WEAR shapes a cotton denim suit to the man who cuts a smart figure. Notice the smooth shoulder line, the sleek tailoring of the armhole. And think how *comfortable* you'll be in cool, crisp cotton denim. As shown only; sizes 38R to 46R, 38S to 42S, 39L to 46L. About $105 at these and other distinguished stores across the country.

COMFORTABLE·CAREFREE
COTTON

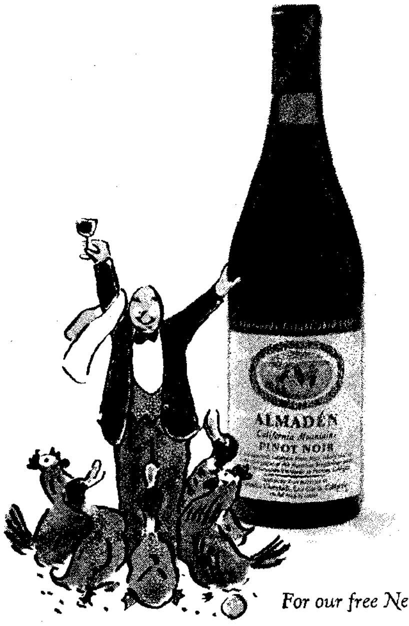
COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE 38112.

Paul Stuart, New York; Higbee's, Cleveland; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; The Union Co., Columbus; Mr. Guy, Los Angeles; Velasco Alonso Inc., Puerto Rico.

Photographed at Café Nicholson.



For years,
Almadén has gone out on a limb
to create America's
most superb table wines



Years ago, Almadén planted an extraordinary belt of vineyards high in California's Gavilan Mountain Range. Other wine growers scoffed: "too high . . . too risky . . . disaster". But they were wrong.

Today Almadén Paicines Mountain Vineyards are the world's largest vineyards of fine varietal wine grapes. Today this generous place permits us to grow *all* of the famous European varietals—ungrafted—*and to our own standards of excellence.* So unlike most vintners, we can look to our own vineyards: For Pinot Noir. For Cabernet Sauvignon. For Gamay Beaujolais. For *any* superb varietal wine grape.

And you can look to Almadén for wines of consistent excellence. Serve some tonight. You won't be going out on a limb, we promise.

ALMADÉN

For our free News from the Vineyards, write Almadén Vineyards, P.O. Box 997-E, Los Gatos, California monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)...¶ At the BRONX ZOO: Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

WALKING TOURS—"Landmarks of an Elegant Past," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, April 19. Meets at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 15, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures, including works by Albert Bierstadt and Frederic Remington; from several owners.... ¶ Friday, April 17, at 2: *Objets de vertu*, from various collectors.... ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 2: English and other furniture and decorations, from a number of sources.... ¶ Wednesday, April 22, at 2: Oriental art, including porcelains, snuff bottles, jade and other hardstone carvings; from many owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 16.... ¶ Thursday, April 23, at 2: English and Continental silver; the property of Frank M. Loughman and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 18.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Twelve programs in a series of Japanese films: April 15 at 2 and 5:30, "The Heart" (1955); April 16 at 2, "The Diary of a Shinjuku Thief" (1968); April 16 at 5:30, "Boy" (1960); April 16 at 8, "Death by Hanging" (1968); April 17 at 2 and 5:30, "Kill!" (1968); April 18 at 3 and 5:30, "The End of Summer" (1961); April 19 at 2 and 5:30, "The Life of Oharu" (1952); April 20 at 8 and April 21 at 2 and 5:30, "An Actor's Revenge" (1963); April 22 at 2 and 5:30, "Marital Relations" (1955); April 23 at 2, "Large Size: Part One" (1957); April 23 at 5:30, "Large Size: Part Two" (1957); April 23 at 8, "Large Size: Part Three" (1957).... ¶ April 18 at 11:30: "David Holzman's Diary" (1967), directed by Jim McBride.... ¶ April 20 at 2:30 and 5:30: "The Marriage Circle" (1924), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Adolphe Menjou. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.)... NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—April 15: "The Deadly Mantis" (1956), with Craig Stevens.... ¶ April 16: "The Black Cat" (1934), with Boris Karloff.... ¶ April 17: "The Invisible Ray" (1936), with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi.... ¶ April 18: "The Bride of Frankenstein" (1935), with Boris Karloff.... ¶ April 19: "The Brides of Dracula" (1960), with Peter Cushing.... ¶ April 22: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954), with Richard Carlson.... ¶ April 23: "It Came from Outer Space" (1953), with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Six short silent films by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy. (Sunday, April 19, at 2. For information about tickets, call EN 9-5110.)

Aquascutum
LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

1966
THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY

See yourself as a highwayman

The Highwayman by Aquascutum is a new venture in Aqua 5 proofed cotton twill, emphasising the new depth in length.

Boldly styled and in the forefront of fashion. At 100, Regent Street, London, and fine stores throughout the world. For the name of your nearest, write or 'phone

AQUASCUTUM, 2 East 37th Street, New York 10016, 685-9570.

Gingham about town with Arnel by Happenstance

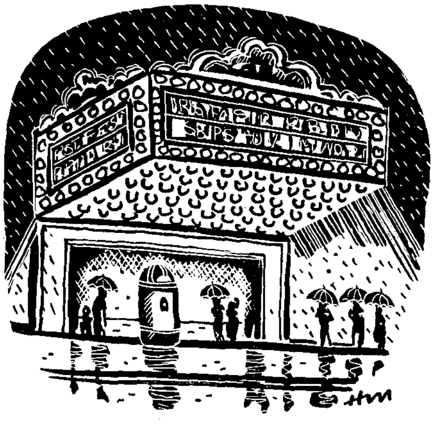
Eloise Curtis for Happenstance moves gingham into a new environment. The atmosphere is totally feminine and as fresh as a Blends Inc. seersucker fabric of Arnel triacetate and cotton can make it. Black with white. 3-13 and 4-14. About $75. Erlebacher, Washington, D.C.; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Joseph's, Chicago; Lillie Rubin, Miami.

Celanese® Arnel®

CELANESE ARNEL
A Celanese fashion fiber in tested fabrics

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23		

The Adventurers—A new low in big pictures. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

Alice's Restaurant—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through April 21.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Richard Burton as a mild Henry VIII, who lets himself be pushed around by Anne Boleyn (Genevieve Bujold). Well written, well acted, but rather wan. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—Dyan Cannon (who has the smallest nose since Jane Wyman) and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage in this lively, deft comedy by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, who wrote last year's "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" and who may just be the best new comedy team in Hollywood. With Natalie Wood and Robert Culp. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Boys in the Band—A movie of Mart Crowley's play—written in faggot vernacular—about a gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party. The text has been preserved as if the quips were ageless; the movie disproves this supposition. Directed by William Friedkin, who emphasizes the suffering and heartbreak, and fails to freshen the comedy. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100.)

A Cold Wind in August (1961)—A low-budget film distinguished by the great intensity that Lola Albright brings to the role of a thirtyish stripper who seduces a seventeen-year-old boy and discovers sexual pleasure. It's a kind of tawdry American version of "Devil in the Flesh," but not bad. Directed by Alexander Singer. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 21-23.)

The Damned—Visconti, who doesn't have much talent for flamboyance, appears to be grimly serious about all this curling-lip and thin-eyebrow decadence. The story is the basic mother-son romance of homoerotic literature, dressed up in Nazi drag. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

Daybreak ("Le Jour Se Lève;" 1939)—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills (Jules Berry). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas. With Arletty and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting April 16.)

Easy Rider—Dennis Hopper's important first piece of direction—a moving, simply stated film. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper play two motorcycle riders, journeying east across America from an easy calm into the eye of the country's storm. Jack Nicholson gives a wonderful performance as a humorous Southern liberal. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through April 21.)

Fellini Satyricon—The pre-Christian Roman world as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. A tired, oppressive movie, with many freaky people exhibiting their grossness or abnormalities and making faces to tell us they're soulless. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of those "classic" early Warner Brothers musicals—silly but from time to time irresistibly wonderful in a way that will never come back. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreographed by Busby Berkeley. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 22.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's extraordinary first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting April 16.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary début film of Barbra Streisand, and one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in recent years. Directed by William Wyler. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Gold Diggers of 1935 (1935)—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't too skillful. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 22.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—An overblown version of James Hilton's tearstained little gold mine of a book, with songs where they are not needed (and Leslie Bricusse's songs are never needed), yet there's still charm in the story, and Peter O'Toole is a fine romantic hero. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 22.)

Gunga Din (1939)—An absurd trouble-in-the-colonies adventure film that does for its genre almost what "Beat the Devil" did later to the international thriller. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur threw this hokum together, "inspired" by the Rudyard Kipling poem, and William Faulkner had a hand in it, too. The stars are Cary Grant in his athletic youth, dapper Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and the eternal vulgarian, Victor McLaglen; they are supported by Eduardo Ciannelli as a mad high priest and Sam Jaffe as the loyal Indian, Gunga Din. George Stevens directed this exhilarating nonsense. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; April 15.)

Hello, Dolly—A great star (Barbra Streisand) redeems an impersonal big circus of a show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Hot Pepper (1933)—A raucous, sassy comedy with some rather startling dialogue, featuring the "What Price Glory?" team—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen—and Lupe Velez. Dudley Nichols wrote the story; John Blystone directed. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 23.)

Intimate Lighting—Country people, their love of music, and their eccentricities. Ivan Passer's little droll comedy may be the closest thing lately to the English thatched-roof comedies of the fifties. A Czechoslovakian film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Judge Priest (1934)—Some Irvin S. Cobb stories, brought to the screen by John Ford. Viewed now, this piece of Americana about a trial in a Kentucky town in 1890 is also a slice of old Hollywood: the cast includes Will Rogers, Anita Louise, Rochelle Hudson, Hattie McDaniel, and that much maligned comedian, Stepin Fechit. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 20-22.)

The Liberation of L. B. Jones—Roscoe Lee Browne is the black businessman who wants a divorce because his young wife (Lola Falana) is adulterous; he can't get the divorce because his wife's lover (Anthony Zerbe) is white and a cop. With Yaphet Kotto; a quiet, fine performer named Lauren Jones; and Brenda Sykes, who has the kind of beauty you read about in mythology and just don't believe. William Wyler directed. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

Loving—George Segal gives his best performance yet as a commercial artist who doesn't like his life. An intelligent—often funny—movie, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A witty, far-out thriller about political extremists, with some chilling moments. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, James Gregory, and John McGiver. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through April 16.)

M*A*S*H—A gloriously sane comedy about the insanity of war. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman give fine performances as the cowboy and his seedy pal Ratso in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; through April 21.)

The Misfits (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal in the wrong way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. With Marilyn Monroe as a lonely young divorcée, Clark Gable as an aging cowhand, and Montgomery Clift as an accident-prone cowhand. Written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 17-20.)

Mississippi Mermaid—A gently absurd thriller that really works only as a story about a certain kind of sacrosanct romantic love. Written and directed by Truffaut, with Belmondo as a rich colonialist and Catherine Deneuve as a mail-order bride. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous film about four people in Clermont-Ferrand—a drolly solemn engineer (Jean-Louis Trintignant), a Marxist professor, a quizzical beauty qualified as a doctor who wraps herself naked in a white fur rug and listens to the engineer discussing Pascal half the night, and a blonde whom he knows he's going to marry. The film has some of the qualities of a great short story by de Maupassant. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Patton—George C. Scott as Patton in an epic designed to satisfy those who think he was crazy and those who think he was great, but not those who don't just want to have their prejudices greased. Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 21-23.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; through April 21.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film. Directed by Roman Polanski. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, *GR 7-7874; starting April 22.)*

THE SICILIAN CLAN—Henri Verneuil's efficient thriller, which has flashes of humorous bile that are a little like Hitchcock's. There is a fine piece of hi-jacking in the plot, with a jet making a landing on a New York highway under construction. Jean Gabin, Alain Delon. In French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

THE STERILE CUCKOO—Bad title but good little movie. Liza Minnelli plays a smart, funny, disordered college girl who fastens onto an ordinary decent boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from a fine script by Alvin Sargent. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 22.)

THE STRANGER (1946)—Directed by Orson Welles and starring Welles as a Nazi in New England who comes to perhaps the most garish of all bad ends. A well-made thriller, with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 17-20.)

SUNNY SIDE UP (1929)—This *very* early musical was full of twinkles and dimples and yet so extraordinarily popular that it might almost be worth a footnote in the history of taste. With Janet Gaynor—who sang in those days—and Charles Farrell. Donald Crisp directed; had he gone on directing, he might have achieved notoriety. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 23.)

SUNRISE (1927)—A strange (and silent) failed masterpiece by a great German director, F. W. Murnau, who made this stylized, oddly Germanic movie in America. It got rather too self-consciously pictorial, but even in the alien milieu, Murnau's direction is frequently masterly, and there are splendid sequences. From a Sundermann story. With Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien, and with Margaret Livingston as the temptress. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 15.)

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS (1957)—Clifford Odets' idiomatic dialogue and Alexander Mackendrick's crisp direction make something very special out of this melodrama about big city corruption. With Burt Lancaster as a columnist and Tony Curtis (amazingly good) as an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent, and Barbara Nichols and Sam Levene. Photographed by James Wong Howe. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through April 16.)

TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE—Writer-director Abraham Polonsky sets out to demonstrate that we are a nation with corrupted instincts. With Robert Blake as the Indian, Willie, being chased by sheriff Robert Redford, and everyone coming to a bad end. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 21.)

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?—Jane Fonda is first-rate as Gloria, the hard, funny, knowing girl who expects nothing and gets it, in Sydney Pollack's heavy-handed but effective version of Horace McCoy's thirties novel. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 21.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. First showing at 4 on Saturdays and Sundays. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600.)

WOMEN IN LOVE—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. Read the book first; then go to the film for the virtuoso tableau and for Glenda Jackson's bold, tense performance. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

WOODSTOCK—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of last summer's Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style, and the standard of sound recording is first-rate, but skeptics would be right to call the picture a media hype. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Z—A political thriller with a purpose. "Z" demonstrates how Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. Directed for speed and suspense by the gifted young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

ZABRISKIE POINT—Antonioni's picture about America suffers from lassitude and inanity. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

NOTE—At **TOWN HALL**, 113 W. 43rd (JU 2-4536): A series of Laurel-and-Hardy films. April 15 and 17, at 5:30: "Saps at Sea" (1940), "Laughing Gravy" (1931), and "Another Fine Mess" (1930). . . . ¶ April 20-22 and 24, all at 5:30: "A Chump at Oxford" (1940), "Below Zero" (1930), and "Helpmates" (1931). . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL**, Lincoln Center (362-1911): A series of international films. April 20 at 6:30: "Raven's End" (Sweden, 1964). . . . ¶ April 20 at 9:30: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (France, 1967). . . . ¶ April 21 at 6:30: "The River" (India, 1950). . . . ¶ April 21 at 9:30: "Hands Over the City" (Italy, 1963). . . . ¶ April 23 at 6:30: "The Wedding March" (United States, 1927). . . . ¶ April 23 at 9:30: "Thomas the Impostor" (France, 1965).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

- **ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
  - **THE DAMNED.**
- **EVERGREEN**, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
  - Through April 19: "The Man Who Lies" (in French), Jean-Louis Trintignant.
  - From April 20: "End of a Priest," a Czechoslovakian film.
- **CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
  - April 15: "Boy" (in Japanese).
  - April 16-19: "End of a Priest," a Czechoslovakian film.
  - From April 20: "Thanos & Despina" (in Greek).
- **CHARLES**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
  - Through April 21: **TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE**; and "Duffy" (1968), James Coburn, James Mason.
  - From April 22: "The Minx," Jan Sterling; and "Interlude" (1968), Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.
- **GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
  - Through April 21: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**
  - From April 22: **GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.**
- **KIPS BAY**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
  - **EASY RIDER**; and **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**
- **MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
  - "Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.
- **34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
  - **THE ADVENTURERS.**
- **SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
  - **THE SICILIAN CLAN** (in French)
- **TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
  - **WOODSTOCK.**
- **FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
  - **WOMEN IN LOVE.**
- **PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
  - **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.**
- **BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
  - **M*A*S*H.**
- **CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
  - **ZABRISKIE POINT.**
- **PACIFIC EAST**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
  - "How to Succeed with Sex."
- **AVCO EMBASSY EAST**, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
  - Through April 21: "Monique," Sibylla Kay.
  - From April 22: To be announced.
- **CINÉ MALIBU**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
  - **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**
- **CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
  - **BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.**
- **CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
  - "End of the Road," Stacy Keach.
- **BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
  - **Z** (in French).
- **68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
  - **MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S** (in French).
- **TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
  - **THE BOYS IN THE BAND.**
- **72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
  - **MISSISSIPPI MERMAID** (in French).
- **TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
  - **THE DAMNED.**
- **U. A. EAST**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
  - **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.**
- **ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
  - **THE ADVENTURERS.**
- **LOEW'S CINÉ**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
  - **LOVING.**
- **86TH ST. EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
  - Through April 21: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**
  - From April 22: "Halls of Anger," Calvin Lockhart.

WEST SIDE

- **BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
  - Through April 22: "Antonio das Mortes" (in Portuguese).
  - From April 23: "Early Works," a Yugoslav film.
- **WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
  - **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**
- **8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
  - Through April 21: "Topaz," Frederick Stafford.
  - From April 22: **THE STERILE CUCKOO**; and **ROSEMARY'S BABY.**
- **5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
  - **INTIMATE LIGHTING**, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Me" (in French).
- **GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
  - Through April 21: **EASY RIDER**; and **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**
  - From April 22: "Artful Penetration."
- **ELGIN**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
  - April 15: **GUNGA DIN**; and "Journey Into Fear" (1943), Orson Welles, Dolores Del Rio.
  - From April 16: **DAYBREAK** and **THE 400 BLOWS** (both in French).
- **R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
  - Through April 21: "Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed," Peter Cushing; and "Once You Kiss a Stranger," Paul Burke, Carol Lynley.
  - From April 22: "Skullduggery," Burt Reynolds, Susan Clark.
- **CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
  - **PATTON.**
- **STATE 2**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
  - **THE LIBERATION OF L. B. JONES.**
- **RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
  - **HELLO, DOLLY!**
- **GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
  - **FUNNY GIRL.**
- **MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
  - "Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.
- **ZIEGFELD**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
  - **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.**
  - Saturday and Sunday, April 18-19, at noon and 2: Kenneth Clark's series of films, "Civilisation." This week, "The Light of Experience" and "The Pursuit of Happiness."
- **FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
  - "Every Bastard a King," Pier Angeli.
- **CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
  - **LOVING.**
- **LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
  - **FELLINI SATYRICON.**
- **CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
  - To be announced.
- **LINCOLN ART**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
  - "Monique," Sibylla Kay.
- **PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
  - Through April 21: **ROMEO AND JULIET.**
  - From April 22: "Brotherly Love," Peter O'Toole, Susannah York.
- **CINEMA STUDIO**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
  - **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**
- **REGENCY**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
  - To be announced.
- **NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
  - April 15: **SUNRISE** (silent); and "Me and My Gal" (1932), Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett.
  - April 16-19: "Chandu the Magician" (1932), Bela Lugosi, Edmund Lowe; and "Poor Little Rich Girl" (1936), Shirley Temple.
  - April 20-22: **JUDGE PRIEST**; and "Hello Sister" (1933), James Dunn, ZaSu Pitts.
  - From April 23: **SUNNY SIDE UP**; and **HOT PEPPER.**
- **SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
  - Through April 21: "Topaz," Frederick Stafford; and "3 Into 2 Won't Go" (1969), Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.
  - From April 22: **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935**; and **FOOTLIGHT PARADE.**
- **THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
  - Through April 16: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**; and **SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS.**
  - April 17-20: **THE MISFITS**; and **THE STRANGER.**
  - April 21-23: **REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE**; and **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST.**
- **MIDTOWN**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
  - Through April 21: To be announced.
  - From April 22: "Artful Penetration."

There's canned coffee. And there's fresh coffee. Don't ever confuse the two.

A lot of Americans think coffee grows out of the ground in cans.

Supermarket propaganda.

Coffee grows in coffee beans.

And the only way to get fresh coffee is to grind the beans yourself and deposit them, not in a coffee can, but in a coffee maker. Then into your coffee cup.

Which perfectly sets the stage for us to introduce the Salton Electric Coffee Grinder.

It doesn't cost, please pardon the expression, many beans. Just $19.95.

And you don't have to be a Colombian coffee expert or an electrical engineer to operate the Salton Coffee Grinder.

Simply fill the dispenser with coffee beans and twist it for the number of cups you want.

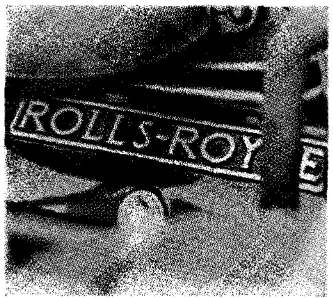
And in a few seconds—congratulations: fresh coffee.

As opposed to canned coffee.

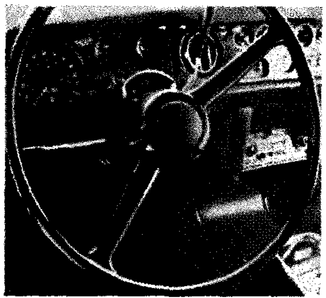
The Salton Electric Coffee Grinder. At the same fine stores where Salton Hotray® is sold.

For complete Salton catalog and our "*After-you-cook*-book", with gourmet recipes, write to Salton, Inc., 517 East 72 Street, New York 10021.

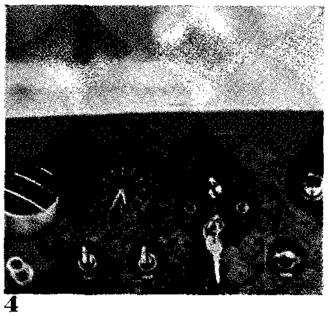
Salton
Coffee Grinder



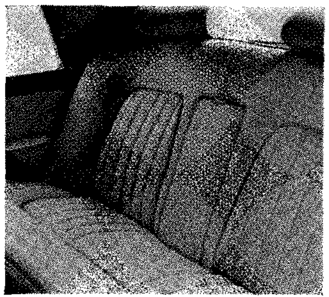
2



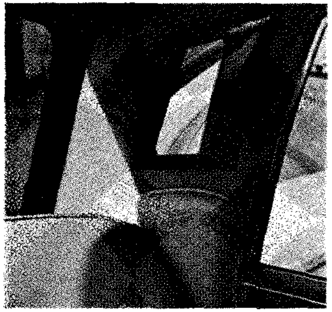
3



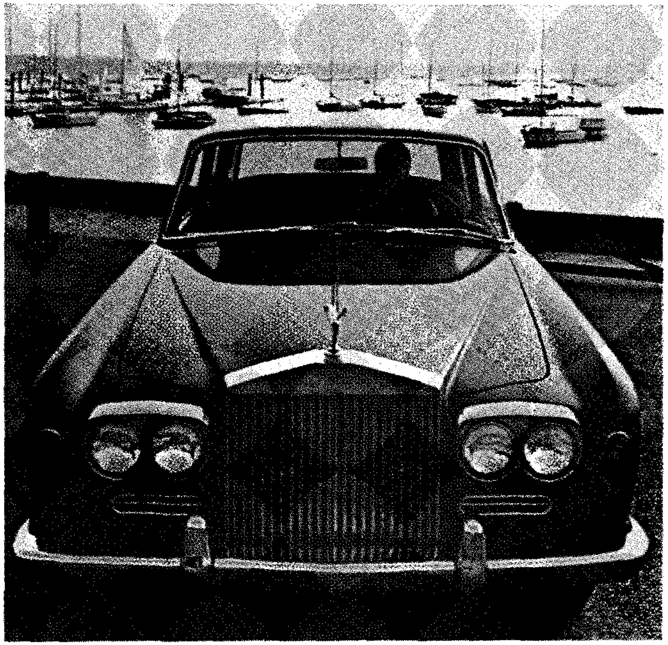
4



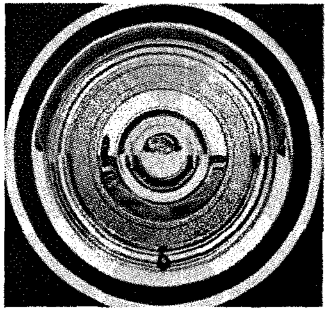
5



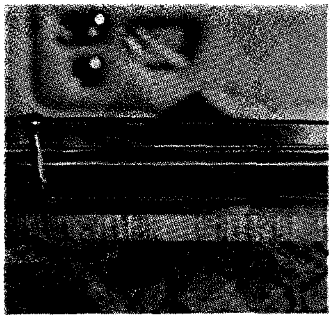
6



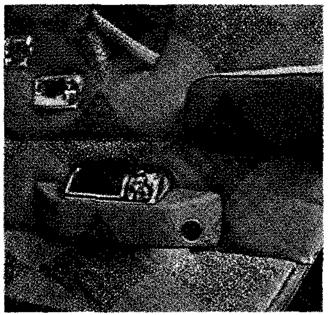
1



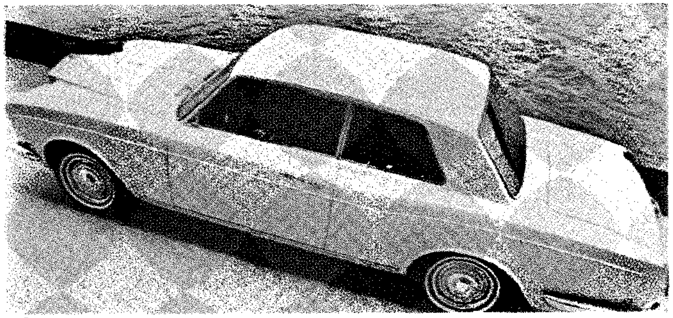
7



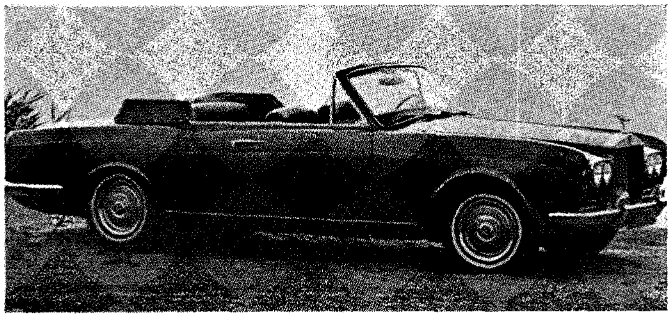
8



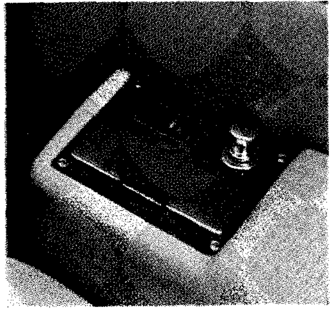
9



10

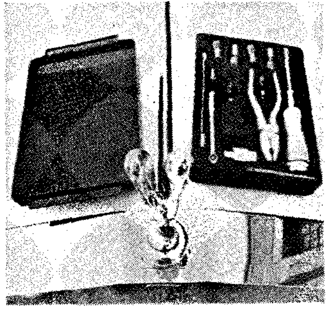


11



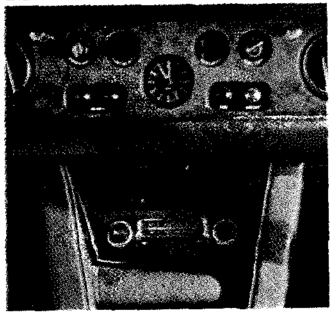
12

13

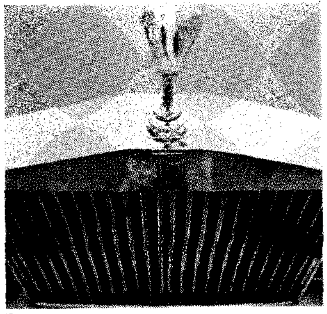


14

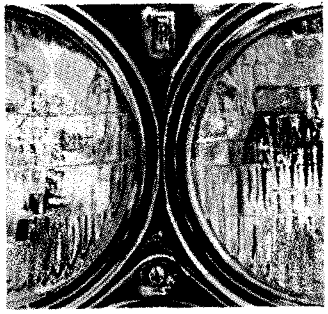
15



16



17



18

19

A guided tour of the personal Rolls-Royce.

1. The Silver Shadow is a new kind of Rolls-Royce. A personal Rolls-Royce. It is designed not for a chauffeur, but for the personal pleasure of the owner-driver. The four-door sedan is the standard model, but it's an extraordinary standard. It takes three months to build each one. It costs $20,700.

2. Rolls-Royce engineers are fanatic about engine silence. They weigh and balance all engine parts before assembly, run each engine for hours on a test-bed for further refinement, then muffle its exhaust with four stainless steel silencers Even while cruising at 100 miles per hour, you can chat with your passengers without raising your voice

3. In many cars, power steering is efficient but numb Rolls-Royce engineers have interposed a torsion spring between the steering column and the hydraulic box that does the real work of steering. The resistance of this spring gives you a reassuring feel of the road.

The transmission is fully automatic, but you can shift gears for yourself whenever you like. The shift lever is an electric switch. A motor does the actual work of shifting for you

4. Air conditioning is standard equipment. No less sybaritic are the upper and lower ventilating systems. You can control them individually, and warm your feet while you cool your face.

5. The Silver Shadow is larger inside and smaller outside than its predecessors, a happy paradox achieved by combining body and chassis in one piece.

This monocoque body is also lighter and stronger than conventional construction, and has a lower center of gravity. It makes the car at once more stable and more agile.

The Silver Shadow is only seventeen feet long. It turns full circle in little more than twice its length and seems almost to park itself.

6. Both rear seats have illuminated vanity mirrors. Ladies may check their appearance before emerging

7. The Silver Shadow is the only car you can buy that has three separate hydraulic braking circuits. Even in the unlikely event that two systems fail, the remaining system will supply braking to all four wheels.

There are self-adjusting disc brakes all around Disc brakes don't fade when they get hot, a comforting thought when you're driving in the Alps.

An automatic hydraulic levelling system keeps the car poised and level even with a full load of passengers and luggage. This system allows very soft springs without the nightmare feeling that you're driving a double bed.

8. The window moldings and instrument panel are veneered in Circassian walnut. All the wood in each car comes from the same tree, so grain and color match throughout. Each car's veneer is coded If it is damaged, it can be replaced with wood from the same log.

9. Below the armrest of each door are two lights that come on when the door is opened. One illuminates the doorsill and the ground. The other is a red light that faces the rear of the car and warns oncoming traffic that a door is open

10. The Silver Shadow Coupé, like the convertible, is a limited edition with coachwork by Mulliner, Park Ward. Among other interesting options, you may order your coupé with inlaid woodwork of Persian burr, paldao, rosewood, bird's eye maple or sycamore. A happy compromise between the sedan and the convertible, the coupé costs $29,200.

11. The Silver Shadow Convertible is the most personal Rolls-Royce of all. Only fifty will be offered for sale in the United States this year. Its body is almost entirely handmade in London by H.J. Mulliner, Park Ward. They spend a whole week making a single convertible top, and six weeks to paint each car. The convertible is a splendid self-indulgence at $31,600.

12. An interesting amenity: the cigarette lighters are set in illuminated sockets so you can replace them confidently at night.

13. The Silver Shadow's seats are firm and slightly bucketed, and so freely adjustable that you can literally design them around yourself. You adjust the legroom, seat height and angle by touching an electric switch. You can adjust the rake of the seatbacks individually. You can even adjust the armrests on the doors.

14. The tool kit is a little gem. It includes all the essentials, plus half a dozen spare light bulbs, all bedded in foam so they won't rattle.

15. The perfectionist who chooses the leather for our upholstery selects only one hide from every five hundred. His rejects make expensive handbags. He uses only the topmost layer of each hide. It is wonderfully supple, and it has the richest grain. The piping is recessed, so you don't feel it through your clothes.

16. The personal Rolls-Royce communicates with you by means of eight articulate lamps on the instrument panel. One tells you if your alternator stops charging. Another monitors engine oil pressure, two others the pressure in the twin power-brake systems. Others tell you smaller things: your fuel is low; you need more coolant in the radiator; your parking brake is on; a stoplight bulb has burnt out. There is even a pushbutton to test the warning lights.

17. The radiator shell is made of stainless steel, formed by hand almost exactly as it was sixty years ago. The surfaces look perfectly square but are microscopically convex, an optical illusion discovered by Greek architects two thousand years ago. They called it *entasis.*

18. These headlights will never leave you in the dark. If one filament should burn out, the lighting circuit automatically switches on the other filament.

19. The silver lady's real name is the Spirit of Ecstasy. She was created in 1911 by sculptor Charles Sykes after riding in a Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost. She is cast in steel by the lost-wax process, a method developed by the ancient Egyptians and used today for jewelry.

For more information, fill in the coupon under the dealer listing elsewhere in this magazine, and send it to Mr. Lynn Perkins, Public Relations and Advertising Manager, Department 474, Rolls-Royce Inc., Box 2707, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017. Our catalogue costs two dollars. Our Owner's Manual, plus a catalogue, costs $12.50.

ROLLS ROYCE

Suggested prices P.O.E. exclusive of local taxes, if any.
Slightly higher in Alaska and Hawaii.
©Rolls-Royce Inc.

Rona.
If you know what's good for you.

Jacket and dress costume
designed by Patrick Porter
in 100% Fortrel polyester knit.
In navy/white.
8 to 16. About $100.
For store nearest you,
write Rona, Inc., 498 Seventh Ave.,
New York 10018.

A DIVISION OF GENESCO THE APPAREL COMPANY

Bellodgia

(Bĕl'lō-jă), *noun.* 1. expensive French perfume made from blossoms warmed to their peak of fragrance by 3 hours of June sunshine, then hand-gathered by the women of Var. 2. a town that time forgot on mist-shrouded Lake Como; so beloved by the founder of Caron that he gave its name to a perfume. *adj.* 3. vital, alive, impassioned: *Bizet's Carmen was a bellodgian woman.* *verb.* 4. to electrify or thrill one's lover. —Syn. voilà voom.

BELLODGIA
CARON
NET CONT 3¼ FL.OZ
PARIS FRANCE

(perfumus intoxicatum)

Get the Ming Dynasty Tokyo and the Orient

Any airline can get you to Tokyo quickly and comfortably. But only one throws in The Ming Dynasty. As soon as you board one of China Airlines' brand new Boeing 707's you sense there's something special happening. It might be the beautiful red and gold panels. Or the intricate wood carvings. Or the mural in the lounge area. The stewardesses are clad in traditional Chinese dress. Some guests have to look out the window to remind themselves they're in a plane.

When dinner is served you eat on Dynasty china. And what a dinner it is. A Dynasty emperor would be impressed. Rather than list each course and preface it with a superlative, we'll just say that sometimes in life you sense you are close to greatness. Dinner time on China Airlines is one of those times.

Then there's Dynasty poetry to read, a book of old proverbs, even a recipe book of the dishes you just enjoyed. Of course there's hit movies and stereo music too.

When we say we give you the Ming Dynasty we mean all of the above, but the bigger meaning is that we treat you as someone special, and truly want your flight to be a memorable occasion.

On China Airlines to Tokyo you almost forget you're flying. The Ming Dynasty is like that. See your travel agent or call China Airlines.

CAL

CHINA AIRLINES

The flag carrier of the Republic of China.

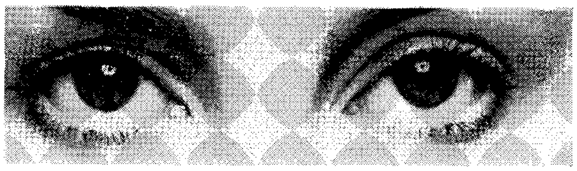
on your way to

An Eye

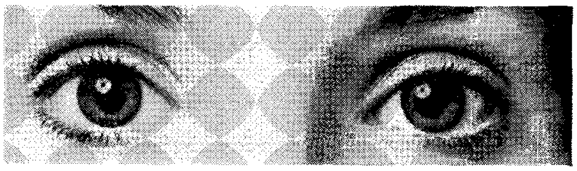
(YOUR PLAIN OLD EYE)

For An Eye

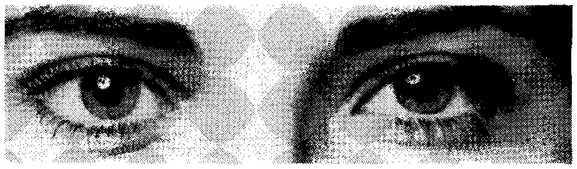
(THE WELL-DRESSED NEW EYE)


ALMOND-SHAPED?

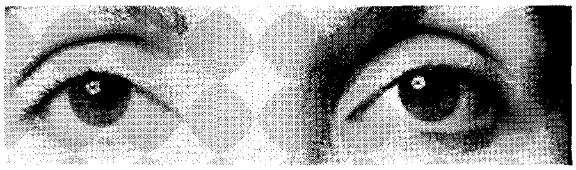
Wear NATURAL MEDIUM FLUTTERS or STANDARD HEAVY

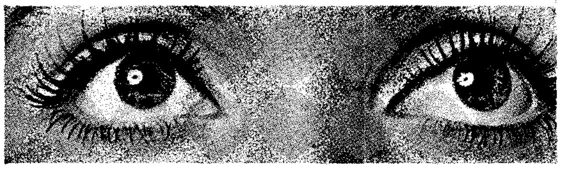

ROUND?

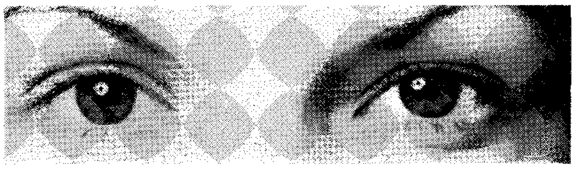
Wear 1-2-3 or STANDARD MEDIUM

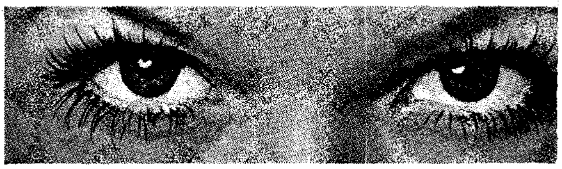

NARROW?

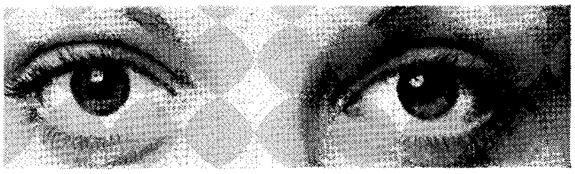
Wear HEAVY DEMI FLUTTERS or FLARED DEMI

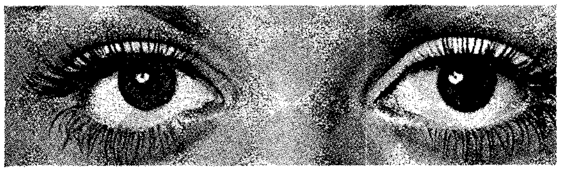

HALF-MOON?

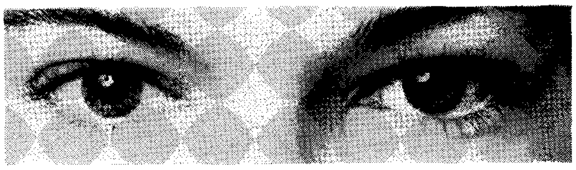

Wear NATURAL SUNBURST or NATURAL HEAVY

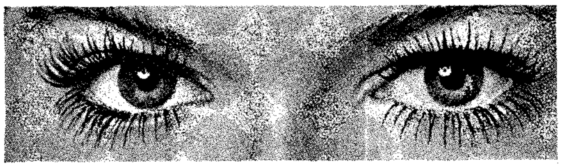

TURNED-DOWN?

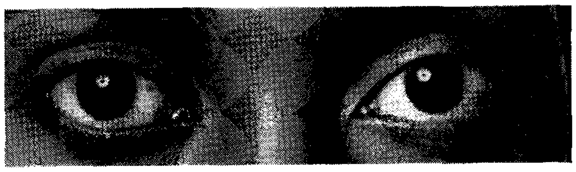

Wear NATURAL HEAVY FLUTTERS or STANDARD SUNBURST

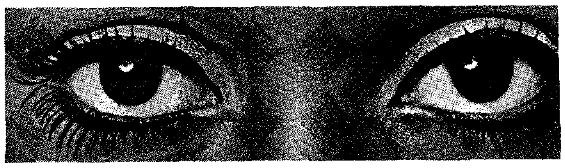

BIG?

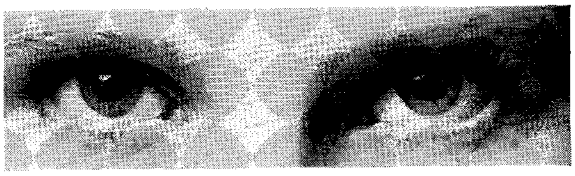

Wear NATURAL STARLITE or NATURAL DELUXE

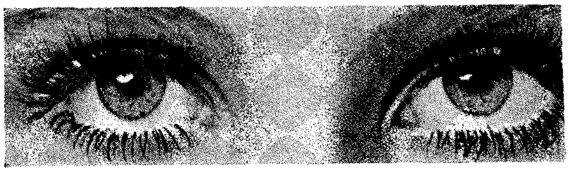

SMALL?

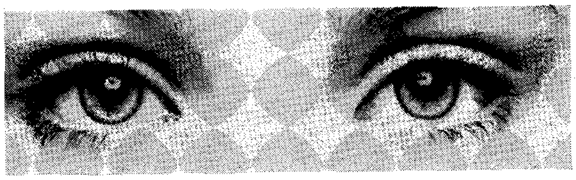

Wear MEDIUM DEMI FLUTTERS or NATURAL MEDIUM DEMI

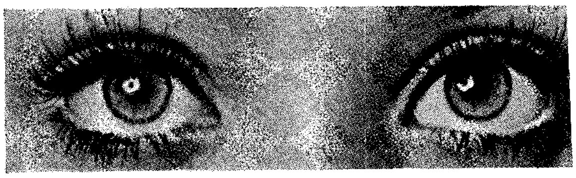

SHALLOW-SET?


Wear SULTRY FLUFFS or NATURAL DELUXE FLUTTERS


DEEP-SET?


Wear DEMI STARLITE or NATURAL FINE


TURNED-UP?


Wear DEMI SUNBURST or SULTRY POINTS

It could change your outlook!

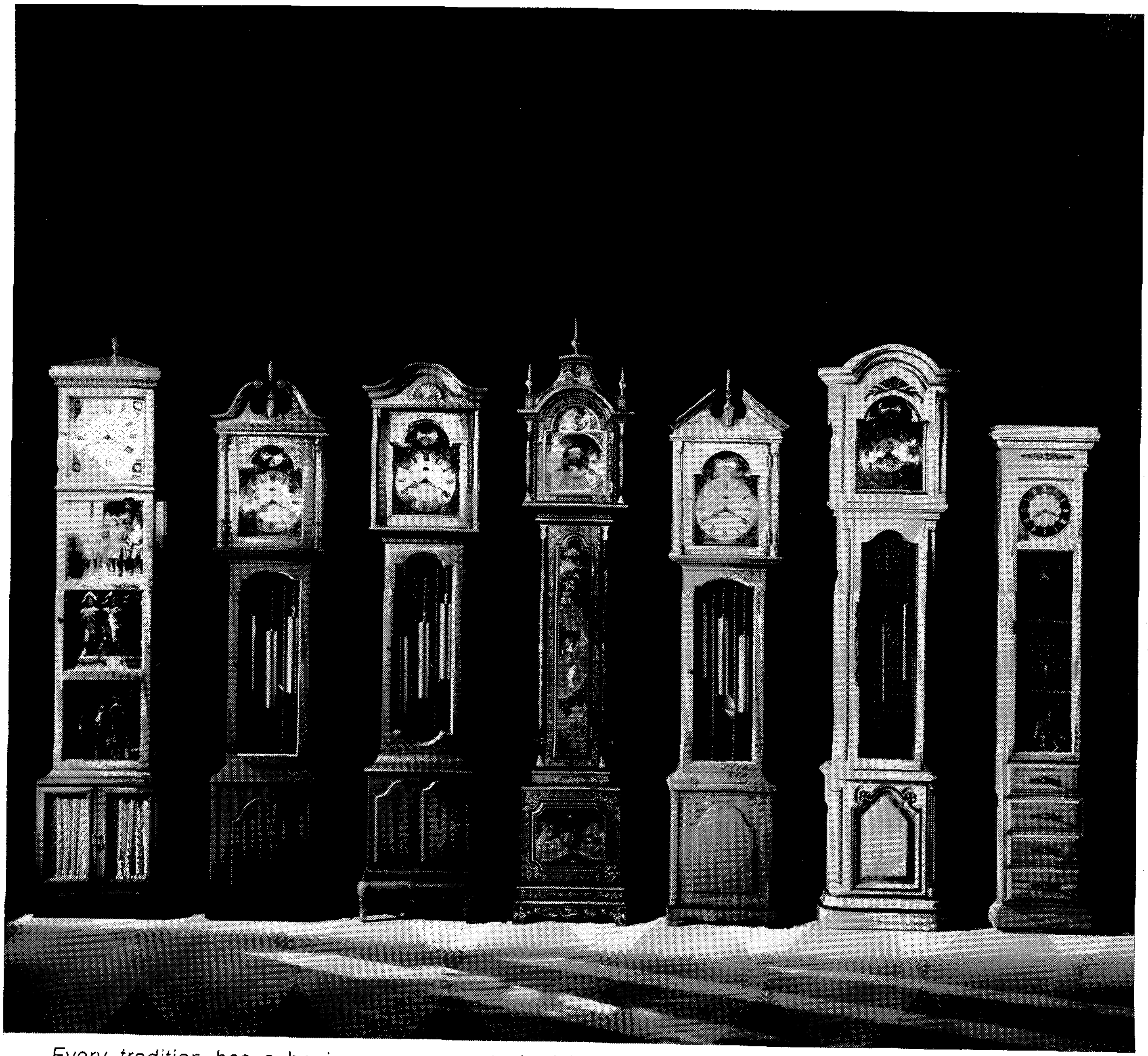
Andrea

100% EUROPEAN HAIR LASHES

YOUR PERSONAL EYEDRESSER

Black or brown. $4.00 to $12.50
at the world's
finest cosmetics counters.

© 1970 Andrea Raab Corp., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11234



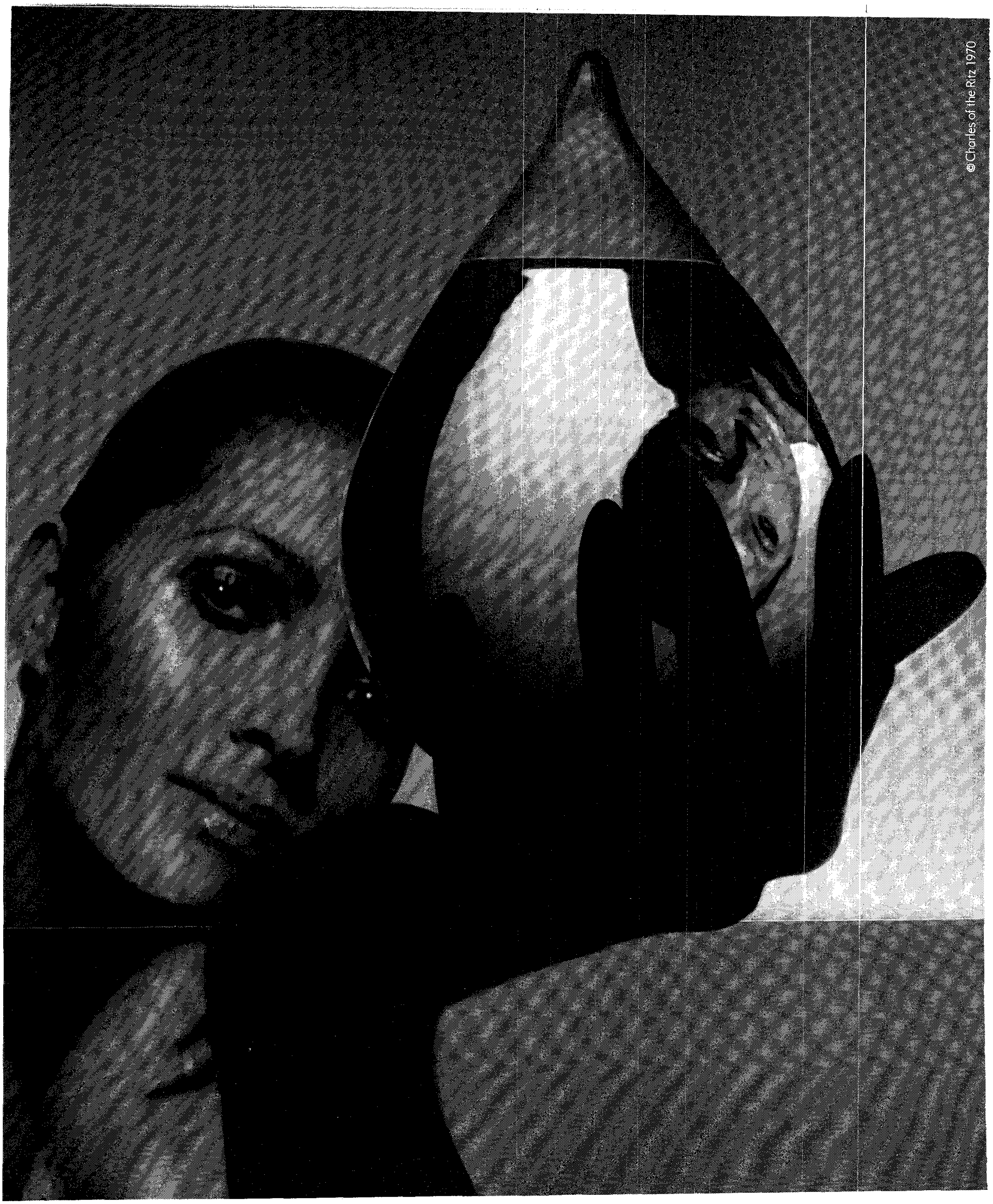
Every tradition has a beginning. Thus, when you first buy a Ridgeway floor clock, it starts more than time.

It starts a chain of events. Because craftsmanship and harmony of design have no set period. They are eternal. Even your most cherished antique was once purchased to enhance a particular room setting. So it is with a Ridgeway clock. You choose from one of thirty-four elegant designs. You decide on one of six magnificent wood finishes or six stunning decorator colors that is right for your time. And it will sound its own century in perfect taste.

To aid your selection we have a colorful new brochure. Write Ridgeway Clocks Division, Gravely Furniture Co., Inc.,
Dept. H-702,
Ridgeway, Va. 24148

Ridgeway

Start an heirloom today.


© Charles of the Ritz 1970

SEVEN DROPS!

LIQUID
REVENESCENCE
Charles of the Ritz

That's all you need. Even with the driest skin. Just seven drops for an invisible, protective film between your skin and its enemies—soot, dirt, sun, steam heat. Seven drops of super-rich, super-concentrated Revenescence® Moisturizer. Takes no time to use. Takes forever to use up. With each drop of Revenescence so effective, can you trust your skin to any other moisturizer?

Charles of the Ritz

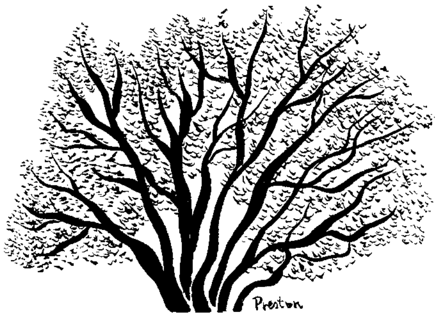
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN 1968, America had a kind of national debate on the Vietnam war, and it appeared that, as far as the *debate* was concerned, the dissenting forces won a victory of sorts. All of the political candidates for national office incorporated a good deal of the rhetoric of the peace movement in their public remarks, and all of them seemed persuaded that withdrawal of our troops was the only course the next President could afford to follow. The war was shorn of its justifications not only in the minds of its veteran critics but also, somewhat surprisingly, in the minds of its former supporters. The demand for military victory in Vietnam all but disappeared from national politics, and the considerably slackened debate centered almost exclusively on the question of how long it should take us to get out. Hawkish sentiment appeared to undergo an odd twist, in which anger at critics of the war intensified but support for the war actually declined. (A rally held in Washington last week in support of military victory in Vietnam drew, according to police estimates, only fifteen thousand people.) And yet now, nearly two years after the beginning of the 1968 campaign, in a peculiar atmosphere of mental exhaustion, in which both opponents and supporters of the war seem to have lost their forensic stamina, our involvement in the conflict continues on almost the same scale, and even threatens to expand into Laos and Cambodia. It is as though the public had shrugged its shoulders and decided to accept the war as something that cannot be affected by human effort. The war has outlived the *issue* of the war.

In the days when the debate was still vigorous, opponents of the war used to find it helpful to expose false claims made by the government, and to point out ironies and contradictions in government policy. They used to say things like "The body count is exaggerated, and anyway a body count is no real measure of success," or "The pacification program isn't going as well as the government says it is," or "The South Vietnamese elections are rigged, and the Saigon regime is a dictatorship and doesn't have the support of its own people." And finally they pieced together the ultimate irony—that we seemed actually to be physically destroying the country we were supposed to be saving. In the last year or so, however, opponents of the war have found that it is inadequate to repeat these arguments. Perhaps one reason is that the gap between the official explanations and the realities we are faced with daily on television and in the newspapers has become so staggeringly huge and so obvious that when one persists in making these points one feels almost ludicrously simpleminded. Also, pointing out discrepancies between the official versions and the realities seems to presume a rationality in the whole enterprise that is now revealed to be entirely lacking. It is as though we were taken on a tour of an alleged health resort that turned out in fact to be a concentration camp, and were then obliged to write a report describing in great detail the specific differences between the facilities of a health resort and those of a concentration camp. We might well feel slightly mad as we wrote things such as "Whereas in a health resort there are doctors giving people medicine, here, on the contrary, we find armed guards systematically murdering the inmates." We might have the same sense of absurdity as we wrote that "whereas the American forces are supposed to be building democratic political structures in the villages of Vietnam, we find that they are bombing the villages and shooting the villagers." The disparity between the official policy and the reality is now so great that it appears as though policy is developing in accordance with a set of rules that will be responsive to the political situation in America but that the actual conduct of the war is developing according to a completely separate set of rules, determined by the conditions of unspeakable brutality and confusion in Vietnam itself. (Our soldiers in Vietnam have started referring to the United States and other places outside Vietnam as "the world"—as though Vietnam were on another planet.) The war, which now grinds on without evoking either much support or much new criticism, or much national debate of any kind, seems to have acquired an insane life of its own, and to have developed in utterly unexpected ways that neither its critics nor its supporters ever anticipated. Several recent news stories have brought this feeling home to us with particular force. A number of them have been so strange as to almost defy rational comment, and we have been trying to imagine what this Administration would say about them if we were still in the period when the government felt obligated to justify and rationalize the consequences of its policies in Vietnam. What comment might the Administration make, for example, about recent reports that the Saigon police beat up disabled veterans of their own Army when they attempted to demonstrate for a rise in their disability allowance (which can be as low as two dollars a month)? What might government officials say about the recent United States Army



report that at least thirty-five per cent of the combat soldiers in one brigade are regular users of marijuana? What justifications could be offered for sending a half-stoned army into the villages of Vietnam to wield the greatest volume of firepower that any army has ever possessed? (Around the same time, there has been the peculiar discovery, which we mentioned recently in these pages, that the general we support in Laos may be fighting in order to gain control of a multimillion-dollar opium trade in the contested regions.) And what arguments could be advanced in defense of the First Infantry's decision—at what turned out to be the cost of three American casualties—to carve a mile-and-a-half-long boulevard in the Vietnamese jungle in the shape of its divisional insignia? Situations such as these show that the Army, like the nation itself, now has no idea at all of what it is supposed to be doing in Vietnam. They reveal that the war has lost even the pretense of a purpose, and has become nothing more than a bloody playground for our idealism and our cruelty.

Persevere!

HERE is a letter that was forwarded to us by a friend. We print it *in toto:*

Dear Mr. G——:

We are pleased to offer the following, for which you inquired nearly twenty years ago: "Memorials of the Family of Tufton, Earls of Thanet." With Illustrations. New Cloth. 156 pages. Gravesend, 1800. $10.00.

The launcher of this missive was Goodspeed's Book Shop, of Boston.

Caroline van Hook Bean

WE chatted, drank champagne, and ate cucumber sandwiches last week with Miss Caroline van Hook Bean, *during the preview of a new* exhibition of her paintings at the Chapellier Galleries. The title of Miss Bean's show is "New York City in Wartime." The war that the gallery, and Miss Bean, had in mind was the First World War. The pictures were painted in 1918 and 1919, they are charming and skillful, and they reminded us, alternately, of Dufy and of Childe Hassam. "Do you know of a studio anywhere?" Miss Bean asked us, after we had been introduced. "I *must* find one large enough so that I can paint ten feet away. Like Gainsborough, you know. I am farsighted, but I refuse to admit it."

Miss Bean does admit to being ninety. She told us about a man who had carved a statue he called "The Laughing Bacchante." "It was refused *everywhere,* poor man," she said. "Because, you see, it was just a little bit *too* Bacchante." Miss Bean also talked about her second husband, Captain Algernon Binyon, whom she met in Capri. Captain Binyon's father was English, but his mother was a Caprese. "That's what happens," said Miss Bean. "Beware of Capri!"

Miss Bean described New York in 1918 and 1919. "We were very gay in those days," she said. "We had parades. I'll never forget the parade for the Chasseurs Alpins, those gallant French Chasseurs Alpins. It was a thriller. Everyone was so naïve and so infantile in those days."

All of the paintings in Miss Bean's exhibition have already been purchased by the Fine Arts Fund, a group of seventeen men who have begun investing in fine art. Miss Bean talked about the Fine Arts Fund. "The whole thing just tickles me pink" was the way she put it. "I'm a very good financial investment, you know. I'm ninety, and as soon as I die all the values will go way up. It always happens. I wouldn't be nearly so valuable if I were a girl of twenty-seven."

Miss Bean presented us to Frank Zachary, one of the Fine Arts Fund partners. "Isn't she great?" said Mr. Zachary. "The Fine Arts Fund could be described as a very limited mutual fund. A lot of people have made rude noises about mutual funds' investing in fine art, but most of the noises have come from rich collectors and museums. They're scared of the competition. Look at Lorenzo de' Medici. He was a one-man mutual fund. And if you graph art prices against Dow-Jones prices, art prices have held up. Don't forget—a good picture can't be duplicated!"

JACK DELANEY
71
SUBWAY
R. MacMillan

•

DOG licenses in the District of Columbia are now issued not by the Department of Licenses and Inspections but by the Department of Economic Development.

Black Film

"GOD'S STEP CHILDREN," a melodrama filmed in 1938 for black audiences by the black director Oscar Micheaux, who died in 1951, was shown in New York the other day in a large and ornately panelled room that once belonged to Mrs. Felix Warburg and now belongs to the Jewish Museum. The Jewish Museum is conducting a series of eight black-film programs, and "God's Step Children" was the second one. We were glad to see it. Oscar Micheaux wrote and directed from twenty to thirty features between 1918 ("The Homesteader") and 1948 ("The Betrayal," which used to be advertised as "The Greatest Negro Photoplay of All Times!"), and we had never had a chance to see any of them. The audience in Mrs. Warburg's former music room was small, and it was mostly black. Micheaux's films, most of which he produced himself, were created to make money (he was not in a position to do them any other way), and they often involved stereotyped characters, and, of course, those stereotypes are not acceptable now, so the small black audience in the screening room had to make some complicated decisions about what it was seeing—accepting Micheaux's achievement on one level and rejecting it on another. One man noted that Micheaux was making melodramas at the time when Richard Wright was writing "Native Son." "Hell, Micheaux survived, and that was enough," said another man.

The film is a revealing document of the attitudes of the nineteen-thirties. Superficially, it is simply a poor movie. The dialogue is stilted, the players are stiff and puppetlike, and the action is disjointed. There is no motion. The plot—actually, the "moral"—is "It is wrong for a black to pass for white." The scenes come and go, each seemingly independent of its predecessor.

Afterward, we talked with Lorenzo Tucker, who was one of Micheaux's most important leading men—the star of "Veiled Aristocrats," "Daughter of the Congo," and "Temptation." Mr.

Tucker, a tall, graying man in his early sixties, and now a photographer in Harlem, had brought with him a great many photographs and clippings and old promotion material. "This is when I was called the Negro John Gilbert. And this is when I was called the Negro Valentino," he said, showing us clippings from a Pittsburgh newspaper. "Here is another picture of me, with Jack Carter and Percy Verwayne. Carter was Crown in the original 'Porgy,' and Verwayne was Sporting Life. They used to call us the three gangsters of Negro pictures." He then showed us a handbill for the Regal Theatre (4719 Southern Parkway, Chicago, "World's Largest and Finest Racial Playhouse"), which advertised "Veiled Aristocrats"—"All Talking, with All Star Colored Cast."

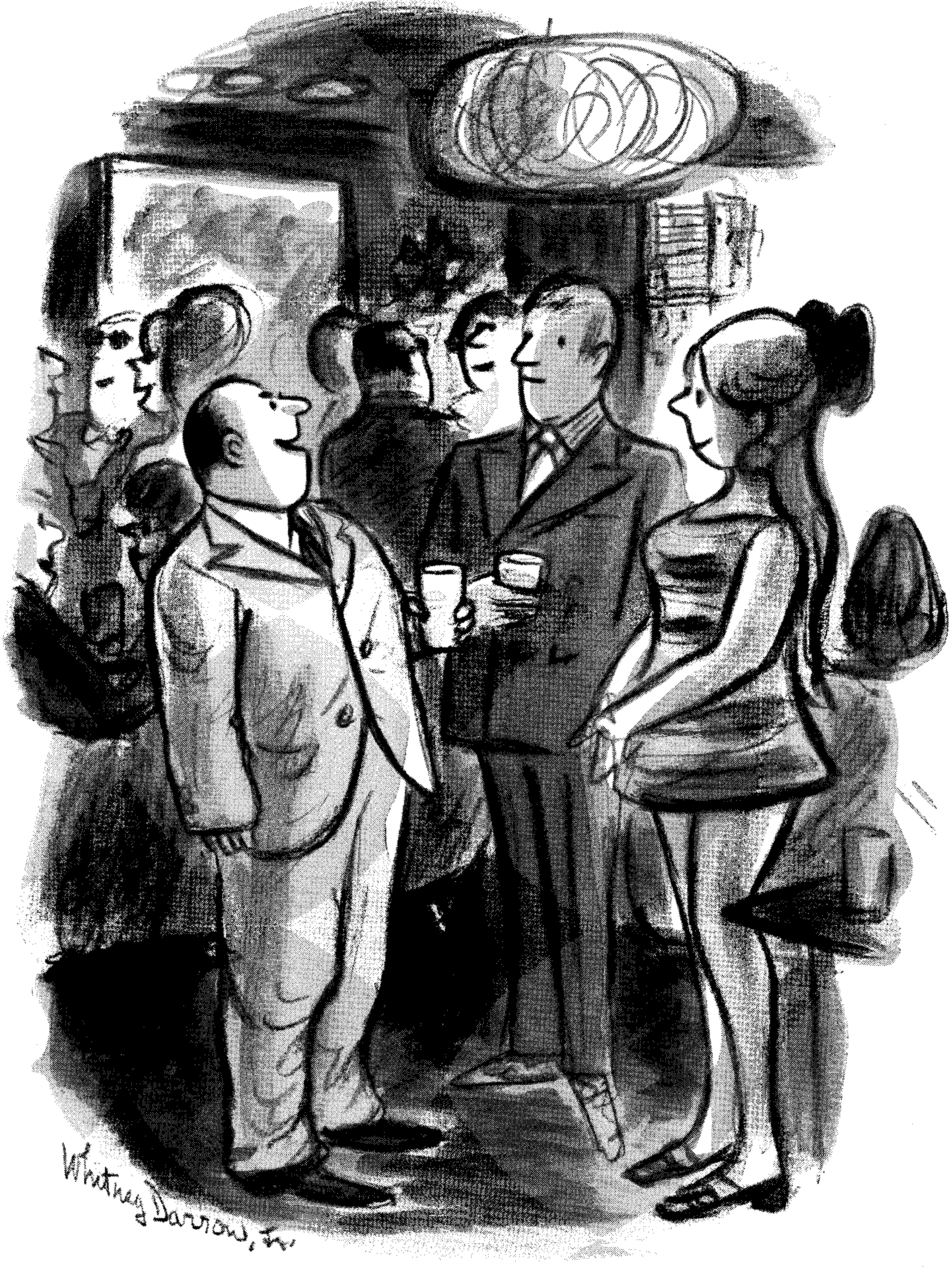
"I wasn't in 'God's Step Children,' " Mr. Tucker said. "I'd had a fight with Micheaux, and that was my punishment. I first went to work for him in 1926. I was in Philadelphia, sitting in the lobby of the Dunbar Hotel—that's where all the Negro entertainers used to stay—waiting to audition for 'Rang Tang,' a musical show. Micheaux came up to me and said, 'You an actor?' I said I was. 'You're one of them that *think* they are,' he said. I *was* an actor. Why, later I was a straight man for Mamie Smith *and* for Bessie Smith. Anyway, when I went to New York and needed some money, I called him up, and he gave me a job. My first picture was 'Wages of Sin.' It took us, generally speaking, six weeks at the most to make a picture. I think Micheaux was a genius."

•

OVERHEARD in the faculty lounge of the Harvey S. Firestone Memorial Library, at Princeton, one professor to another: "I'm worried about him. The only thing he has going for him is an enormous income."

Democrat

BEFORE the coup that, three years ago this month, established the present military dictatorship in Greece, George Mylonas was one of that country's most promising and effective politicians. As a member of George Papandreou's Cabinet, he had supervised a program of educational reform, including the founding of three new universities, which was generally regarded as a major achievement of the Papandreou administration. After the coup, Mr. Mylonas, whose good relations with diverse Greek democrats aroused the suspicions of the political police, was arrested and exiled to the tiny Aegean island of Amorgos. Unlike hundreds of his countrymen, Mr. Mylonas was not physically tortured, but since he was in poor health and re-



"You just send a swatch and your measurements off to Hong Kong, and—presto—back it comes."

quired constant medical attention, and none was available on the island, his exile amounted to a potential sentence of death. After thirteen months on the island, Mr. Mylonas took the risk of giving an interview to Nicholas Gage, of the New York *Times Magazine*. The interview was published on September 21, 1969, and a few days later Mr. Mylonas, with the help of a group of daredevil Italians, escaped from Amorgos in a motorboat. Since then, he has resumed his anti-junta activities. He is a leader of Democratic Defense, one of the most active resistance groups in Greece (thirty-four of its members have just been tried for political offenses in Athens), and his activities were one reason the junta withdrew from the Council of Europe's meeting in Paris last December.

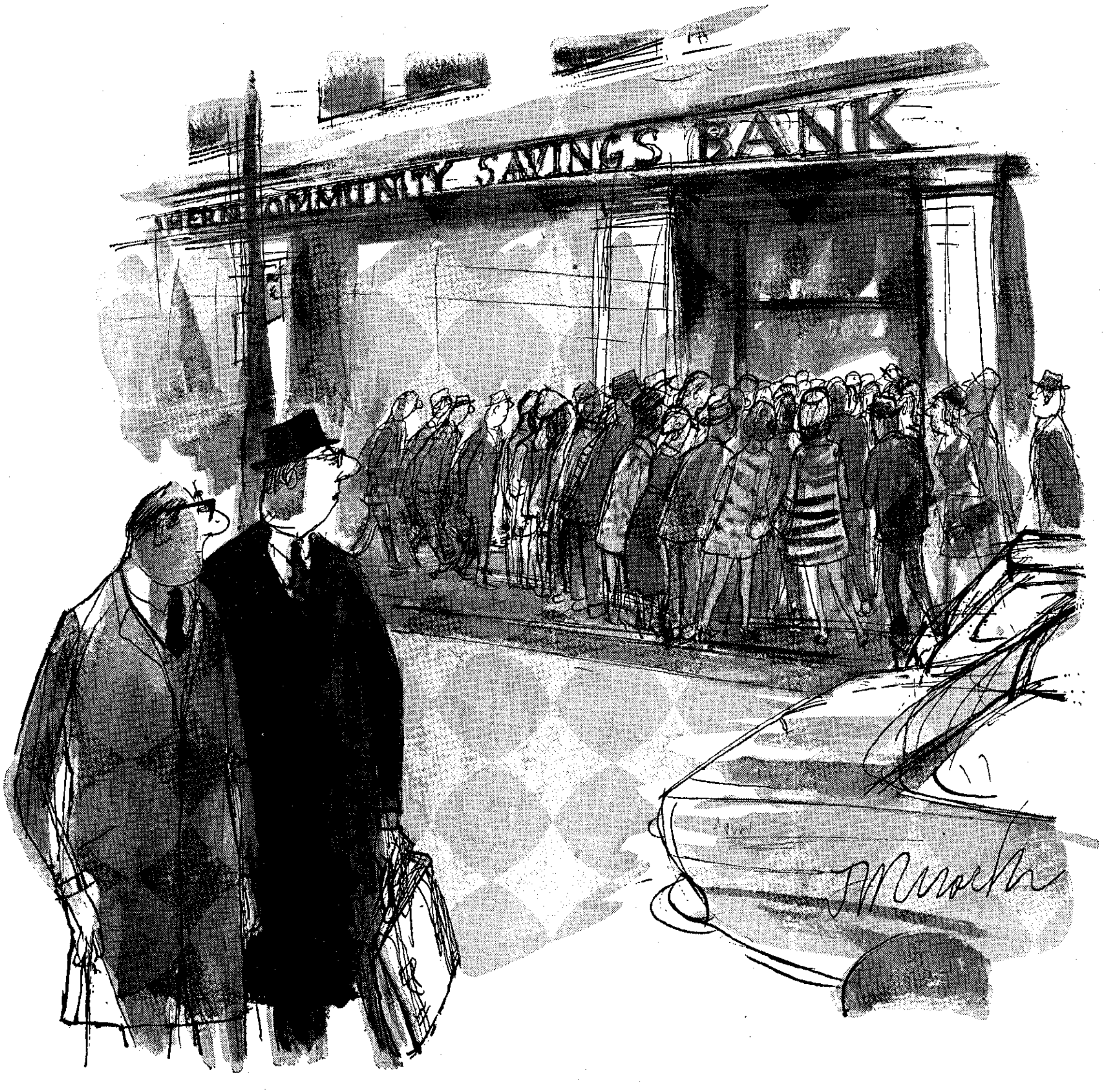
We met Mr. Mylonas last week, in the West Side apartment of an American friend. He is a compact man of fifty-one, with a handsome, deeply lined face and thick gray hair. There were dark circles under his eyes. He was immaculately dressed in a dark suit and sleeveless sweater. He spoke calmly, in nearly unaccented English, as he told us that he had been in the United States for four weeks and would be leaving for London that night, unless his plane was cancelled. "Perhaps you need a junta here to make things run on time," he said, and smiled, showing gleaming white teeth.

We asked him what he had been doing during his visit here.

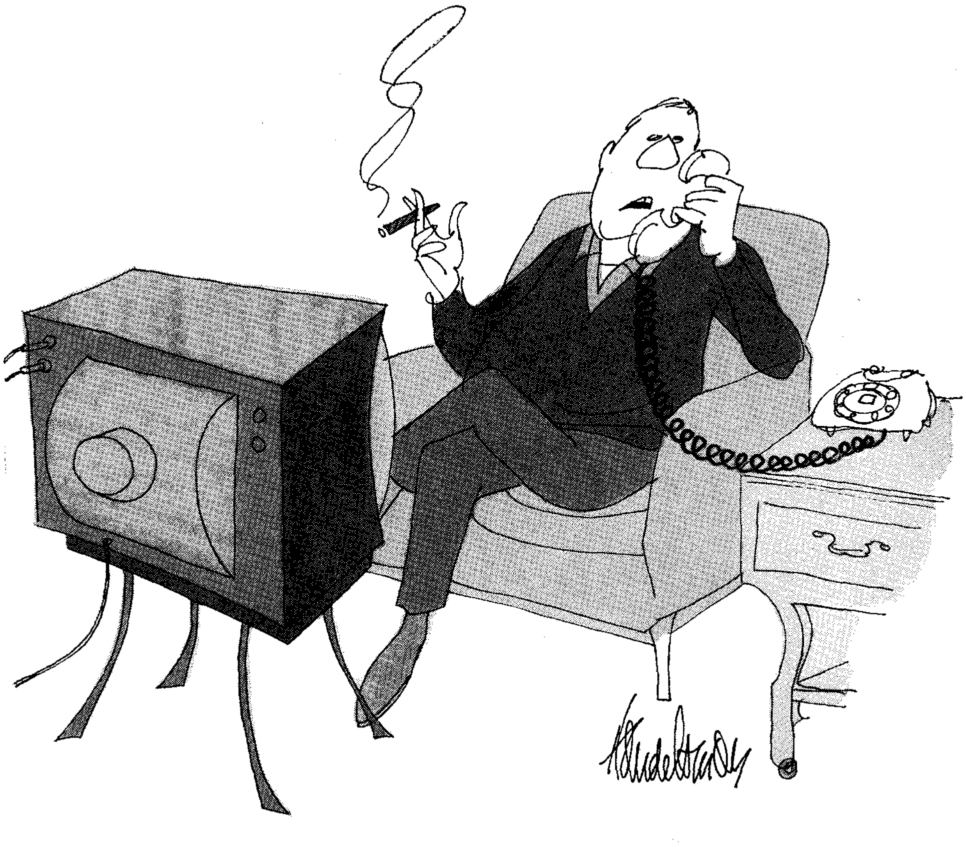
"I have spoken at about fifteen or more universities—always to open meetings at which the students and professors and townspeople joined in," he said. "I've made perhaps a hundred radio and television appearances, and I've especially tried to make contact with my fellow-Greeks here. There seem to be two categories of Greek-Americans, as far as I can see after only four weeks—those that are uninterested and those that are interested. Of course, there are some who say, 'We stand behind the American government, whatever it's doing,' and leave it at that. The university professors and students are seriously—even fanatically—against the regime. But I think I can detect that even some of those Greek-Americans who thought that the regime would be good for, quote, law and order, unquote, now find that it is going too far."

We said it seemed to us that the junta had no apparent aims beyond seizing and holding power, and Mr. Mylonas said, "Yes, that's how it looks. They are not Fascists, in the sense of having a mass base or a vision, however grotesque, of a new society. They are a group of very narrow-minded, uneducated militarists who think the country is better run by force. Some of them have a personal pecuniary interest in maintaining power, but I would be unfair to them to say that that is primary. I mentioned before the business of making things run on time. That is the cliché about dictatorships. They are supposed to make the trains run on time. I don't speak of Greek trains—they were never very good. But even in this respect the junta is a failure. It is more inefficient than the worst form of decadent parliamentary regime that could be imagined. Completely apart from the torture and the denial of democratic rights, the actual administration is a very poor one. Really, the government has no support whatsoever, from extreme right to extreme left—no more than five or six per cent, at the most, I would say. Elections are not permitted—not just for Parliament but even in neighborhood athletic clubs, even in the union of dentists in a small town. The regime knows that even in such elections the candidate chosen will be the one who most opposes the junta."

We asked about the status of the resistance, and Mr. Mylonas answered slowly, obviously choosing his words with care. "The status is quite good. I cannot make statements on resistance affairs. These activities are underground, and I can't really issue communiqués on them. I'm



"Now what are they giving away?"



"You have dialled a non-working person."

• •

sure you understand." He paused, then said, "I have direct and immediate contact with the resistance in Greece. More will be coming, you can be sure of that."

We asked Mr. Mylonas to give us his assessment of the role of the United States vis-à-vis the junta.

"The United States has appeared all along to be supporting the junta, both morally and materially," Mr. Mylonas said. "But this is a difficult question. What is America? Is it the State Department? The military? The C.I.A.? In Paris, at the Council of Europe meeting, our path nearly crossed that of the Americans, who were lobbying for the regime. The United States is the only government in the world that is supporting the junta, except for the East, which is vaguely supporting the junta because the East likes to cause confusion. The United States could be instrumental in removing the junta, if it would state clearly its desire for an immediate return to constitutional government. I will not speak of intervention, because the United States is in fact already intervening by its apparent support of the regime."

"Should Greece remain in NATO?" we asked.

"Yes, provided we are a free ally and not a satellite," he said. "There has been some bitterness on the part of the people because NATO has been used to install this regime. The actual plan of action of the coup was a NATO plan called Prometheus, for rounding up suspects in case of war. The Greek people didn't like that, to put it mildly."

Mr. Mylonas leaned forward in his chair. "Be careful," he said. "Be sure you are not preparing another Vietnam in Greece."

Craftsman

A CALIFORNIA friend of ours, a chili fancier, has for some years been eating in a Sacramento diner and relishing the rich, thick, aromatic dish placed before him. The other day, he detected an improvement in the chili, and at once called out his compliments, over the counter, to the cook. "Better for me, too," said the cook. "Don't make it myself anymore—buy it in frozen bricks."

March

WE did not go to the International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, last Saturday, but we did go to the march and rally protesting it. The march was sponsored by a group called Environment, on the theory that no machine that emits as much poisonous gas as the internal-combustion engine ought to be glorified. The march began at the General Motors Building, at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, proceeded west on Central Park South to the Coliseum, and then turned north to the Central Park bandshell, near Seventy-second Street. About three thousand people, mostly young and reasonably healthy, were there.

At the curb in front of the Plaza Hotel, we asked a hansom-cab driver, whose name was simply Anastasi, what he thought of getting rid of the automobile.

"Great, if they can come up with something to replace it," he said.

We glanced at his horse.

"Forget it," he said. "That's a dream I'll never see come true."

At Seventh Avenue, we ran into a long-haired friend of ours, Maris Cakars. He was selling copies of the ecology issue of *Win*, a magazine of which he is the editor, and he didn't have many left. "Fifty cents a throw, and these people don't bat an eye," he said wonderingly. "One thing about the ecology crowd—they've got lots of spare change."

At Columbus Circle, a quaint-looking white-haired lady glared at the marchers and said clearly, "Little sluts!"

"We're only protesting air pollution," said a nearby young man who was carrying a sign that read "Planet Earth: Love It or Leave It" on one side and "Free the Heinz 57" on the other side.

"Air pollution! If *they* weren't there, there wouldn't be any," said the lady.

"Would you like some bubble gum?" the young man asked.

"No, thank you," the lady said. "I don't chew."

At Sixty-eighth Street and Central Park West, we asked a policeman what he thought of the demonstration.

"It's O.K. by me," he said. "They're making their point."

A girl told the policeman that some people at the Coliseum had yelled at the marchers that air pollution was nothing to worry about.

"How can they say that?" the policeman said. "They should put their mouth over the exhaust pipe."

At the bandshell, there were speakers, and Pete Seeger sang songs. At one point, he said, "Two years ago, on this day, a man died. I would like you to stand with me for thirty seconds for Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr."

Everyone stood and fell quiet. If a plane had not flown overhead just then, there would have been silence.

TEST

RATE YOURSELF IN SAVOIR-FAIRE!

1. Your host for the evening is a world-famous violinist. After the coffee has been served, he is prevailed upon to play a small but charming sonatina by Schubert. At the final note, the E string snaps and opens a cruel gash in his forehead. He hands his eighteenth-century Guarnerius to you and asks you to take care of it while he finds a bandage. As you are leaning over to examine the sap marks, your cigarette falls through one of the sound holes into the interior of the violin. Shaking the violin upside down does no good.

You should:

(a) Hand the violin to one of the other guests.

(b) Pry open the back of the violin just far enough to allow the cigarette to fall out.

(c) Dip the violin in a bucket of water.

2. You are one of a large party of weekend guests at a château near Paris. The bedroom assigned to you by your host gives off the top gallery and is entered through the seventh door on the left, counting from the top of the alternate stairway. The top floor of the château has no illumination of any kind, and you are forced to prepare for bed in the dark. As you lie in bed musing over the activities of the day, you become aware that there is someone else in the bed.

You should:

(a) Find out if it is a man or a woman.

(b) Try to imitate a snoring poodle.

(c) Go to sleep.

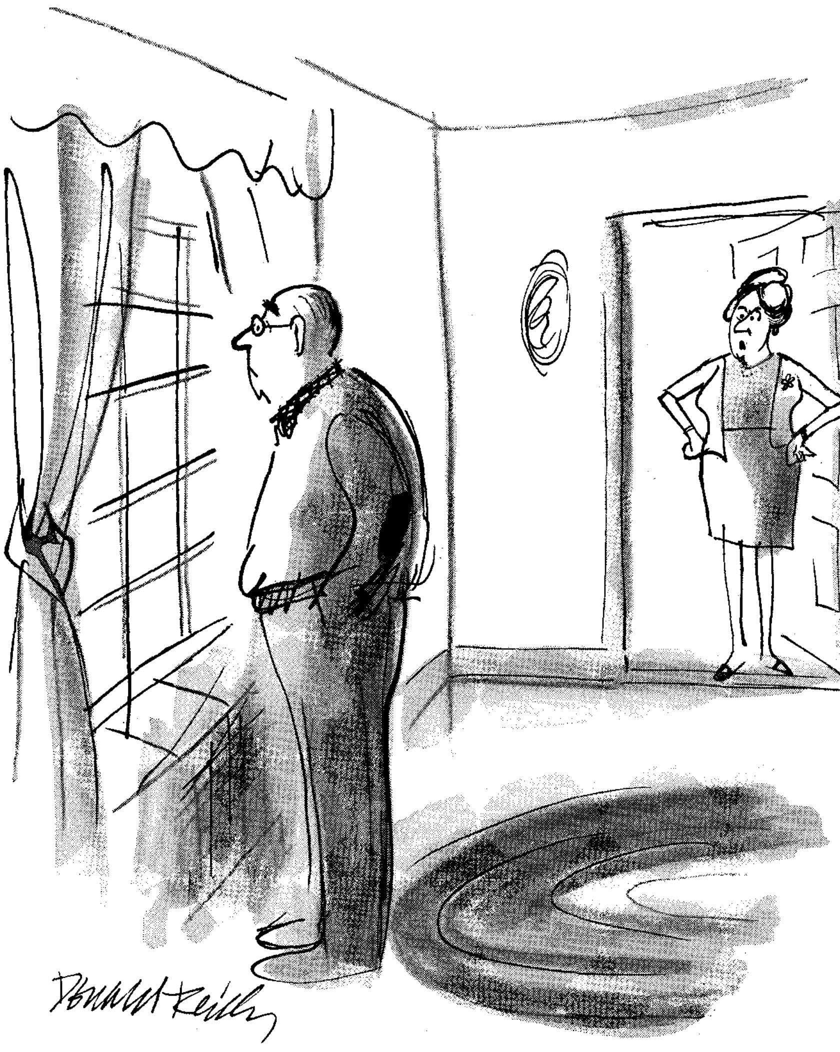
3. As president of the renowned Quintly Ironworks, you are host at a brilliant dinner party held in the executive dining room of the main factory. The governor of the state is a guest, and after cigars and liqueurs he expresses a desire to tour the plant. He shows a keen interest in the two-hundred-ton crane, the hundred-foot-high blast furnaces, and the twenty-thousand-ton hydraulic forging press. He is examining the taphole in the bottom of one of the huge ingot-molding buckets when you accidentally lean against a lever that releases twenty tons of molten steel into the bucket.

You should:

(a) Poke around in the bucket with a ladle to see if you can find the governor.

(b) Change the labelling on the ingot to read "20 tons, 175 lbs."

(c) Run for governor.



"Henry, you've been retired for two weeks already. Isn't it about time you started puttering?"

4. You have come down from your chalet in Switzerland to the Argentario for dinner with the Cecil Aberfords at their *pied-à-terre* in Port'Ercole. While awaiting the dinner gong, you examine a fine *marmo di Castellina* statuette representing Persephone discarding a pomegranate core. The head of the statuette comes off in your hands.

You should:

(a) Go back up to your chalet.

(b) Ask your hostess for a jar of Elmer's Glue-All.

(c) Put the head in your pocket and go in to dinner.

5. As a member of our diplomatic corps, you have gone to Budapest to meet with Count Zsigmond von Esterházy in an effort to improve our relations with his government. His villa atop Sváb-Hegy is reached by a quaint rack-and-pinion railway. On the way up the beetling mountainside, the Count is at the controls of the engine; back in the open observation car, you are holding the Countess up so she can see Zugló when suddenly you sneeze and drop her.

You should:

(a) Find a Kleenex in your luggage.

(b) Ask the Count if the Countess is up there with him.

(c) Wire Washington for instructions.

6. Before a holiday tour of the Continent, you are spending a few days in the London home of Huang Chow, an expatriated member of the oldest dynastic family of China. One night during your stay, there is a sudden ice storm, and you make yourself useful by finding several containers of ashes in the basement and scattering them on the slippery driveway and front steps of the house. The following morning, you discover that they were the ashes of several of Huang Chow's ancestors.

You should:

(a) Continue on to the Continent.

(b) Look outdoors to see if there has been a thaw.

(c) Offer to replace the ashes with some others just as good.

7. Against your surgeon's wishes, you are attending the Poetry Awards Dinner at the White House to receive the Gold Medal for your poem "A Lock of Mother's Hair." The minor awards have already been given out and it is about time for you to go forward when your appendix bursts.

You should:

(a) Ask President Nixon to bring the medal to your table.

(b) Go forward in a low crouch.

(c) Add a joking reference to Medicare in your acceptance speech.

8. While driving to California, you stop off in Nevada to visit your sister, who has just married a career officer in the Army. She tells you to make yourself at home while she goes to fetch him at the base. There are three refrigerators in the apartment, and you find beer in one of them, a piece of blue cheese in another, and some moldy crackers in the third. You have just finished off your repast when she returns and introduces you to her husband. It turns out that he is a bacteriologist doing plague research for the government.

You should:

(a) Ask him what type plagues he is working on at present.

(b) Turn the conversation to cheeses.

(c) Look around in an offhand way for a clinical thermometer.

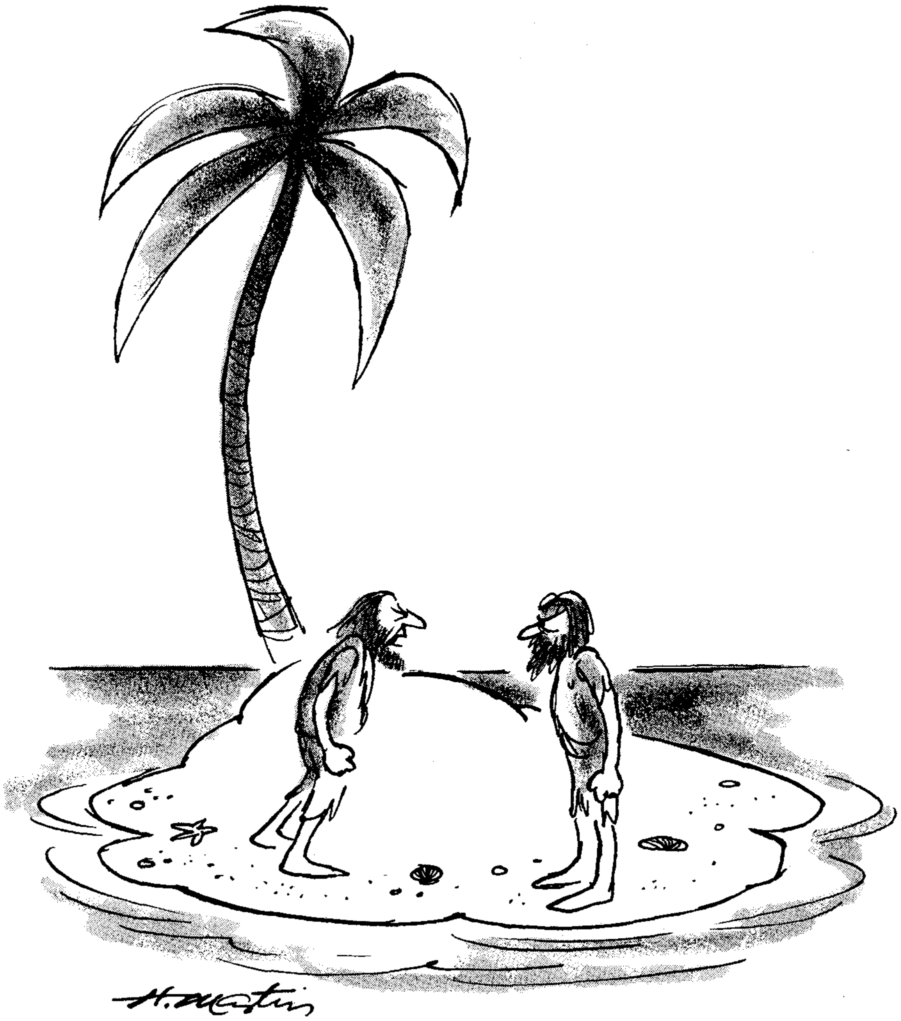
9. In your capacity as curator of forgeries at the Metropolitan Museum, you are one of a group of art experts visiting the Italian galleries. The group is invited by Count Umbroglio di Bombolino to spend a few days at his palazzo in Venice. One evening, the Count remarks that he has reason to believe that the painting in your bedroom—"Bringing in the Cows," by Guglielmo Gigli—has been painted over a profile view of the Mona Lisa. That night, before going to bed, you take a can of benzine and begin the delicate operation of removing the upper layer of paint. When you have finished soaking the canvas, you scrape it carefully with a razor blade. Both paintings come off, leaving you with a handful of pigment chips.

You should:

(a) Feign madness.

(b) Lower yourself into the Grand Canal and swim to a hotel.

(c) Glue the paint back on the canvas in an amusing pointillist style.



"This was a peaceful island until you showed up."

• •

10. At last a child has been born to your old friends the Duke and Duchess of Ravensthorpe, who are both in their forties. You accompany the Duke to the local nursing home. Left alone in the nursery, you observe that someone, probably a novice interne, has tied a string onto a toe of all six babies in the room. Fearing that the tight strings will interfere with the circulation in their little toes, you remove the strings. Then you notice that a tiny identification tag is attached to each string.

You should:

(a) Check to see if any of the babies has lank blond hair and prominent front teeth.

(b) Eliminate any babies with strong chins.

(c) Tie the Ravensthorpe identification tag on the best baby.

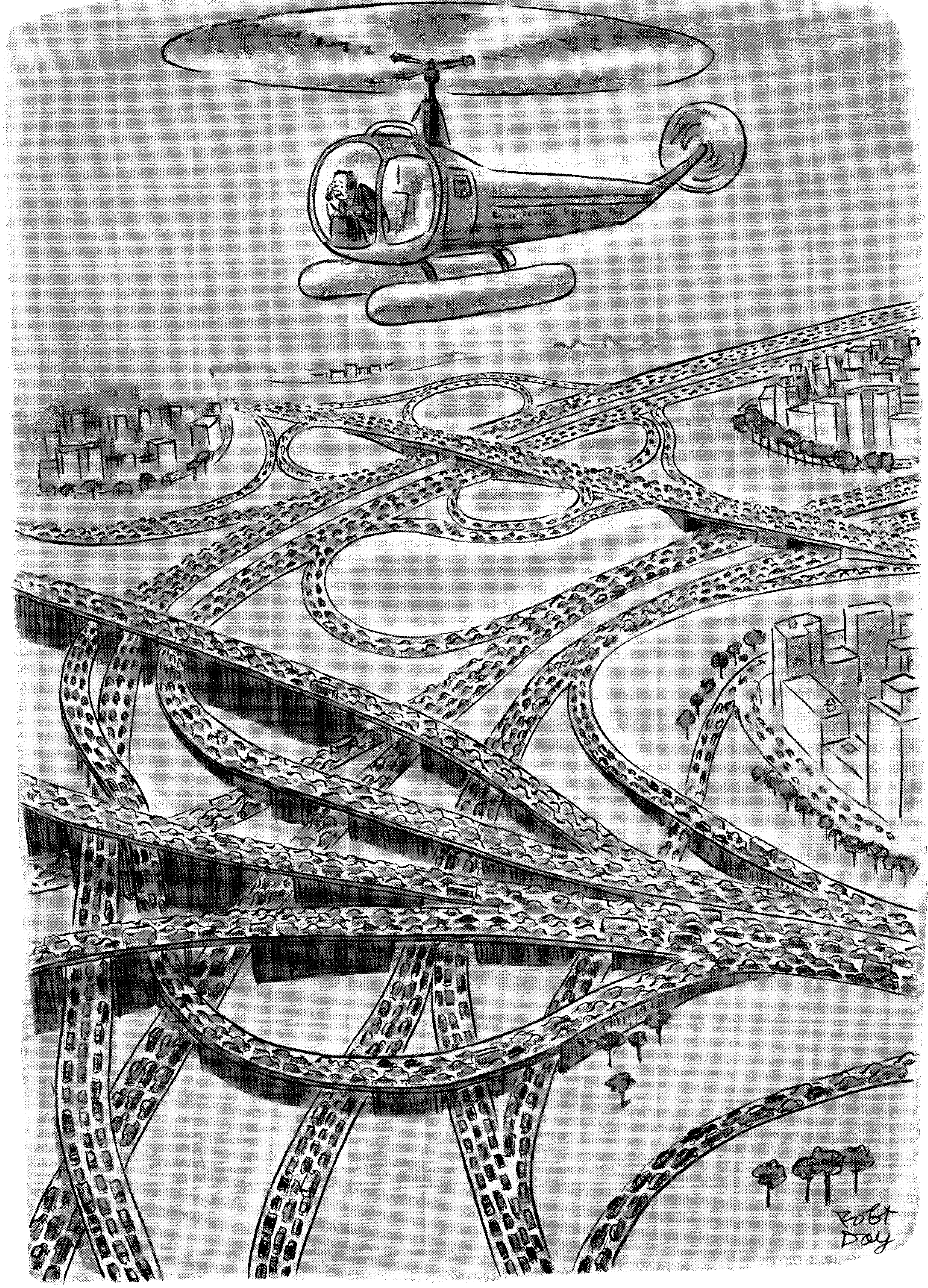
Ratings:

(The correct answer *in each case* is "c.")

10-8 correct: Excellent. You have ambience, cachet, and the ability to think rapidly in almost any social situation. You know when to bring out your solid-gold tea service, when the wine steward is lying, and who precedes whom into the sauna. Sixty-five per cent of those scoring 8 or more have no difficulty in correctly introducing three archbishops to each other, and can recognize new money at a distance of forty feet.

7-3 correct: Quite good, really. You must fight against a tendency to stay overnight without being invited. You are ready for small dinners, or any functions held by your union. A score of less than 5 reveals a mild feebleness of intellect, and repartee should not be attempted without written notes. Whenever possible, stay in large groups.

2-0 correct: Poor to miserable. Try to cut down on lapel-grasping and chest-poking with the forefinger. You are weak on leave-taking and, in general, should leave shortly after you arrive. You can safely accept any invitations written on brown wrapping paper. You are a good listener, and you should push that. —John Bailey



"This is your flying traffic reporter. Traffic is normal in all directions."

EXILES

II—THE WHITE ROOM

THERE are fourteen books by him, all in a row on one of the shelves in what real-estate agents would call my "library" but what in fact is just a fairly large, wide wall of bookshelves. White shelves. From floor to ceiling. I used to like to keep books, to own books, a whole lot more than I do now. I can remember certain periods of time—school holidays, and so forth—when the sequence of buying a book, reading it, and sticking it into a neat row in the small bookcase I had (a neat row of captured prey) seemed wonderfully complete and satisfying. I used to buy books and read them just for this strange capture, and then later find myself looking at the books on the shelf, the trophies, with a sort of gloating, and feel terribly embarrassed, and go right out and do the same thing again.

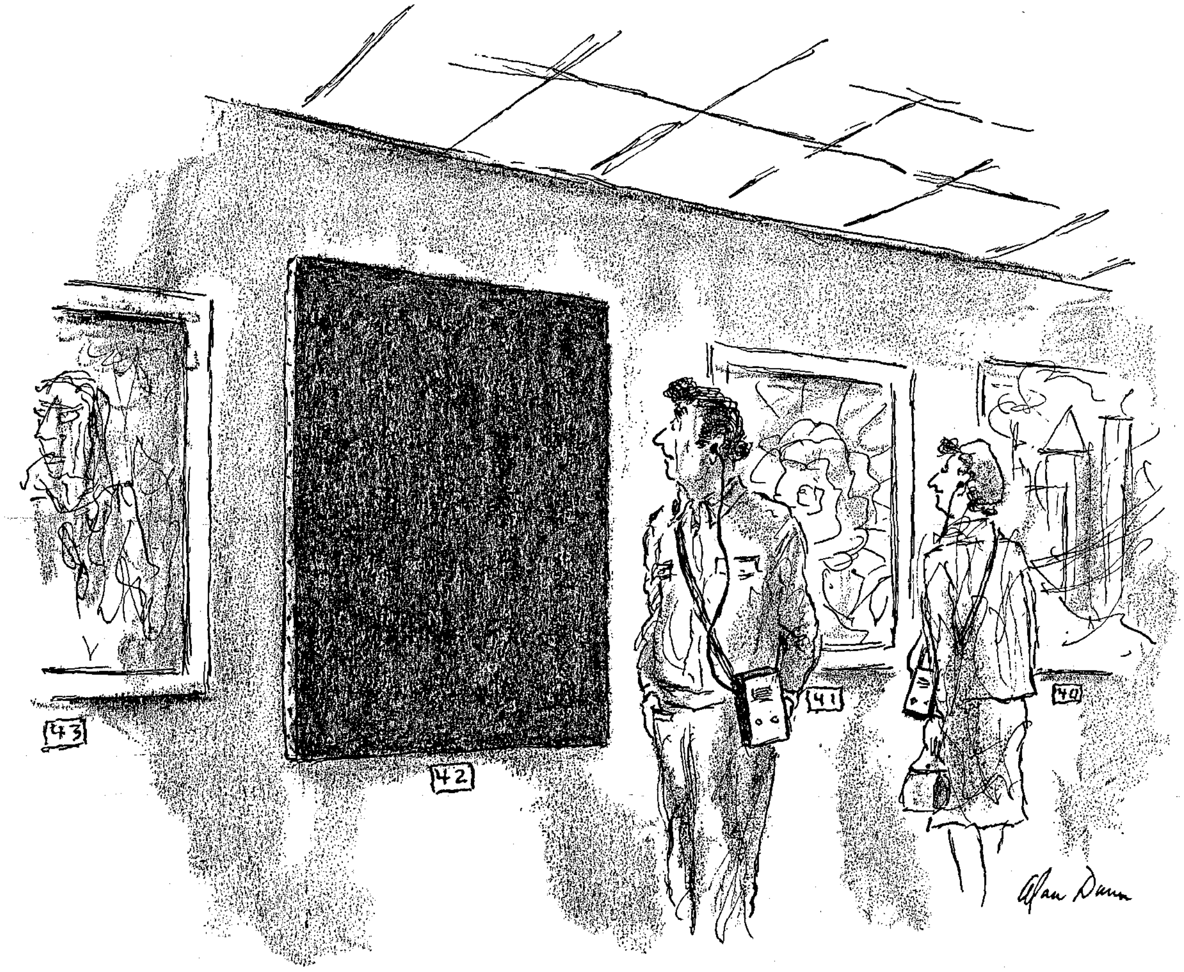
But now I have all these books. They seem like a lot to me, anyway. Some of them picked up when I was at school. Most of them bought, I think, at a time right after college when I went in for what must have been my final fling at the bookman's—book lover's—métier: running around to Village bookstores hunting up uniform editions of Conrad, sending away to Blackwell's in Oxford for a complete set of Forster. Once, sending away to Blackwell's for a five-pound slab of Wordsworth's "Prelude," I can't imagine what in hell for. It sits there still—one of the very few books I own that I haven't read, or at least opened. My father's books are there, too—I put together a complete set of them after my mother died, my sister and I shuffling copies of "The Green Hat" and "May Fair" back and forth across the floor of the now stripped library. A row of them, just above my uniform complete wonderful set of Conrad, and below some Greek and Latin prize books I received at school, and which I hang on to for mingled reasons of snobbery and affection and pride.

My father wrote a lot of books, it seems to me, in a short time, although I think it's true that novelists in those days usually did write a lot of books. Certainly the novelists of those days whom he looked up to did—Wells, Bennett, Lawrence, and so forth. The first book my father wrote was called "The London Venture"—a collection of sketches, London sketches, written in the first person, about a young Armenian (the narrator) called Dikran, who is trying to make it in London and, in the course of things, has several highly talkative affairs, or encounters, with girls with names like Nadine and Shelmerdene. My father's name was then Dikran—Dikran Kouyoumdjian. Or it was when he submitted the manuscript to William Heinemann, the publisher, who said he'd take the book but advised my father to change his name—a change, I think, that he was fully pleased to make. He was never much for Armenian ethnic pride—at least, not when he felt it limiting. The book came out under the name Michael Arlen, a name he had made up (and had then checked out through all the available international phone directories in the Post Office Building to make sure there weren't any other Arlens anywhere; there weren't, in 1919). A strange-seeming name at the time, a strange-seeming book, rather more *fin-de-siècle* Paris than postwar London—or, anyway, more George Moore than Wells or Bennett. Some people actually thought it might be George Moore under a pseudonym, and, in fact, Alec Waugh, Evelyn's elder brother, a kind, warm man who became a lifelong friend, reviewed it as such: "Is This George Moore?" (After my father's death, my mother gave Alec his big astrakhan coat, the fur collar still intact, and it is both a bit odd and very nice to still sometimes walk beside this coat, Alec inside it, down from the Algonquin after a lunch.)

"The London Venture" did all right in a modest way, its popular success probably not helped very much by the fact that my father's brother-in-law Marco, in a typical fit of Armenian help-thy-kin-if-it-kills-thee-both gesture, decided one fine day, as a really nice thing to do for Dikran—poor, literary Dikran—to buy up all the available copies of his book, and did so; and suddenly there were no more. My father didn't find out just what happened to that first, mysteriously brief sale until twenty years or so later, when he received a letter from some warehouse in Buenos Aires (where Marco had "business interests") saying that they were still keeping all these crates of books for him, and what, please, would he like to have done with them.

It was a nice book, I've always thought, that first one. A small book. Nothing very grand. Straightforwardly written, almost gentle. And I guess maybe what I mostly like about it still is that it's the only thing he published (that I know of) in which he ever set down anything interior of himself—for all to see, for himself to see. To be sure, it wasn't the fashion then for novelists, or aspiring novelists, to write confessions or autobiographies. Novelists wrote *stories*. Works of fiction. I can even remember my father's telling me, in a manner I always felt he must have picked up from Wells or somebody, that no novelist worth his salt, no novelist who could tell a story, ever put *himself* too much into his books. For me, anyway, there were nice things in that first book. Small things. About living alone in London. About wanting success. About what it felt like to be a foreigner, to *feel* like a foreigner, in England—some almost passionate things about that. I say "almost" because although there are anger and passion in a few places where he talks of being an Armenian in Anglo-Saxon England, the anger and passion remain mostly as hints, as coloring—are, in the end, kept tame in a context of amusingness. "An Armenian in London finds quickly that his nationality is something of a *faux pas*," and so forth.

"The London Venture" came out in 1920, when my father was twenty-four years old. He had no money then (and didn't make any to speak of from "The London Venture"), and lived alone in a small room above a shop in Shepherd Market, and worked like hell. I used to talk—or, rather, listen—to some of the friends who'd known him then, the few surviving, who would tell me how carefree and debonair my father was in those days, how although everyone knew he had no money, he was always showing up at "the best places" in "the company of beautiful women," and so forth. I really don't doubt either of those things—certainly not the beautiful women. I don't doubt any of it. But, my God, he was so ambitious. He was this young, slight, short, foreign-looking man, dark hair, long nose, dark face—and intelligent, talkative, nervy, and desirous to please in that both endearing and awful way of certain foreigners in a strange court. His family were these small businessmen. Armeni-



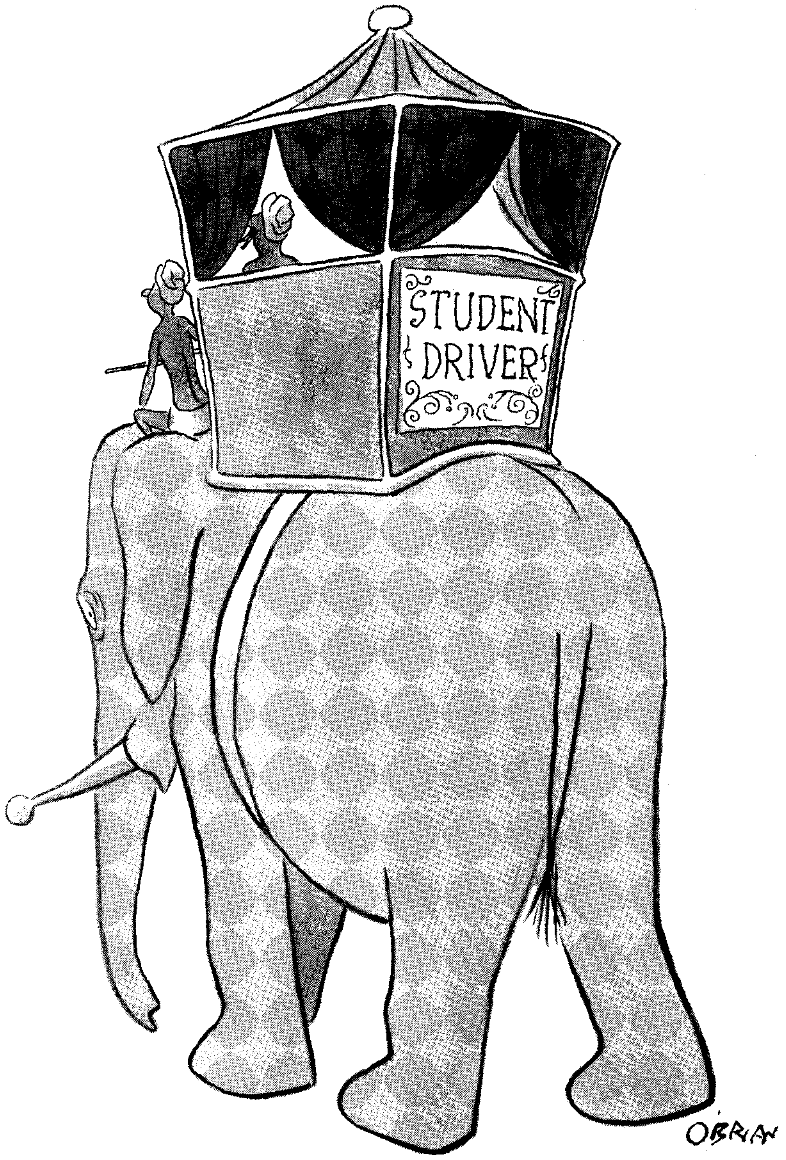
"Number 42. No comment."

• •

an merchants, who now lived around Manchester and Liverpool. His father and mother, old people in rimless glasses and black clothes who could still barely speak English. His three brothers and his sister, the brothers already small businessmen since infancy: textiles, imports-exports, jobs in banks, little brick houses, not poor, mind you, not rich, certainly not rich; above all, cozy, semi-ethnic—little back gardens dotted about Lancashire. His father, whom I've seen only in photographs (stolid, white-haired, a marvellous Levantine face), had taken the family out of Armenia at the time of the first Turkish massacres, had stopped en route in Bulgaria, where my father was born, and the family ran a sort of general store, and then, three years later, had headed for England. My father was the youngest brother. The other brothers had all gone into the family business—or, anyway, into business. My father was supposed to do the same. He went to a second-run boarding school called Malvern, and then, in a final fling at career responsibility, or trying to please his parents, went off to the University of Edinburgh to study to be a doctor—got fed up after three months, quit, and headed down to London. He wrote book reviews. Journalism. Some pieces for a new magazine called the *New Age*. "The London Venture." He knew he had something. He didn't know what at first—it was Lawrence, he said, who nudged him into the kind of fanciful writing, the kind of fanciful vision that eventually formed books like "The Green Hat" and "May Fair" and "Young Men in Love." He used to go down to the country to visit Lawrence, he would tell me—when he was very young, and deferred to Lawrence greatly. (Lawrence, in fact, later wrote him into "Lady Chatterley's Lover" as Michaelis.) He would take along stories that he was working on, and read them aloud to Lawrence, who would offer his advice. For quite a while, before "The London Venture," he had been trying to write "realistic," Bennett-type stories, and hadn't been having much success. One weekend, he showed Lawrence a new thing he had been working on, a romantic, highly stylized fable about a girl (which later became one of the sketches in "The London Venture"). Lawrence, with all his didactic authority, said that Dikran should obviously stop trying to imitate Arnold Bennett and should write fantasies. Or something like that. My father, at any rate, was always pleased to say that it was Lawrence who turned him toward his particular style, probably because it was partly true (Lawrence, I think, did take a genuine interest in him) but probably more because he liked having been to some degree friends with these titans he so much admired, the serious literary men, the Lawrences and Wellses and so on. I remember my mother's once describing to me how he had taken her round to meet H. G. Wells shortly after their marriage. They were to have tea, or something. And my father so nervous. Fussing a lot beforehand. Changing his clothes several times: Not dressy enough? Too dressy? And then, once he got there, all nerve and suaveness. My mother said that Mr. Wells was very "dear" to her, and that my father did most of the talking.

Anyway, after "The London Venture" he began to write like hell. The personal, alienated young Armenian of the sketches disappeared, and was supplanted by the sisters and brothers and friends of the young Armenian's fantasy girls, Shelmerdene and Nadine and such. Lots of short stories—about silly young lords who drink champagne in the morning, and marvellous new nineteen-twenties women who swear (ever so slightly) in public and are bored with silly young lords. The writing very mannered, in places wonderfully mannered, full of wit and elaboration (very exotic, people would say; very "Arabian Nights"), in places too full of curlicues and overwritten. But something new. With lots of style. Books of short stories called "May Fair" and "These Charming People." Romantic novels with titles such as "Piracy," "Lily Christine," "Babes in the Wood," most of which are right on the edge of romantic melodrama (and some, it has always seemed to me, that are right over the edge). And then there was “The Green Hat.” He wrote “The Green Hat” when he was twenty-seven years old. He’d gone back up to Lancashire one summer to visit his parents—stayed there two months, in the little house in Manchester, and in the course of that time wrote a novel. It began as follows: “It has occurred to the writer to call this unimportant history ‘The Green Hat’ because a green hat was the first thing about her that he saw: as also it was, in a way, the last thing about her that he saw. It was bright green, of a sort of felt, and bravely worn: being, no doubt, one of those that women who have many hats affect *pour le sport*.” It was enormously romantic. And lushly written. And very “modern” (in a way that few popular novels had been up to then), in that it at least admitted the possibility that men and women sometimes had affairs outside marriage, and dealt more or less openly with such a non-drawing-room matter as syphilis: Handsome, dashing Boy Fenwick (“the most gifted of God’s creatures”), who marries the heroine, beautiful Iris March, of the green hat, commits suicide on his wedding night because of having had syphilis. In the end, much later, having all along been in love with somebody else, Iris kills herself by driving a Hispano-Suiza into a tree. The moment he’d finished writing it (he said later, anyway), he knew that it was going to be a popular success. Success. All the years I knew him, he had this ambivalence toward success—intensely wanting it, then seeming not to care about it at all. He used to speak of the mixed, unsettling feelings that he’d had when he realized, first from Heinemann’s enthusiasm, later when the book came out and had started to take hold, that somehow, more or less by chance (although not entirely by chance), he had happened to strike one of those chords that very few writers strike each generation, or semi-generation, and that people out in the audience fasten on to with a kind of hunger, because the new sound seems suddenly to tell them who, and where, they are. He loved the success part. He loved having money, and being asked to dinner with Otto Kahn, and buying speedboats, and all that stuff. He was probably better equipped to run gracefully with a lot of money than most young writers have been. But there was this something else, too, and I know it is terribly corny to remark of So-and-So who has just struck oil, Oh, yes—well, of course, he doesn’t object to the fame and money, but deep down he believes there is something more important in life than mere riches, etc. The thing is, my father wasn’t like that, either. I think he loved the glitter, popular recognition (such of it, anyway, as he had), embraced it, and at the same time was coldly detached from it, as if he knew all along that there was something within him he ought to be taking care of, but didn’t really know what it was—saying, in fact, Well, if I don’t know what it is, it can’t be that important. But my guess is it probably was, although that is only a guess—and a son’s guess, at that.

I think I would have liked to know him in the “Green Hat” period. When he was young, and full of dash, and neither quite a gentleman nor quite not. And he really did make a considerable splash. It’s hard, I think, for people nowadays to realize about things like that then. Nowadays there are seemingly hundreds of people so well known or publicized for one reason or another that their names are household words. But then the celebrity business hadn’t been around very long. The nineteen-twenties more or less invented it. Channel swimmers. Movie stars. Even writers. It hadn’t been all that much earlier that writers—in England, at any rate—weren’t really allowed out of the kitchen. Writers were as bad as journalists—usually worse, since some journalists at least had power. Today, of course, writers not only are out of the kitchen, they’re all over the house, and in most of the bedrooms. But then— I don’t know much about it first hand, but later on, when I was at college, and my mother had brought a lot of the old stuff over from the South of France, I used to come in late sometimes during vacations and look over the scrapbooks that he or his publisher had kept of those years, the late twenties. Reviews. Photographs. Newspaper stories. Mr. Michael Arlen has taken up golf. Mr. Michael Arlen has left for Biarritz. Mr. Michael Arlen is in St.-Moritz. Mr. Michael Arlen has signed a contract with *Cosmopolitan*—which made him at that point the highest-paid short-story writer on either side of the Atlantic. The day he arrived in Chicago, the Chicago *Daily News* ran a front-page story saying that he had arrived in Chicago. He was on one of the early covers of *Time*. It must have been a wonderful, strange world he



LEAVING A STATION—SUNDAY, FEB. 1, 1970

You're on the train
and gone now. . . . Driving home,
I hear the diesel horn from Martindale,
and again, faintly, from Craryville.
A dying sound . . .

A dying beast,
bellowing its last into the frozen swamps;
struck and sold short and kept moving
by court order and the trainman's curse . . .
Young man,

you aren't riding in style
nor on any wave
save the dead ebb of one
Cornelius Vanderbilt strode, glittering
onto a remote reef of the Century.

Even so, it pulls us apart—
eleven miles long and lengthening,
our last handgrip across the grinding wheels. . . .
I hadn't finished. What was it
I meant to tell you?

Someone, when I was four,
pointed out overhead an eagle. It shed rings
of vertigo and of glory.
And again, at eighteen, a first snow
falling on oak leaves and swamp candles—
a molt of time—rustled
around me like Ecclesiastes—gentle
erasure and a cold elation.

Beside me the heavy slab
of the TIMES lies like a tombstone
scored with the epitaphs of the world. The Whole
System is Breaking Down. Money has moved
on, out of rails, into madness
and real estate on the moon,
futures in black air and dead waters,
a corner on cobalt a bull
market in geo-cide. No no,

I should have asked forgiveness—
because I could not save the last eagle
and already the golden bowl is broken
and the pitcher is broken at the cistern. . . .

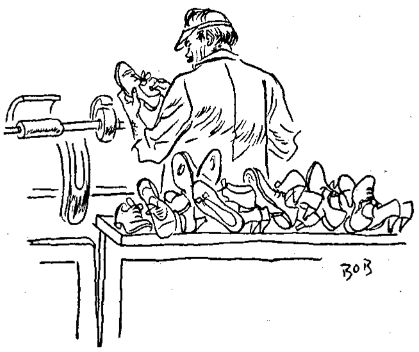
Whatever it was I hollered
finally, a last hedge
on such an investment of life blood
into a dying railroad—
those old bone-jarring trucks and couplings
shrieking toward Desperate City—I've tears now
for trains the fathers have taken
that set the sons' teeth on edge.

—PETER KANE DUFAULT

• •

moved in then. He had arrived in Chicago that day, as it happened, for the local opening of the play that he had made out of "The Green Hat," which had been one of Katharine Cornell's first big roles on Broadway. He was thirty years old. Dark, brushed-back hair. A bristly mustache. A marvellous photograph on the Chicago station platform, in big twenties hat and astrakhan coat. "Mr. Arlen, what do you think of yourself as an artist?" a reporter asked him. He paused for a moment (the reporter wrote). "Per ardua ad astrakhan," he replied. He was very good at that sort of thing. In those days, they named children after him. At his funeral, I remember standing in the back of the church and watching this family, this group of people I'd never seen before, come in the door, walk down the aisle, man, woman, several children, clearly not from New York, not friends of his. They were the Martins from Detroit. Her name—she had been born in the late twenties—was Michael-Arlen Martin, and now she had brought her husband and her whole family to the funeral.

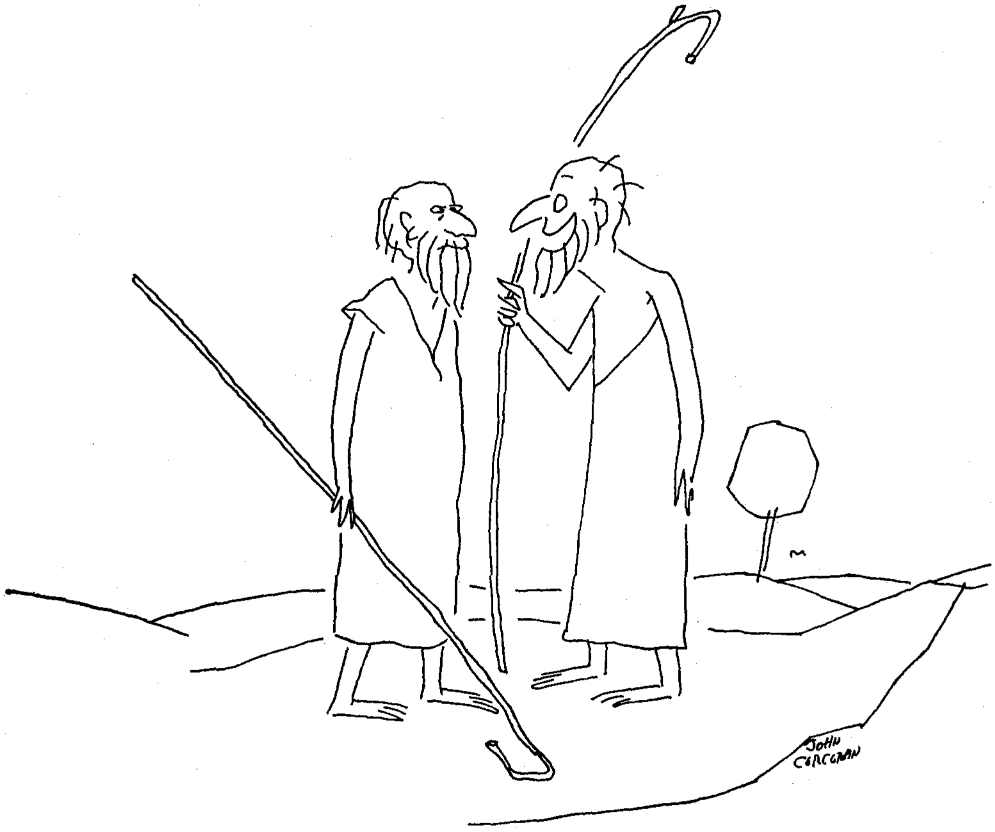
"The Green Hat" made him rich, although not as rich as most people seemed to think. He used to give out all these stories about the money. (Never believe what a writer says about how much he makes—he's nearly always lying, he often told me later.) People seemed so to want to believe that he'd made a fortune. One million pounds sterling. Half a million pounds sterling. In reality, it was a good deal less than that. There weren't all those paperback rights then, and although M-G-M did make some sort of droopy movie out of it, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, they certainly didn't pay anyone five hundred thousand dollars for the property. He did O.K., though—better than just O.K. And you didn't have income taxes to worry about then. He could buy a long damn canary-yellow Rolls-Royce. And speedboats. And good clothes. Things like that. And he could afford to marry my mother, in the sense that they could take a fairly large, nice house in the South of France. Have nice things. Invest in the stock market in 1928. Scott Fitzgerald came by one evening, hours late for dinner—blue blazer, white flannels; full of booze from one of Gerald Murphy's parties; embarrassed, garrulous, then silent, leaning his head down on the tabletop (hair halfway in the soup). "This is how I want to live. . . . This is how I want to live," he said. And fell asleep.



THERE was this white room I remember. At the end of a long corridor. The walls of the room were all painted white. Blue curtains, a deep blue. Sunlight. A Persian carpet on the floor, a kind of brown-and-blue color. The big desk. Some chairs. Papers. Books. The smell of kippers in the early morning—a breakfast tray, silver and china, off to one side of the desk. I would come down the corridor after breakfast, after my breakfast, and knock on the door, and he would say come in, and I would go on in, and fuss with the papers, and fiddle with the paperweights, and do what is known as "saying good morning," and go on out again. The smell of kippers, and all that sunlight. It seemed a magic room. I had no real idea of what he did in there—writing. It seemed as if that must be a fine thing to be doing. He was writing books: those few books

"I guess it's the caring and never ceasing to care that makes the difference."

he wrote after his big successes in the twenties, and while the world beneath his feet and all around him was changing, and while he was changing, too—"Man's Mortality," "The Flying Dutchman," "The Crooked Coronet." Nobody liked them much. He liked some of them, or thought he did. "Man's Mortality" he liked a lot; he had a good deal at stake in "Man's Mortality," his first "serious" book—a futurist, slightly Huxleyan novel about life in 1980, when the world is being governed by a supra-national "air transport cartel" called Airways. It was O.K., too. It wasn't brilliant; it wasn't the best thing anyone had ever done. But it was an interesting book, and was written with imagination, and with an intelligence that was only then beginning to take itself seriously. But nobody else much liked it. The people who had liked him for being so charming and amusing and elegant disliked him for trying to be serious. The people who had disliked him for not being serious enough disliked him even more now for trying to be serious and not being better at it. And then, to be sure, there was the swirl of the thirties all around—the thirties of the Depression and the disappearance of canary-yellow Rolls-Royces, the thirties that turned against Fitzgerald's "Tender Is the Night" as being irrelevant to the period. I think probably everybody had a point; everybody usually has. But I am thinking now of the man who wrote in that white room, that lovely white room, surrounded by all the things he thought he had finally achieved—fame being only a small part of them. A splendid wife, whom many admired. A son, a daughter. A family. A fine house. This room he wrote in, with its big Empire desk specially built for him somewhere in Paris. A secretary, nice old Miss Livesey, who would come in during the afternoon, while he played golf, and transcribe his longhand into typescript—and then later, after golf, after a drink or so at the club or at the Carlton, after dinner, he would come back in and make a few corrections in the margins. Like that. It must have seemed a lovely life. It must have been a lovely life. I can remember sometimes, after lunch, my lunch, being driven down in to Cannes beside him. He had this small, sporty Ford then, a small black car: him at the wheel, me beside him, the two of us gliding and winding down the roads out of the hills above Cannes, down toward the beach, the town—wherever. I can remember him singing—such an ordinary thing to remember. But I think I can remember him singing only once or twice in my life, and that would be once: in the car, after lunch. Usually, I would drive down with my mother, once a week or so, and we would go to the little nanny-packed beach in front of the hotels on the Croisette. A narrow strip of sand. Umbrellas. Old men selling peanuts. And then afterward, sometimes, my mother would take me by the Carlton, the Carlton bar, and I would sit there quietly, and be given one-franc pieces with which to play a machine they had in there (you operated a kind of pincers and tried to pick up "valuable objects"), and wait for



"Really? You a holy man? I'm a holy man, too."

• •

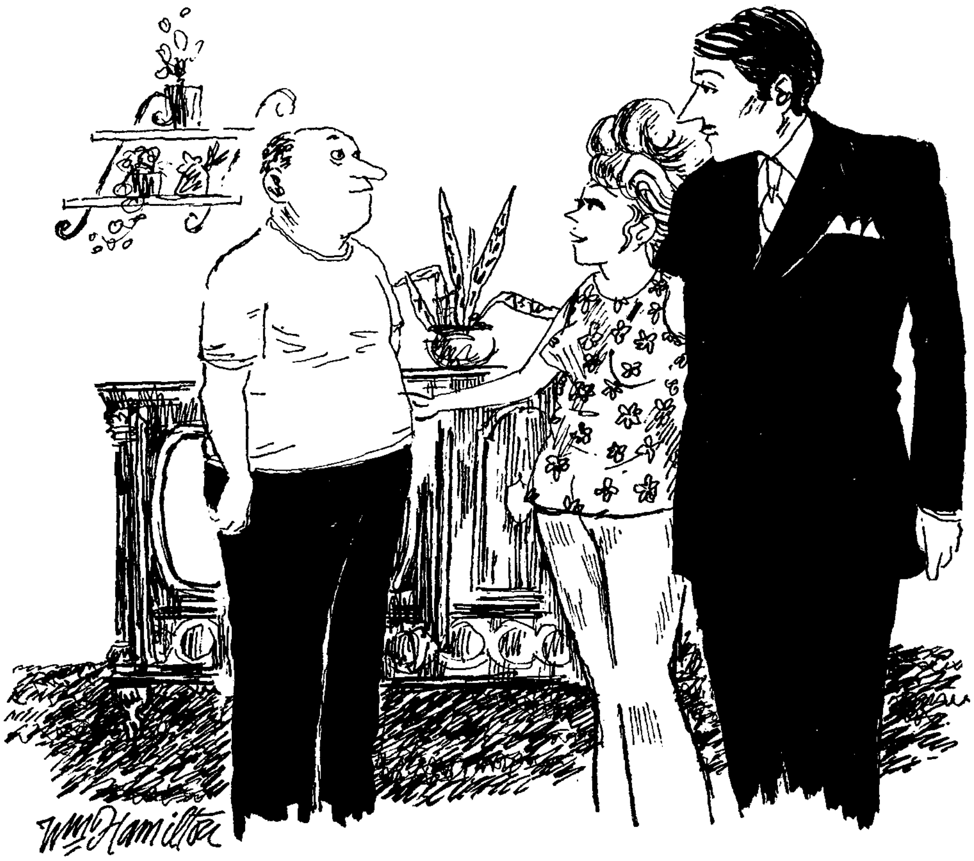
them until they were ready—he was ready—and we would all drive home together, back up the hills.

It seemed to me a marvellously happy time. Even now, as I look back on it, having some sense of how the world was turning then, having some sense of who the people I lived with really were, it still seems a marvellously happy time. Full of light. And space. And spaces between people. And water. He had a speedboat then. The Swallow II, one of those huge, lovely mahogany Gar Woods, with a pennant on the front, and lots of brightwork, a windshield like a racing car, and Rafael, a wiry, gleaming Portuguese, who took care of the brightwork and the engine, and who sometimes drove it—a speedboat chauffeur. In the spring sometimes, we would go on afternoon excursions to the Îles Sainte-Marguerite, small islands a little way off the coast—not really islands at all but clusters of rock, outcroppings in the water—the Swallow II larumphing across the flat waters of the bay, laden with hampers, satchels, my mother and father, me, Rafael. We'd anchor off one of the larger rocks and go swimming, all of us, my mother sleek and purposeful, with her bathing cap and sidestroke. And later just Rafael and I. The water beautifully clear, green, so clear you could see right to the bottom, twenty feet or so below. Rafael would fill his lungs with air and go down beneath the surface, down to God knows where, whole minutes at a time, and I would try to follow him, a dark shape way down beneath me, gliding above the sand and coral, but had no lungs for it, and no stomach, either. Once, I remember, he caught an octopus, a tiny thing, not much bigger than his hand, all white and quivering. He killed it against the side of the boat, and then, on the way back, he ground it against the planking of the deck. "It makes it tender," he said. His hand and arm moving in a circular motion. The red-brown boat jumping across the bay.

And all the while my father wrote these books, wrote at these books, in that lovely white room in the morning. And Lord knows what was really going through his mind. My mother told me many years later that one spring afternoon in 1936—I think it was—he came down after lunch and said that he was leaving, that he couldn't stand things anymore, and needed to be by himself, and left, and went away, took the train up to Paris, then to Le Havre, got aboard the Île de France bound for New York, but then got off at Southampton and came back home. "He never told me what had been on his mind," she said. "I asked him later," she said, "but he kept saying, Oh, it was nothing."

And then, years afterward, there was this other room—a darker room now. The desk was still the same, shipped over from Cannes after the war. The desk stood in front of the windows, which looked out onto a gray brick building on East Seventy-fifth Street, and which were always covered by curtains. The desk had on it all the artifacts of writing. Pencils. Paper. Notebooks. Pens. Ink. And around the walls of the room were books. The walls were painted green, a darkish sort of green. My mother had many wrangles with the painters over just the right shade of green. There were some pictures on the walls. Two Boucher little girls. Two prints of birds. A watercolor of a hunting scene, done very recently—reds and whites on some kind of greenish paper. The greenish paper went very well, she used to say, with the green walls. The room was called "the library," and was in my mother's and father's apartment on Park Avenue, and it was where my father worked. Or was supposed to work. Or tried to work. Or something. For years, since the end of the war, he had given out all these airy stories about his not working, about his being retired. I would come down from college then, on vacations, sometimes on weekends, and meet him for lunch at the St. Regis, where he nearly always lunched with friends—writers, editors, movie people, vague acquaintances who would simply drop by there around one o'clock or so, knowing he would be there. From time to time, some one of these would ask him what he was doing. What was he doing? And he had all these marvellous answers; his hard-working (or, at any rate, employed) table companions loved him for these answers. I do nothing, he would say. I am retired. I read a lot. He had little set speeches he would sometimes make: "I have the affection of my wife, the tolerance of my children, and the friendship of headwaiters. What more do I need?" To reporters and columnists (who still interviewed him, despite the fact that he hadn't published anything in fifteen years) he stressed the financial aspects of his retirement. "The mistake most writers make is to declare that when they have enough money they will retire," he would say. "Since they never have enough money, they never retire, and so poor Willie Maugham goes on grinding out book after book. I tried to be more modest. I said, When I have *x* amount of money I shall retire. And as things turned out, I eventually had *x* amount of money. And retired. And lived happily ever after." He seemed to be living happily ever after, too, although in truth I don't remember his having any friend close enough in those days to have known the difference. Or any friend he would let that close to him. A great many people seemed glad of his company, always had been glad of his company. He really was a very good talker. Witty. Knew about a lot of things. Had opinions about a lot of things. Had style. Sitting there in the St. Regis. The elegant mustache. The English-tailored blue suit. The gray silk tie. The pearl stickpin. The malacca cane beside him. *Time* editors would come for lunch, and then agree that he really had the system beat. Why, he hadn't written a book in years and clearly had never been happier. Better. Happier. Happier . . . And then, later in the afternoon, I would come back home, back to their home, this dark, elegant apartment, the Chinese screens, the fine-old-pieces, the chic little hallway, Grandmama's rugs, the whole place dark, silent—I'd go upstairs to what was supposed to be my room, get ready, usually, to go out again, sit in a chair for a few minutes reading a magazine, and from downstairs, from the library, just below my room, I'd hear these footsteps. Footsteps pacing. Back and forth. It was a small room, really, the library. I don't know how many thousands of times he must have walked around it. The big desk up against the curtains. The paper laid out for him. The pencils. His favorite pen. The books all around. He used to tell me sometimes that he "liked to pace," which in some ways was probably true. But for ten years or so he paced. No longer in that little room in Shepherd Market. No longer in that white, white room with the green of French hills around it and a semicircle of the Mediterranean down below. Now there were all these books on the shelves above him, beside him, many of them his. Spanish editions of "The Green Hat." Old George Doran editions. Leather-bound volumes of his earlier successes, which Heinemann's had done up for him at various long-past Christmases. He said—he used to say (he had this way of seeming so offhand about important things)—that he was not really a writer, that he just happened to "turn to" writing, and maybe that was so, although I doubt it. I think of him still in those days—all those New York days, for there were a great many of them—pacing back and forth around that dark library. The walls must have seemed unbearably close at times. And then later, after dinner, he would seem so tired; he would sit in the big green chair in the corner of the room and read.

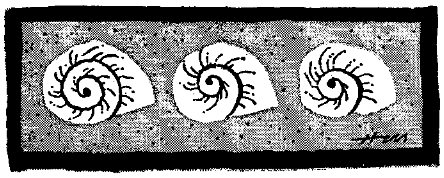
A CHRISTMAS IN SOUTHPORT: The first winter of the war, which was also the first winter I was away at school (in Surrey, Abinger Hill), we all went up north to spend Christmas with my father's family, my Uncle Taki's family, who lived in a town called Southport, about a half hour from Liverpool, which was where Taki worked. My father's mother then lived with Taki. (I think that was the last year she was alive.) I don't remember much about her—a dear, round, small old lady, seemingly always in black, and lace, and rimless eyeglasses, and with a smell of old flowers, strange kitchens, of something indoors about her, not speaking English very well, a penny apiece for each grandchild for being such a good grandchild, a plump white face, beads, warm, warm eyes. My father would sometimes get impatient with her (he the youngest child), chide her for not speaking English better, for not wanting to, for hiding behind her foreignness. He would get impatient a bit with Taki, but not really. Taki's actual name was Takvor. He was the eldest of the brothers, a large, genial man, who liked to play bridge in the evenings, and went nine holes of golf each Saturday, in checked plus fours, out on the golf course near his house, a pleasant red brick sort of residential-row house on the outskirts of Southport. The war was just beginning then, was three months old. Barrage balloons floated above London. Anti-aircraft gun emplacements in Hyde Park. Sandbags. Soldiers in khaki and tin hats. The air-raid wardens carried gas masks. Down where I was at school, you could lie awake at night and watch, in the far, far distance, the slender beams of searchlights poking around the sky. A German boy called Schoenfeld, I remember, was given much trouble in the locker rooms one afternoon; several hundred, or thousand, German paratroopers were reported to have landed in nearby Abinger. In Southport, everything seemed more peaceable. Schoolboys in caps and shorts and jackets riding bicycles down the street where Taki's family lived. Taki's two sons—my cousins John and Sarkis—home from school and playing Benny Goodman records, that noisy American jazz, in the cellar. Taki going off to the bank each morning. Taki carving the roast at Sunday dinner. In the evening, Taki and my father would listen to the B.B.C. news, the hefty brown radio on the bridge table in the living room, and



"Goodbye, Nick. I'm sorry. Mr. Right showed up."

sometimes I would come in with them, lying on the floor with my cousin Sarkis's new edition of *Jane's All the World's Aircraft*, and studiously subtract the announced losses, German, French, English, Polish, from the totals in the book. I was given a new bicycle. My sister took riding lessons—a small figure with frizzy blond hair, perched atop an enormous horse, going slowly round and round inside the cold, wintry paddock. My father took me to the zoo.

One afternoon, we went to the movies. Disney's "Snow White"—the awful witch. My sister and I, my mother, and Anais, who was Taki's wife, a nice, nice woman, who still lives in that house today (and John and Sarkis live in nearby Manchester). I thought both Taki and Anais were very nice. The house had a good smell about it. Leaded bay windows in the front. Small garden out back, with flowers and little vegetables. And Taki, this marvellous Armenian, not trying to be English, or anything as pushy as that. But English all the same—such a fine, solid English voice, such fine, solid English concerns. He had a reddish face and a bighearted laugh, and liked green, and gardens, and vegetables growing in the garden, and small things in the fields outside, in the special way that only Englishmen do. Takvor Kouyoumdjian. He was truly a very lovely Englishman. And he felt my father to be something very rare, too, and I liked him for that. It wasn't that he and my father really talked to each other much, talked about things, about life, about careers, about God knows what. But I can remember the way he'd sometimes look at my father, the way he'd say things, casual things, the way we'd all go in to dinner, his arm over my father's shoulder. My father loved him back, although at times with prickles and impatience. My father loved all his family, really loved them, really cared for family, deeply, extravagantly cared for *family*, as maybe only an exile can (or the child of exiles), and also yearned, just yearned, to be free of them and glide above them. His two other brothers, Krikor and Roupen. His sister, Ahavni, an extraordinary woman, short, tiny, with bright-red hair; full of life and sex and gaiety; a really lived-in face. Ahavni's husband, Marco, who was considered family. They were all businessmen, and not unsuccessful, either: small import businesses, and firms, and holding companies, all over the world. Buenos Aires. Brisbane. Paris. Manchester. Montevideo. And each of them with this special Armenian characteristic of being at the same time enormously devious about business matters and enormously loving and loyal about family. All my father's family, as I think of them now, seem so very warm, and almost childlike. Oh, they were tough as hell about business and textiles and import-export, or whatever—it was what they did in Manchester and Montevideo—but in the interior of their lives they were so unabashedly familial, tribal, and, however much they became parents themselves, had children, they remained, more than any other people I've known, themselves children of parents. My father, I used to think, was the exception to this, but now I am not so sure. He handled it differently, though. He made it look different; he made people think he was the odd one, the one who broke the rules, the one who had escaped, which was all true, but it was not, in the end, I think, an escape very far down the road. He used to tell me how, when he was married—in the chapel at Fiorentina, in the South of France—an Armenian Orthodox priest suddenly turned up at his wedding. Literally showed up at the beginning of the service. Striding down the aisle. Flapping black robes. Black hat. The beard. He gave my father a knowing look, and whispered in his ear that he had been sent all the way from England by his mother, who feared that he would not be married properly amid these pagan Mediterranean rites. He stood immovably a few steps behind my father through the service. The Catholic priest intoned the Latin phrases. The Armenian muttered his own in a just audible chant. My father said it was a ghastly experience, although he made it funny.



That Christmas in Southport, his mother, I remember, gave me a book about King Arthur. I was nine years old and would have preferred *All the World's Aircraft*, but I went upstairs to her room, where she was in bed most of the time, and gave her a kiss (she had hair on her cheek), and later read the book, which was a nice one. That Christmas. It was a simple, friendly time. I think mostly of Taki's laugh. And of John and Sarkis standing in the hallway in their long schoolboy scarves. And of my mother and Taki playing checkers after dinner, which was something I had never seen her do. Our other Christmases had nearly all been in Cannes. (One, I think, had been at a hotel in Vienna, but I can barely remember it, except for people dancing, and someone going about the corridors late at night dressed as the Devil.) We'd have an enormous tree—big enough, anyway, so that my mother and M. Puigue, the chef, would have to stand on a stepladder to hang the lights. Lots of decorations. Colored balls. My mother knew where each one ought to go—packed them away in order, took them out in order. A big party for children on Christmas Eve. My father dressed up as Santa Claus, distributed presents from a large

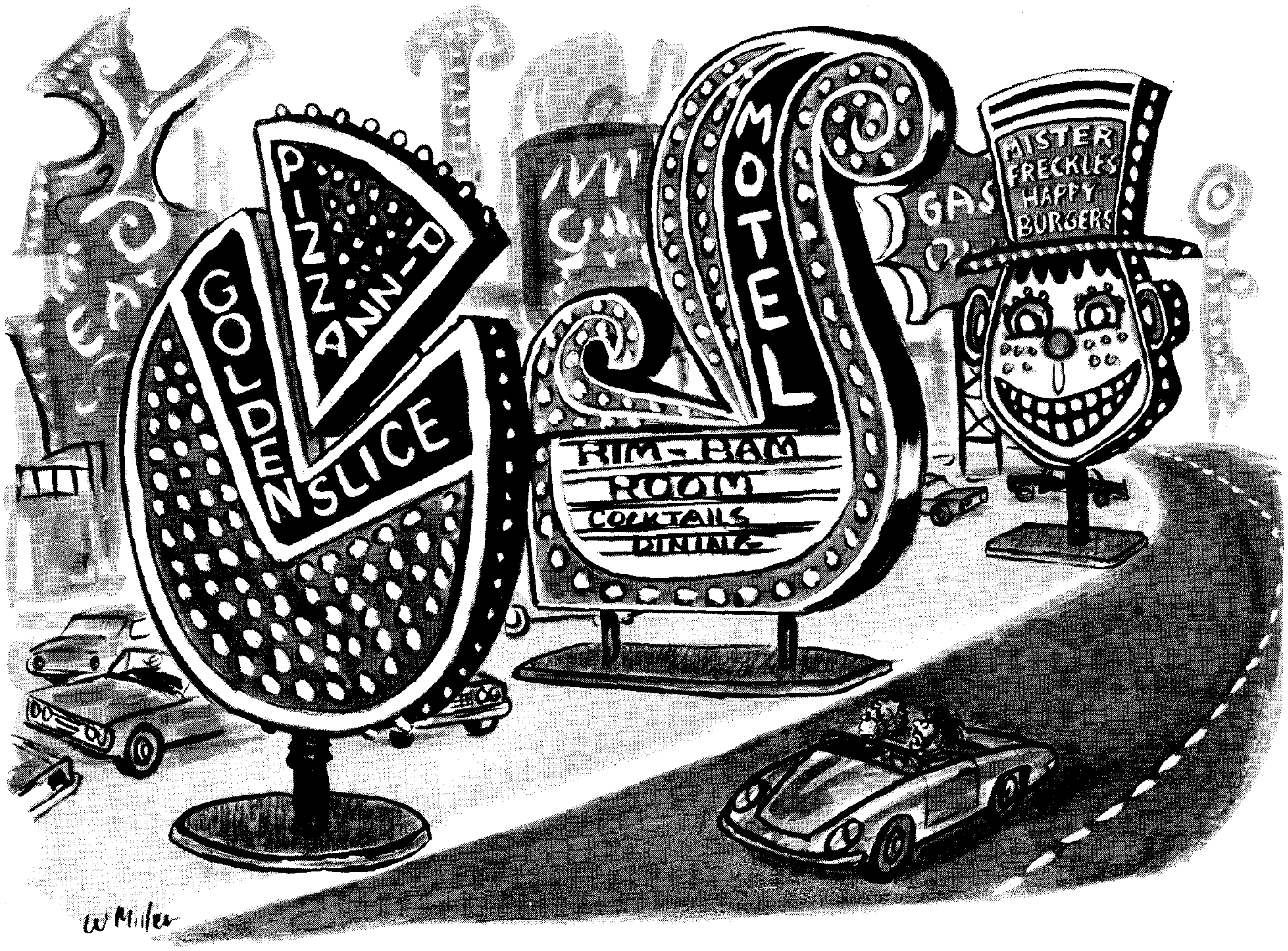
BRUEGHEL: THE TRIUMPH OF TIME

Passing a Flemish village and a burning city,
possibly Babylon the Great, bringing the spring
from winter and any beginning to its end, there go
the actors in the ramshackle travelling show
that does whatever's done and then undoes it:
the horses of the sun and moon, stumbling on plate
and bullion, patiently pull the flatbed wagon
where Cronos munches a child and the zodiac-encircled world
bears up a tree that blossoms half and withers half;
Death on a donkey follows, sloping his scythe,
and last a trumpeter angel on an elephant
is puffing the resurrection and the end of days.

Under the wheels, and under the animals' feet,
palette and book are broken with the crowns of kings
and the instruments of music, intimating to our eyes
by means of many examples the Triumph of Time,
which everything that is, with everything that isn't,
as Brueghel patiently puts it down, exemplifies.

—Howard Nemerov

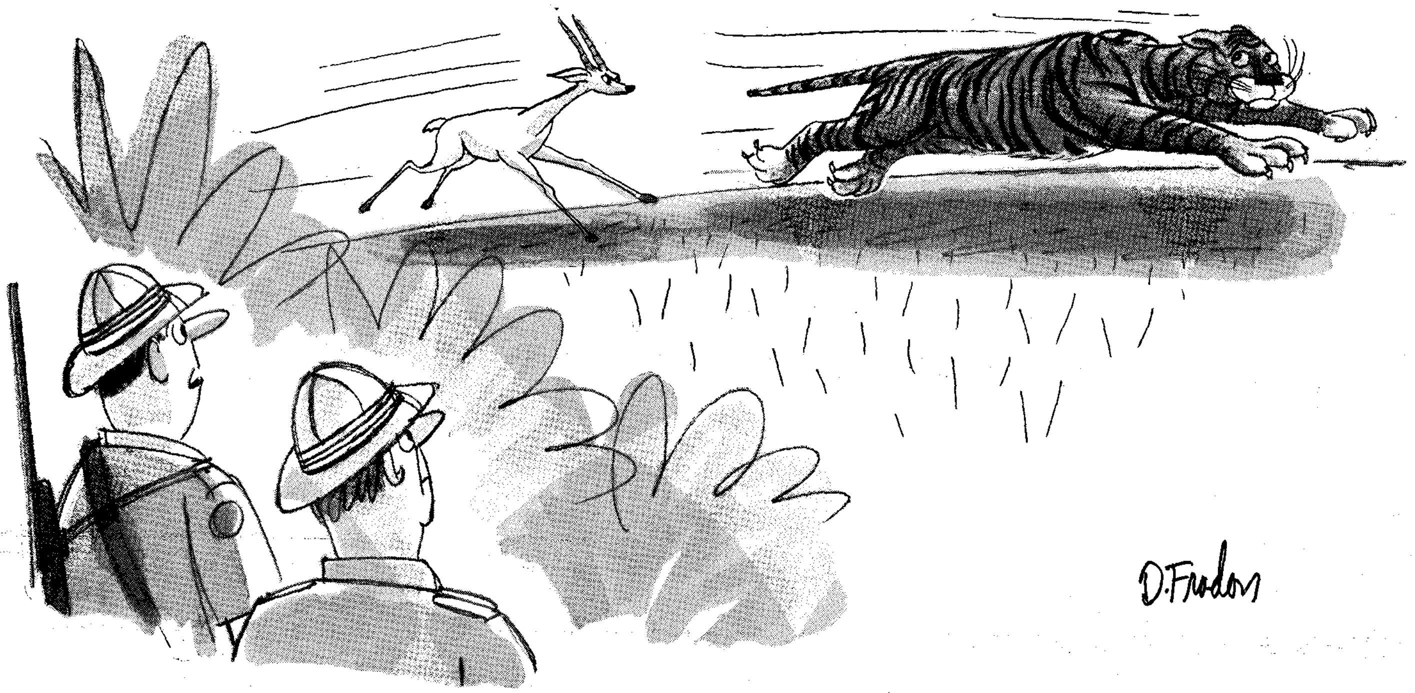
• •



"Man, it really tears me to think that some squares want to pull down these lovely, beautiful signs!"

sack to dozens of mostly strange children, who seemed to materialize out of nowhere. In Southport that winter, we sat around the living room on Christmas Eve and listened to the B.B.C. Light Programme. And played round-robin checkers against Taki, who was very good, and won. The next day, Christmas, Taki and Anais gave me a flashlight, one of those long, silvery things, with lots of batteries, that would last forever. My mother and father gave me, among other things, a model airplane. I remember we put it together in the morning; it didn't take much—it was nearly assembled, an expensive bright-blue job from Selfridges. And my father and I took it out for a test flight in the afternoon. A cold, gray afternoon. Gray sky. We went out toward the golf course. There was an aerodrome nearby—they called them aerodromes—with a ragged wind sock fluttering beside the runway. My father and I stood on a rise of the golf course, winding up the rubber band, tossing the little blue plane into the air. It was a nice one and flew quite well. Taki appeared. Those marvellous plus fours, and wearing a checked cap that Anais had given him for Christmas. He had a golf club under his arm. He'd been out practicing a few drives, he said. Taki took the plane and wound it up and tossed it into the air. It flew a few hundred feet and landed almost on a putting green. We all laughed. On the far side of the fairway, from off the runway, two R.A.F. bombers took off into the twilight—dark, bulbous, insectlike things. Jet black. The roar of engines. We flew the plane a few more times. Then Taki said, "It's getting dark." It had already started to drizzle—a sea wind bringing the light rain in off the Atlantic. My father picked the plane up and handed it to me. We walked on back, Taki between us: I held his hand; he had his arm around my father.

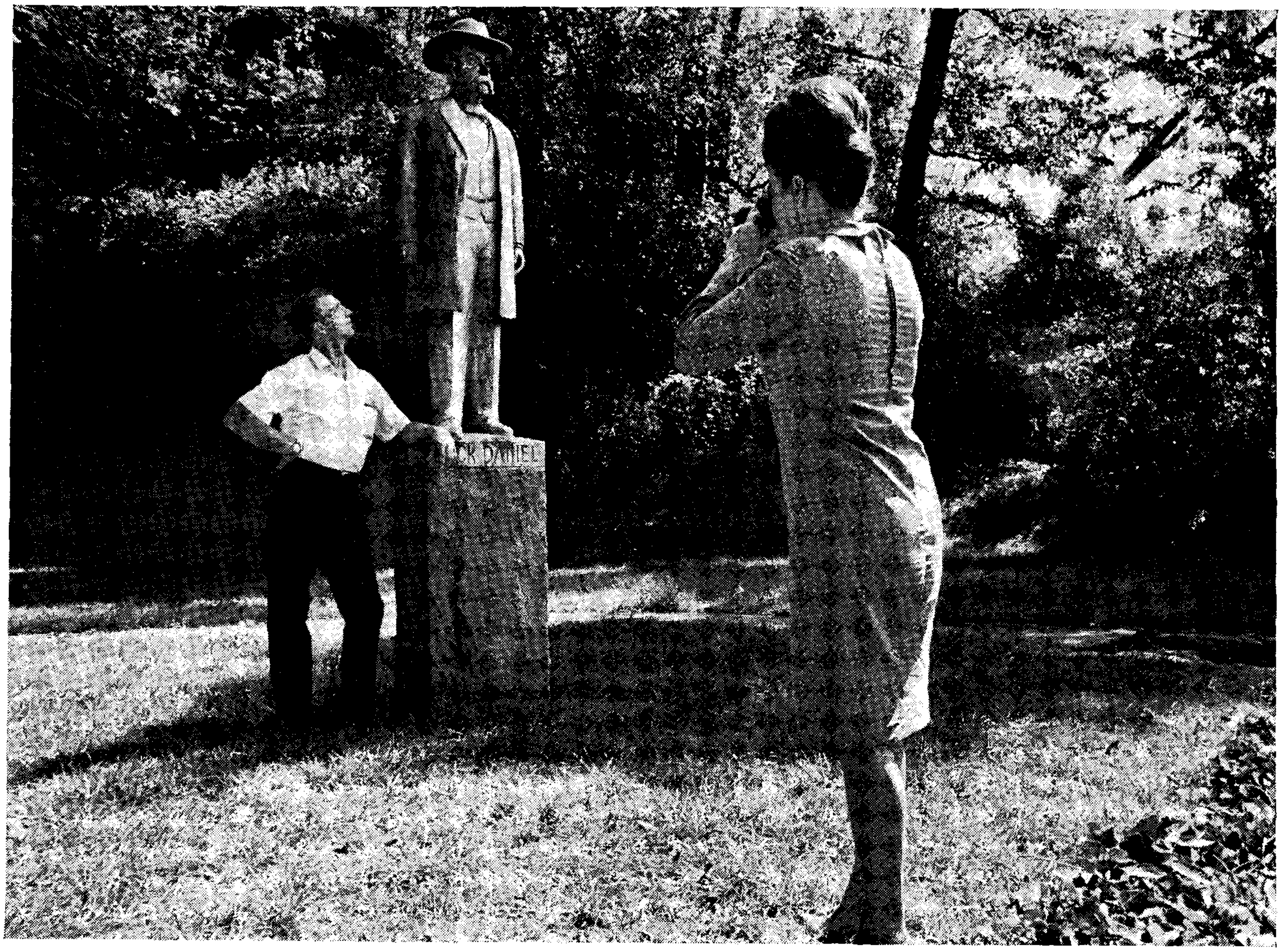
A Winter's Evening in New York, 1946: We live in the Hotel Volney, an apartment hotel on Seventy-fourth Street, just off Madison. Gray limestone front. A green awning above the sidewalk. The doorman is Irish: Fred, who sits on a chair just inside the lobby and shuffles to a half-rising position whenever anyone comes in or leaves. Few people seem to do either. The lobby is dark, oak-panelled. The elevator man is also Irish: James—thick chest and one of those wide seminarian necks, pale, bloodless face, glasses. He follows the horses in the *Sun*, although he says he does not bet. At night, the front desk is empty save for Miss Rasmussen, a Swede, who sits by the switchboard and smokes and reads Ellery Queen magazines. At the far end of the lobby, beyond the switchboard, there is a dining room. Also dark, oak-panelled. Glass doors. A large round table near the entrance covered with a display of fruit and pastries which never seems to be changed, or moved, or eaten, or touched, or to have any acknowledged existence at all, except possibly as a kind of warning to diners. Tonight, as usual, there are few diners. Mr. Binton, the manager of the hotel, a tall, dapper, morose gentleman in his late thirties, sits at his accustomed table against the far wall. Mr. Binton has



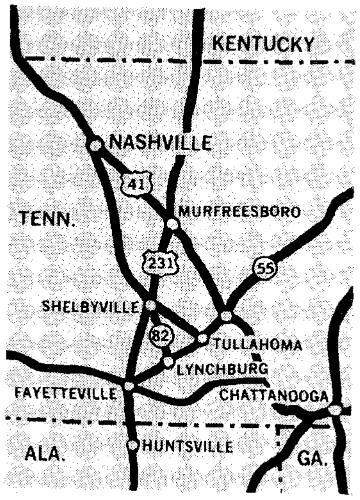
"Now, there's a paper tiger."

• •

been manager of the Volney for nearly a year—something of a record, managers of the Volney seeming to come and go like South American dictators. Mr. Binton has lamb chops every evening, and reads the paper. Close by Mr. Binton there is a table with two elderly ladies. The two ladies are what are called "permanent residents," wear strange long dresses, are very quiet, and sometimes have the startled look of sole survivors of some unimaginably far-off shipwreck, who for unknown reasons have been washed ashore to die in the Hotel Volney—most probably in the Hotel Volney dining room. There is also a small table accommodating Dr. Hesseltine, who is an oculist, very gaunt (also a "permanent resident"), and who wears thick glasses and reads a magazine. Also a larger table, in the middle of the room, the empty middle, which accommodates two men and two women, evidently husbands and wives—quite dressed up, too, little hats on the women, small bursts of laughter, a decided air of the tourist about them. One imagines them as having strayed into this oak-panelled catacomb by mistake, perhaps lured in by the elegant placard displayed on the sidewalk in front of the hotel: "The Volney Restaurant. Guests Welcome!" The solitary waiter, Giovanni, a thickset Italian, shuffles to and fro between the tables and the kitchen. He has on a white jacket, slightly frayed, and a clip-on bow tie. "What do you recommend this evening?" asks Dr. Hesseltine. "Everythingza very good," Giovanni says. A relationship. Over against the wall opposite Mr. Binton are the remains of a dinner just eaten by my sister and me. Two plates probably containing something that the Volney menu describes as Salisbury Steak, and some green stuff that the Volney menu calls Broccoli à la Volney. Also a copy of *Seventeen,* which my sister has left behind and will pick up tomorrow evening. My sister and I are back upstairs. The seventh floor. A four-room suite, so called. A small living room, which contains a couch, some chairs, a table, and a small desk, where my mother pays the bills and writes her letters; a bedroom for my mother and father; a room for my sister; and a small room off to the side, which has another desk and a daybed, and is described either as my father's study or as his dressing room or as my room, when I am home from school. My father has been back from California over a year. He is fifty years old. Has much gray in his hair. Also a cane, and a slight limp (the result of a car accident in Hollywood), which soon goes away, although he retains the cane. My sister, now twelve, is lying on her bed. She wears a flowered bathrobe, her feet sticking out in white wool socks, her hair in curlers—those little rubbery things to get the ringlet effect. She reads a book, something about horses; she is keen on horses now, will hear no harsh words spoken about horses. My mother is in the bedroom nearby, which was once her room and is now (since my father's arrival from England) their room: her own pink pillows upon the bed, a watercolor of an island scene upon the bedside table, the dressing table covered with jars and bottles. My mother sits at the dressing table: pink slip, stockings, dabbing at her face with bits of things, hair hanging down below her shoulders. A cigarette burns in the ashtray. An Old-Fashioned, sipped at, somewhere nearby. My father glides in and out of the small rooms. My father in shirt and trousers—white silk shirt, English trousers ending somewhere in the small of the back, braces. My mother is now holding a dress up against her in front of the mirror. My father glides in. Thick hair combed back, drink in hand. You-look-lovely-dear, he says. My mother stares at him. My father glides out. My father discusses horses with my sister. My sister wants to ride in the Grand National. My father describes the cavalry of Genghis Khan. "You should have more light to read by," he says. My sister pulls a face. My father stands in front of the mirror in his-study-dressing-room-my-room, tying his tie. I am in the small, slipcovered chair beside the desk, reading a book. The desk is empty save for a yellow pad and three pages of a story begun by him six months ago and never finished—a romance between some R.A.F. officer and a nurse—now hidden in one of the small drawers. The tie is silk—gray silk. He ties it with great care. The wide end down and over, like this. Then through the loop. He stops to show me. I watch, half skeptical, half loving. It suddenly all seems very gay, somehow, despite the


JACK DANIEL

IT SEEMS most everyone who tours our distillery likes his picture snapped alongside Jack Daniel.


KENTUCKY
NASHVILLE
41
TENN.
MURFREESBORO
231
55
SHELBYVILLE
82
TULLAHOMA
LYNCHBURG
FAYETTEVILLE
CHATTANOOGA
ALA.
HUNTSVILLE
GA.

Of course, we're pleased to see this. For we're proud of Mr. Jack and his whiskey and the medals he won. And we're proud to maintain a tradition over a hundred years old. That's why we hope you'll pay us a call if you're traveling through Tennessee. We have two guides on hand to show you our distillery. And, if you bring your camera along, we'll be flattered to snap your picture with the man who started it all.

4/5 QUART
JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
Old No. 7
BRAND
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
💧
DROP
💧
BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

© 1969, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

dinginess, the darkened dining room, the tatty gentility. My father puts a small pearl tiepin in his tie. "Come here," he says. "There is a way to do this that doesn't spoil the tie." I come up close. His voice is deep, matter-of-fact, instructive. He moves the tiepin through the silk. I watch his hands, the silk, the tiepin. We are in a canoe together. A fishing trip. My father and I whirl great fly lines through the air. We cook food together in metal skillets beside the riverbank. He threads the tiepin through, smooths the tie back in place. I feel unbearably happy. My mother appears, fastening an earring onto an ear. She corrects a strand of hair. My father puts on his coat. Good night, good night. My mother tells my sister to read by a better light. The cane, her heels sound in the hallway outside. They wait for James to haul the elevator up.

ONE of the things I remember most clearly about being down in New York on school vacations was the ritual of having lunch with Uncle Hugh. Uncle Hugh was not my uncle, or anywhere near it. He was a man called Hugh Payson Courtland (in point of fact, for most of his life, Hugh Payson Courtland II, his father having finally, at age ninety-two, removed both himself and his Roman numeral), and he was my father's new friend. My father's new American friend. Hugh was a little over six feet. Close to sixty. Silvery-haired. Bright-blue eyes. One of those marvellous pink Episcopal faces that always look as if they had just been scoured with a steel brush. Uncle Hugh had been to St. Paul's, like me, and to Harvard. He had been an aviator in the First World War. He had been some kind of lawyer. Now he was some kind of businessman. He was a director. He was "on boards." Uncle Hugh had lots of brothers and cousins who lived on ancestral acres in exotic, Englishy-sounding places like Beverly Farms and Bedford Village. Hugh's father had apparently been a long-ago famous New York senator, and there were countless photographs of the old gentleman, mostly on horseback, all over Hugh's house. Uncle Hugh was clearly Very Old Family—the near-end-of-the-line, in fact, of one of those proud, rich New England families. Hugh himself, one gathered (from Hugh), represented the more or less bohemian, or renegade, aspect of the family—mostly, it would seem, because of having married a French wife, a pale, decent woman of considerable forbearance. I remember dinners at Hugh's house, a rather shambly but nicely lived-in brownstone in the East Seventies, with Marie, his wife, downstairs on the ground floor, in the kitchen, and Hugh three floors above, in his elegant little library: drinks, cigars, old books on the shelves, Hugh in his evening clothes ("I think it is good for the morale to dress for dinner"), Hugh prattling on with his stories—Hugh was the only man I've ever met whose conversation consisted entirely of stories. Marie downstairs in her long dress (it always seemed to be the same dress, too—a long purply thing with a couple of hopeful strands of silver), Marie down in the engine room way below pulling up the ancient Courtland china and the ancient Courtland silver on the dumbwaiter, creak-creak-creak-clank, Hugh and his amusing stories, sounds of creaking rope, Marie yanking up the roast, Marie yanking up the veg., clank-clank, sounds of pulleys, sounds of glasses being rattled, Hugh telling us about the amusing thing that had happened to his Cousin Sandy at a Turkish bagnio in 1922, Marie finally appearing in the doorway to announce dinner, poking pins back into her hair, brushing off her dress, Marie managing a smile, Marie looking as if she had been down at the docks all afternoon unloading sacks of flour and would now just like to go to bed.

I usually felt ill at ease with Uncle Hugh alone, mostly because he was always trying to tell me dirty stories, and because I couldn't make much sense of him, although the latter I didn't much require. I very much wanted to be friends, though, or whatever it was I was supposed to be, with Uncle Hugh, because he was my father's friend—because then he was the only actual friend I was aware of my father's having. Our lives—my father's life—had always been peopled for me by these dim, far-off shapes of his "old friends," the barely visible outlines of such as Maugham, Noël Coward, and Clark Gable. It didn't bother me that I had almost never seen these men, although naturally it would have pleased me to impress my Wall Street and Oyster Bay schoolmates, sons of Merrill Lynch and Winthrop, Stimson, with my acquaintance in the wider world. Mostly, it bothered me that my father didn't seem to see them, either, or that when he did (one might run into Gary Cooper at the theatre, exchange a few words) it seemed like dinghies bumping. Noël Coward would be in town for the opening of a new play. Noël would come by for a drink. Noël, admittedly, was more of a genuine old friend than the others (my father, I knew, had been one of the key backers of Coward's first play, "The Vortex"), but, even so, it seemed that no matter how much gossip and wit and anecdote they nudged across a coffee table at each other every few years, they remained two people in private, untouching worlds. I don't know what I expected—Coward and my father on a walking tour of Belgium together, or sharing a Thanksgiving turkey, or drinking a lot and cuffing each other on the shoulders. Uncle Hugh, at any rate, seemed to have the makings of some kind of visible, ordinary friend. For one thing, he came around a lot. He professed to take an interest in our family. He may have been a grade or two off as to what year my sister was in in school, but at least he knew she was in school, and more or less where. And he seemed to genuinely like my father. He and my father "did things together." Other people's fathers and their friends, I knew, "did things together"—played golf, or cards, or went in a large boat to fish for marlin. My father and Uncle Hugh, I think, mostly walked back from lunch together. It seemed enough. I remember seeing them walking up Fifth Avenue together. An October afternoon. Hugh in a dark suit, gray vest, a bowler on his head. My father with his cane, no hat. My father gesticulating with one hand, talking. Hugh laughing. Comrades. And then, once each school vacation—once each school vacation for at least five years—Hugh would take me to lunch at the Racquet Club. I both looked forward to these times, because having lunch with Hugh Payson Courtland at the Racquet seemed like such a nice, snobby thing to do, and dreaded them, because I felt that although Hugh wanted to like me and take-an-interest in me, as part of his role as my father's new friend, in fact he disapproved of me, because I didn't laugh at his jokes—or, worse, laughed in that awful obvious way of trying not to disappoint the teller. The routine never varied much. I'd put on my "good suit," try to find a tie with-

"elegant, imaginative shapes . . . graceful and airy"

Internationally famous Nils Landberg is the most lighthearted of the Orrefors designers. His world of form has been described as "a graceful and airy play . . . elegant and imaginative." Landberg uses the glass blower himself as a kind of medium, working along with him by the blazing oven doors to achieve fresh, often spontaneous, new designs. He created the handsome bowl, priced at $45.00, and the cut-crystal stemware, from $7.75 each. Whichever you choose, you will have an exquisite Landberg for your very own.

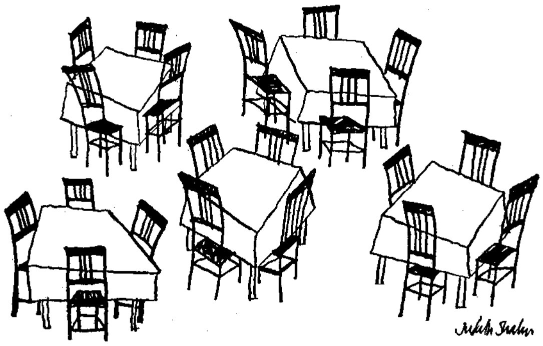
For brochure of fine crystal pieces by Landberg and other famed Orrefors designers, write our U.S.A. representative, Fisher, Bruce & Co., 221 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19106 or 527 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014.

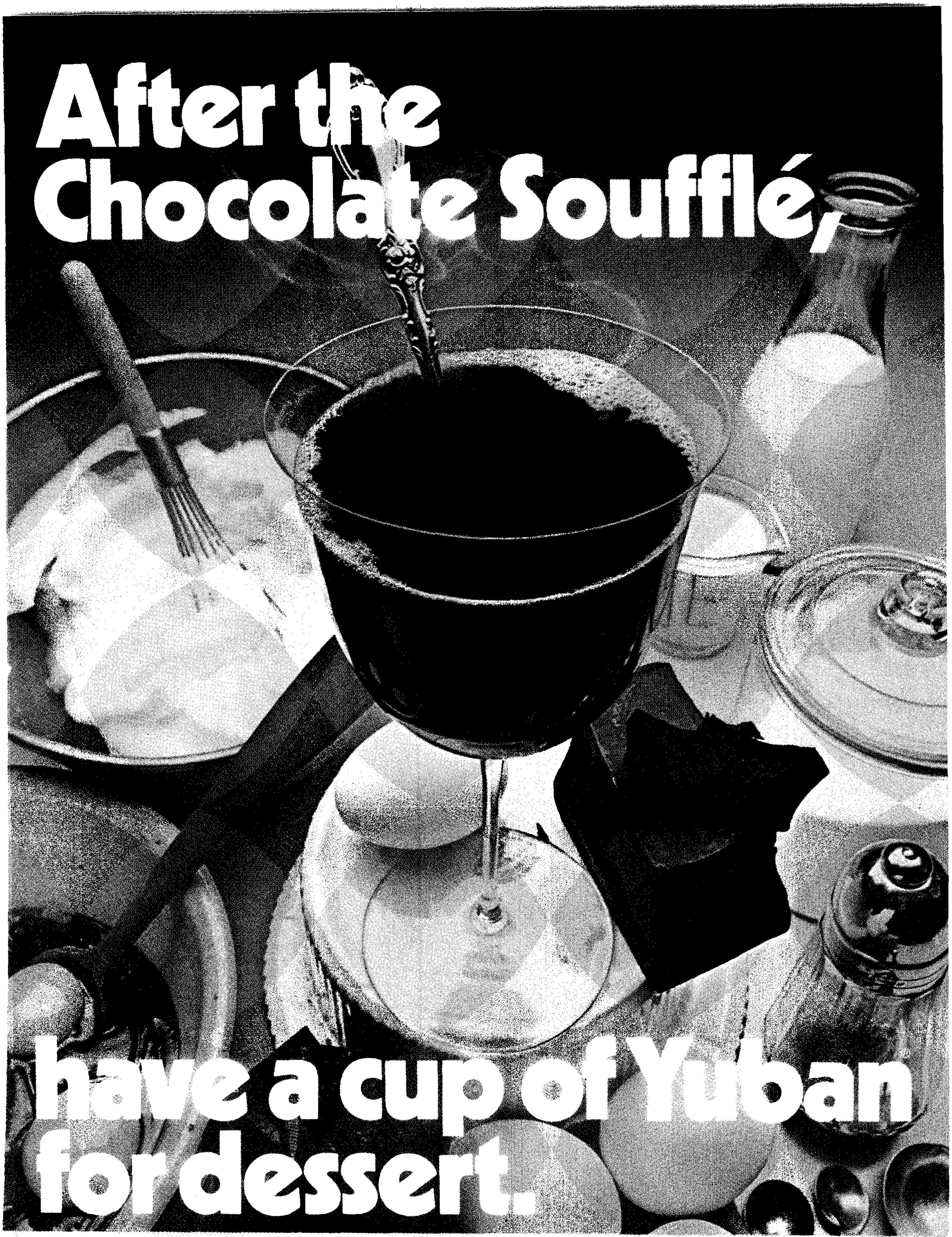
ORREFORS
CRYSTAL

out egg on it, shine the shoes, hop a bus down to Fifty-third Street, and present myself at the big door, always in the hope that the Swiss Guards who manned the entrance would instinctively assume me to be a member. Mr. Hugh Payson Courtland would be waiting in the bar. Much handshaking and clasping of shoulders. Drinks—a brandy-and-soda for Hugh, a beer for me—and a brief torrent of jokes and stories about Hugh's days at St. Paul's. We would then go to the oyster bar, which I also dreaded, because I could barely look at oysters or clams in those days without throwing up, or wanting to throw up, but at my first lunch with Hugh I had somehow got myself into the fix of saying, Oh, yes, by all means the oyster bar, I love oysters, etc. If I couldn't give him much return on the jokes, I guess, at least I wanted to cooperate on the shellfish. And then lunch. A small table by the window. Hugh sitting opposite me. Another avalanche of anecdotes, and then the jokes: I really shouldn't tell you this, Hugh would say, with a giggle. And then some damn thing about American aviators and farmers' daughters. Or about President Roosevelt and his secretary. Hugh elaborating on the detail. Me sitting there, gravely, primly (desperately not wanting to be grave or prim), waiting, waiting for the punch line: I must be able to spot the punch line coming, rearrange my face so that my burst-of-helpless-laughter (in reality, a sickly grin) will be vaguely plausible. The punch line. The sickly grin. Hugh giggling, giggling. I really used to hate those giggles—that pink face, soft, the eyes all squinched up, the hand reaching across to my arm. "I really shouldn't have told you that." A kind of wink. I once tried to say something about my discomfiture to my father, but it just didn't make any sense to him. Uncle Hugh, after all, didn't tell dirty jokes to *him*. "Hugh is very naughty," my mother would say sometimes, but I think what she mostly had in mind was Marie and the dumbwaiter. I don't know what it was my father really felt for Hugh. He liked him, I know, because he used to speak of him in a certain way—that simple, offhand way that people use when they like someone. I think Hugh must have entertained him—to some degree, anyway. Mostly, I'd guess that he found in Hugh, and in Hugh's place in America (Hugh's alleged place in America), some kind of solid object to hold on to—not that he ever seemed to be holding on to it very tightly. I think he probably liked to have it around.

And they had good times together. I remember sitting in class one morning up at St. Paul's and someone coming in to say that classes were being let out for the next hour for the purpose of letting us listen to two visiting dignitaries who had just come up to address the school. We all filed down into the big study hall, partly pleased at being let out of class, partly wary as to just what in hell was coming next—and there, seated on either side of the great, glowing Rector, were Uncle Hugh and my father, grave, serious, terribly serious, in their best Supreme Court manner. And then they spoke, my father first—something about Literature and Life, or, at least, it was supposed to be about that. I remember Aldous Huxley's being mentioned, and several stories about Sam Goldwyn—I was too generally dizzy and embarrassed to listen properly, but the faces around me seemed suitably attentive. Some laughs. Applause. Then Uncle Hugh spoke—something about Paris and Business and Rebuilding Europe, which he seemed to be making up as he went along. Also a success. I went up to see them after it was over, that seeming to be the logical thing to do. They were full of good spirits; had been up in Boston the day before attending some Harvard thing Hugh had been involved in—a big party, a lot of drinking—and somewhere along the line had decided to come on to the school and lecture at it. We had lunch at the small inn nearby, my father and Hugh congratulating each other on the fine reception accorded their talks, the attentive quality of the students, the general splendidness of young-people-today, and so forth, both of them extremely pleased with themselves. It was very nice. We all had brandy after lunch, which gave me a warm buzz between the ears, and then they went back to New York. It was the first time, now that I think of it, that my father had ever been to the school.

My father had one other friend around that time, whom I've almost forgotten, because after my father died he moved right out of our lives. His name was Nadal—André Nadal. He was Iranian, I think. Some generations back, anyway. A dark, tall man with a bushy mustache. Thick brown curling hair. A kind face. He was an Immigration inspector and he lived somewhere in Queens. I think my father had met him when he first arrived from England—I don't know much about the connection beyond that, except that for a long while in New York the only two people, *friends*, I could have imagined "dropping by" for Thanksgiving dinner (if one had been having Thanksgiving dinner) were Uncle Hugh and André. I think of André as a truly gentle man, with one of those lovely, warm, seemingly untroubled laughs. He would sometimes come by for lunch, when my father kept that table at the St. Regis, taking his place quietly along with the others—the flashy talkers, the great English-suited figures, the Rockefeller Center boulevardiers. André seated there listening, saying a few words, the rumpled brown suit, the long hair, André laughing. And then, when the others had left, André would stay on with my father, and sort of gently chide him for his frivolity. Not chide him very much. I think of André as being an intelligent, sensitive man, and the only man I can myself recall who used to talk seriously to my father about "life," and things like that. André was very proud of his job, of "government," of being in the civil service. I remember our families had dinner together one summer evening. André took us out to the Tavern-on-the-Green: André; his wife, a nice large lady, who seemed even friendlier than André; their daughter, a girl of about ten; and the four of us. I think we may have had one or two other dinners together, but I just happen to remember that one. I don't really remember very much about it. My father talked about his brother Taki, and his family in England. André talked about government, and "the role of Congress." Everyone seemed very happy. Seven or eight years later, at the funeral service for my father, I remember seeing André come into the chapel and stand alone at the back. I went over toward him; it had been a long while since I had seen him—since, I think, any of us had got together. He was just standing in the back, a bit the way he used to sit there in the St. Regis, and he was the only man there, as far as I could see, who seemed to be shed-




After the
Chocolate Soufflé,
have a cup of Yuban
for dessert.

GF
GENERAL FOODS

Yuban coffee is so rich, it's dessert's dessert.
So go on. Indulge. It'll cost you a little more, but remember.
You're topping off the first rich dessert with another.

Yuban is a registered trademark of the General Foods Corporation.

Yuban
Yuban
Yuban

REMEMBER WHEN CLOTHES WERE MADE TO BE WORN, NOT FLAUNTED?

Deansgate never forgot. We've always felt that a man should command more attention than his clothes. So we don't indulge in gimmicks or fads. But our clothes do reflect the current trends in fashion.

You'll notice that when we widen our lapels, we make our pocket flaps and vents deeper. In proportion. So the whole coat balances. Witness this natural shoulder, double breasted sports jacket. A lightweight wool. About $75.

We've always respected a man's right to good taste and great tailoring. And we always will. Because that's our gentlemen's agreement.

Deansgate®
The Gentlemen's Agreement

For a booklet on the fine points of men's clothing, write 950 Poeyfarre Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70150

ding the kind of tears that actually make you wet.

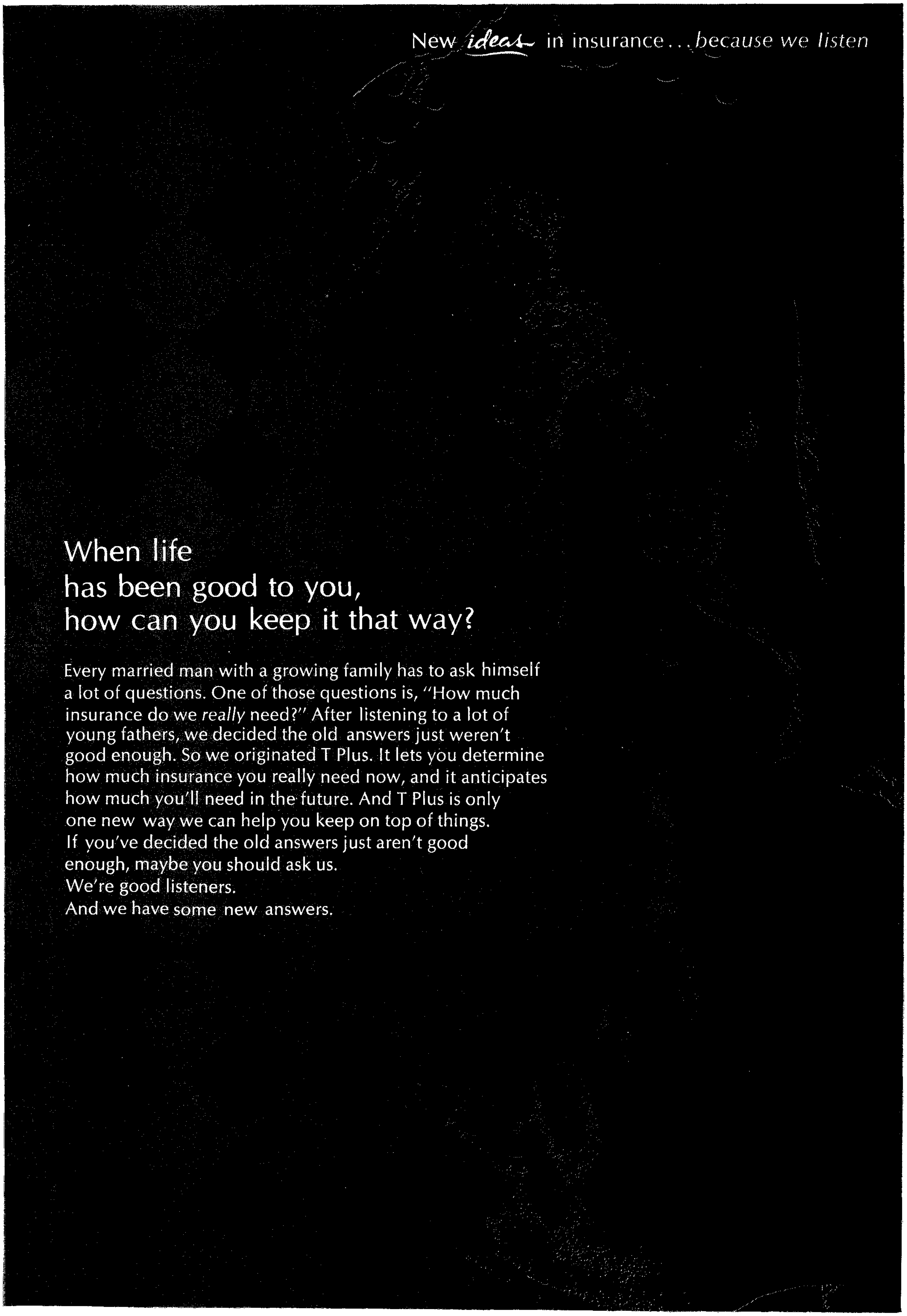
BLUE water. The Mediterranean. The faint blue you could glimpse down through the trees at Cannes. The blue-green water off the rocks at Antibes. My father's dark hair below me off the rocks at Eden Roc. Black rocks. Umbrellas open beneath the sun. The water is very clear. My father moves slowly, ten feet below, a far distance, treading water—a sort of breaststroke. A blue bathing suit. He, like most of the men, has recently given up the top to his bathing suit. My mother is nearby somewhere, beneath one of the umbrellas. There is nobody else in the water. "Come on in—jump," my father says. Also the beach at Cannes, in front of the hotels. A narrow strip of sand. I think of the sand as being gray. The great, garish faces of the hotels lined up behind it. The Carlton. The Majestic. The Miramar. The beach strewn with children and with nannies. Starched white uniforms. Standing upright on the sand. There were lifeguards and swimming instructors. One of them I remember—a German, blond and tanned. He had a long bamboo pole, like a fishing pole, with a tire of sorts—maybe the inner tube—attached to the tip of it. He stood at the end of the pier. One was told to climb inside the inner tube, hold on. And then was flung off the pier. He was very hearty and believed in physical fitness, and I never asked what else. There were sailboats in the harbor. Sometimes a submarine. The English battle cruiser Hood appeared one day—peacetime maneuvers—moored five miles off. My father was invited aboard for tea one afternoon, took me along. I had an interest in ships. There was a mess table laid out on one of the forward decks. White tablecloth. Tea. Cakes. The great gray guns overhead. The little sailboats back against the harbor. There were shellfish along the beach. Sponge and coral in the sea. We took a sailboat down the coast to Italy one summer. My mother's brother was along. He wore a bright-blue blazer. A small harbor somewhere. Lemon houses. We mostly stayed on the boat. The captain fished. He chopped up little bits of squid for bait, put them on hooks. My father water-skied. Blue water. Outside the harbor, the waves chopped against the sides of the boat. We sailed all night one night.

And then there was one summer we went to the mountains. It was a place in Austria, near the Tyrol, called Semmering. I don't know now why we went there; I suppose my parents wanted a change. We took the train out of Cannes one evening. I remember all of us on the platform—my parents, my small sister, the nanny (Nanny Nye)—and then suddenly M. Puigue, the chef, our chef, and the whole staff came hurtling onto the platform in an old pickup truck, all of them (not that there were that many) looking a bit dazed, as if they had just been tumbled out of bed, M. Puigue in charge of the show, M. Puigue still in his white apron, little thin mustache, presenting my mother with something in a box, a cake, much waving of arms, expressions of gratitude, affection, and then we were off. We stopped for hours at the Italian border. Some nuns got on at Genoa. My sister threw up a lot. In Venice, my father took us all to lunch at the Grand Hotel, which must have been a treat for him. Nanny Nye bought postcards. They put the electric engine on somewhere inside the Austrian border—an immense, fat, brutish thing—and for what seemed like several days we wound up into the mountains: steep faces of red rock, pine trees, tunnels. Semmering was a kind of spa. We stayed in the big hotel, which was full of Austrians, Germans, and English businessmen. There didn't seem to be much to do. My sister and I went for walks in the hillside meadows and into the forests that grew down the mountains. Once, I remember, we walked quite far, through very dark glades, wild flowers, mushrooms, occasional bright patches of sunlight that seemed even more disturbing than the darkness. There were some big buildings. We went inside one of them. A great, dark room. Huge. A gymnasium. All sorts of strange equipment. Machines made up to look like animals. Large leather contraptions that seemed to run on electricity. And suddenly through one of the far doors came a double line of boys and girls marching in step. Fourteen, fifteen years old. All tanned, beautiful. White shirts, trousers, white tunics. They formed a square. An older boy stood in front of them. They did calisthenics and then sang. I don't remember what they sang. In the course of that summer, my sister and I became quite close. For one thing, Nanny Nye was old and fell asleep for much of the afternoon. Also, we were bored with Semmering and made plans to run away. One day after lunch, I swiped some rolls from the dining room and a bar of chocolate from my parents' room; my sister and I went down the hillside, down the meadows, past rocks, small pine trees, slithering through all those dark glades. I remember pulling her after me; she was very small and blond, held on to my hand. She was excited by all the chocolate. We left the road, the path, went down through the trees. The hill became very steep; it was a mountain, really. We fell a lot. Brambles. I had never been so far away before. And then there was a larger road. I think I had some idea it would lead to Vienna, which was about a hundred miles away. A big touring car came by, stopped. Wide running boards; windshield. A man got out. A tall German chauffeur. He opened the back door of the car, motioned to us to get in. We got in. Going back in that car, we didn't feel we had been far away at all. Soon the driveway. The hotel. We weren't allowed to go on walks alone for the rest of the week, which meant we had to play in the dreadful hotel playground, on the swings and seesaws. Sometimes in the late afternoon then, my sister and I would sit on the balcony outside the Gramophone Room and watch the train from Vienna coming around the side of the mountain opposite us. There was a certain time and place at which it always appeared, a glint of sunlight on the great engine. The mountains really were beautiful, although too grand. I tried collecting rocks, then lizards. Toward the end of summer, there was a tennis tournament at the hotel, which was won by a businessman from Wales. His name was Llewellyn, which I remember because he had a son called David. David Llewellyn. We were never close friends, but after dinner we would sometimes sit outside on the lawn and talk. About battleships, mostly, and airplanes. He said he had seen tanks in Germany. I said I had seen tanks in France. There was a big dance in the hotel one night. The women all in evening dresses. Japanese lanterns. An orchestra from Vienna played foxtrots and waltzes.

BY the end of my last year at St. Paul's, all the things I most wanted to be I wasn't. I wanted to be a great school athlete and win the revered Gordon Medal (presented the day before graduation at a special ceremony around the flagpole by old Mr. Gordon himself). I would have settled for being what was known as "extremely popular" (a quality much admired in those days, as I guess "personality" was in girls), a leader of the school, an important figure on the Student Council—one of the four Sixth Form toffs who sat in special, ornamented seats in chapel, just in front of the special, ornamented seats of the Rector and the Vice-Rector. None of these signal honors seemed in the cards, or anywhere near it, although life there on the whole didn't seem too bad, mostly because the school was then (and I imagine is now) so full of the kind of young men I admired very much: young men who could play hockey very well, or squash, or who could kick twenty-five-yard field goals at crucial moments, and who owned cars on the side, and sometimes sailboats, and had summer houses as well as ordinary houses. There was a time—quite a long time, in fact—when I think I envied nearly anyone who had a house. Well, not really any house. If I were pressed closely on the subject, I think it would turn out that what I chiefly envied were people who *had houses in places like Greenwich* and Old Westbury. Marvellous, desirable Greenwich! O great, wondrous mowed lawns! And little boats at Indian Harbor! Club memberships! Yacht Club parties! The heady presence of older girls ("women"), who went to Smith, and older boys ("men"), who went to Yale and Princeton! And all those beautiful red-faced, flush-nosed Wall Street Dads (no damn Daddy nonsense there), with their billowy sports coats, and fuchsia slacks, and brand-new Chryslers, and elaborate bars with electric ice-smashers, and hearty laughs, and jokes, and deep, grave interest in the Yale football team! And all those blond—well, blondish—Mums, or Moms, or Mothers, with their sleek county look, their cashmeres, station wagons, teensie-weensie drinkies in the evening, *their* equally deep, grave interest in the Yale football team! I stayed close to all these people, or tried to stay close. Roomed with the more lustrous athletes. On vacations, tried to be adopted by their parents in Connecticut or Long Island. About all I really thought I had going for me then was that I was a "good student," but even that I secretly believed to be a sham. Not so much the factual—the achievement—part. I knew I was a good student, because I had the grades to prove it. St. Paul's—in those days, at any rate—was a great believer in the authority and importance of grades. Once a month, the "ranking list" of each form was tacked to the main bulletin board, the name of every boy in the school listed on an immense sheet of graph paper, and, beside his name, the grade he had received in each subject, figured out to the nearest decimal point—such as 88.7 (naturally, a better grade than 88.6). On the whole, I was very good at this sort of thing—getting good grades. In truth, I had no idea, or very little idea, whether I was intelligent or not. For the most part, I believed I wasn't, but I knew how to study very hard. I knew, for example, that if I painstakingly underlined every one of the words in my Latin homework that I didn't know and then wrote out their correct meaning, and then looked at them over and over again, and over again, I would get them right. And the results of all this pleased my father very much. He liked for me to do well at school, to get good grades. In fact, he counted on me to do well. Each vacation time, the reports would be mailed home: "History: *84.5. He continues to show an interest* in the subject and has a strong grasp of the information. But his essays lately *have shown a tendency to be unsure and general*. . . ." "I see the history is down a bit," my father would say. "Yes, I guess so," I'd say. Then: "It's all that stuff after Napoleon. It doesn't seem very interesting." "Not interesting!" he'd say. "That's a very curious explanation. Napoleon? The Second Empire? I thought history was one of your best subjects." He took-an-interest. And I did, too, most of the time. But then in the spring of my last term there I began to slack off. Or, rather, I just stopped taking all those pains. No special reason—maybe just its being the last term, spring, sunshine, end of school. And then, scant weeks before examinations, I realized that my beautiful grades had dropped considerably in the past month's rankings, and that, the way things were going, I wouldn't emerge at graduation with honors even as a student, which admittedly seemed a poor third to the Gordon Medal and being on the Council, but which I knew would be a good deal better than nothing.

There were a number of prizes to be awarded each commencement, and though most of them were for the high hurdles or hockey or something of the sort, a couple were for "scholarship," and of these one of the better was the Baxter Prize for History, which in

THERE
IS ONLY
ONE
JOY...
JOY
DE
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
THE
COSTLIEST
PERFUME
IN THE
WORLD


New *ideas* in insurance . . . *because we listen*

When life
has been good to you,
how can you keep it that way?

Every married man with a growing family has to ask himself a lot of questions. One of those questions is, "How much insurance do we *really* need?" After listening to a lot of young fathers, we decided the old answers just weren't good enough. So we originated T Plus. It lets you determine how much insurance you really need now, and it anticipates how much you'll need in the future. And T Plus is only one new way we can help you keep on top of things.
If you've decided the old answers just aren't good enough, maybe you should ask us.
We're good listeners.
And we have some new answers.

Try the everything coat

that goes to all the best places, saying
such nice things about the wearer!
Crisply shaped and immaculately
tailored in Du Pont Antron® nylon*
with **ZE PEL**® rain and stain
repellent finish. Navy, lime, silver.
6 to 16. About $60. Lord & Taylor,
New York and branches; MacNeil
and Moore, Milwaukee and
branches; Marshall Field & Co.,
Chicago and branches;
Neiman-Marcus, Texas.

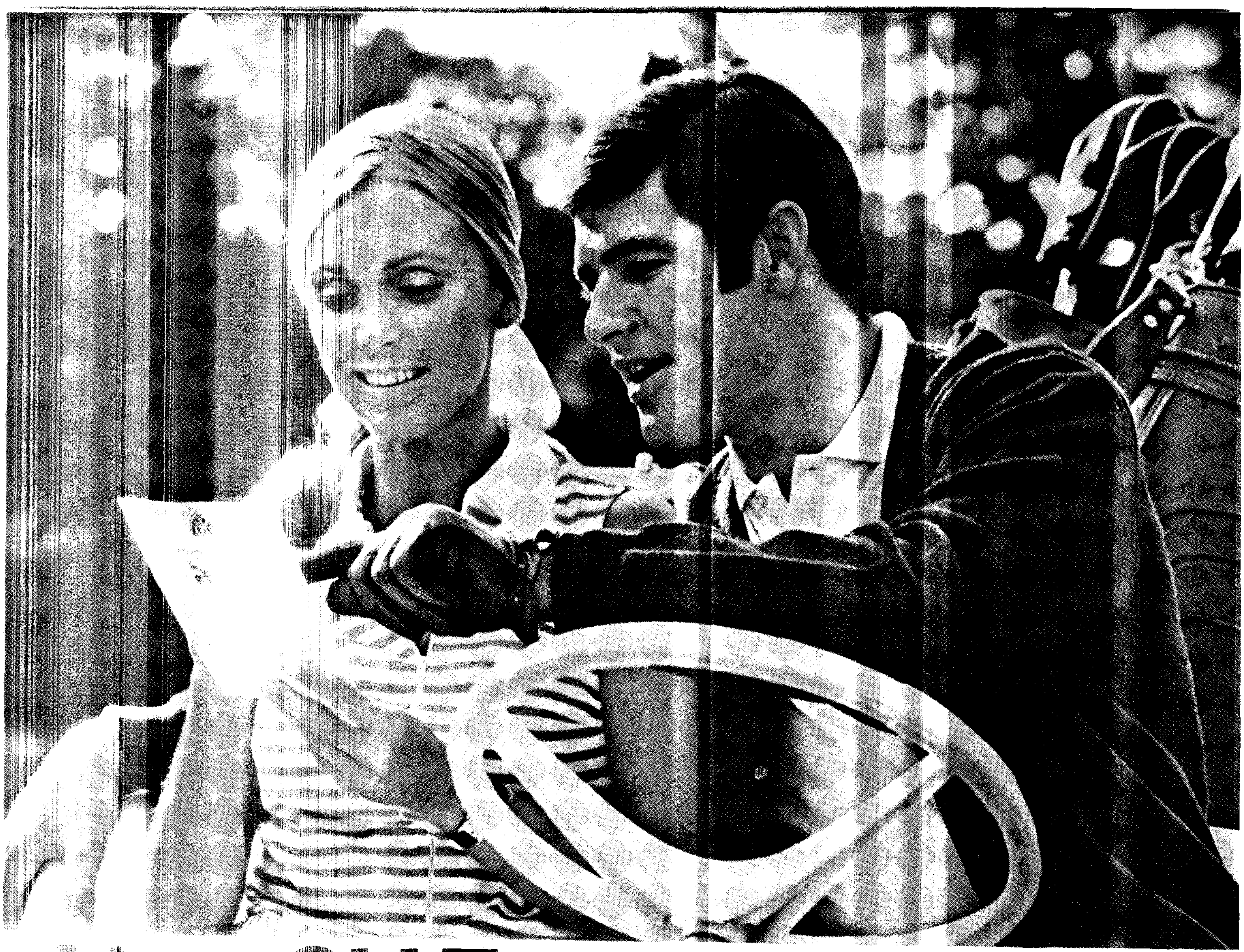
COUTURE
SPECIALTIES
a division of Handmacher
533 Seventh Avenue, New York

some corner of my mind I had always reserved for myself. And so I had decided to really study for it, because I actually had a pretty good chance of winning it, only now my monthly grades were so far down that I would have to do extraordinarily well on the exam (and my rivals would have to do very much less well) for me to pull it off.

All the exams were scheduled for the same final week, with history on the last day, and so, while paying some small attention to the other subjects, I allotted myself each day, every day, a certain amount of time for reading over the history book. It was the standard Morison and Commager American-history text. A big blue thing. Two volumes. The exam would be on the second volume. Almost everyone studied in his room or in the library, but I would go over to the Schoolhouse right after dinner—the big red brick building with most of the classrooms, which was supposed to be unoccupied at night—and hole up in a back room: hard wooden chairs, one of those circular tables, blackboards, maps, charts of chemical elements, travel posters of the Loire. I reread every word in Morison and Commager. And then I reread it again. I tried to imagine what the questions might be, and then I'd seek out the relevant chapters and just gaze at each page, page after page, late at night, sometimes no longer knowing what I was reading, what I was doing, until two or three in the morning, when my eyes were so blurred, and I was so tired, that I'd pack up and go back to my room, half a mile away, where my hockey-playing roommates were fast asleep. I remember taking the exam that final day—the day before the two-day graduation ceremonies began, and when my parents were due up. It didn't seem too difficult an exam, and I thought I'd done well; at least, I'd written it very rapidly, which was usually a good sign, and with a sense of what I was doing. Anyway, it was over. I suddenly wanted terribly much to get the prize, and I figured I had a fair chance.

My mother and father were due in around noon. There was to be a track meet and crew races in the afternoon. Sometime while all that was going on, Mr. Harding was going to post the history results. I was pleased but rather wary about my parents' arrival. I hadn't wanted them to come up, in fact. Not so much because of embarrassment, although I certainly felt some of that. Mostly because their actual presence reminded me that I couldn't realistically hope to be adopted into one of those beautiful county families in Greenwich or Long Island; I already had parents of my own. And, in fact, there they were, walking down the brick walk beside the Schoolhouse, two figures clearly different from all the others who had just now come into view: no billowy sports coat on him, no B. H. Wragge on her, no Old St. Paul's blazer, no straw hats, no jolly laugh, no jolly group—a short, dark man with a mustache, an excessively tailored suit, a cane (he'd brought a cane, for God's sake!), and a woman with an exotic hairdo, also a tailored suit, and a kind of presence that seemed to both advertise and disregard her total ignorance of football at Yale or anywhere else. We went through the usual peculiar ceremony of greeting-in-public.

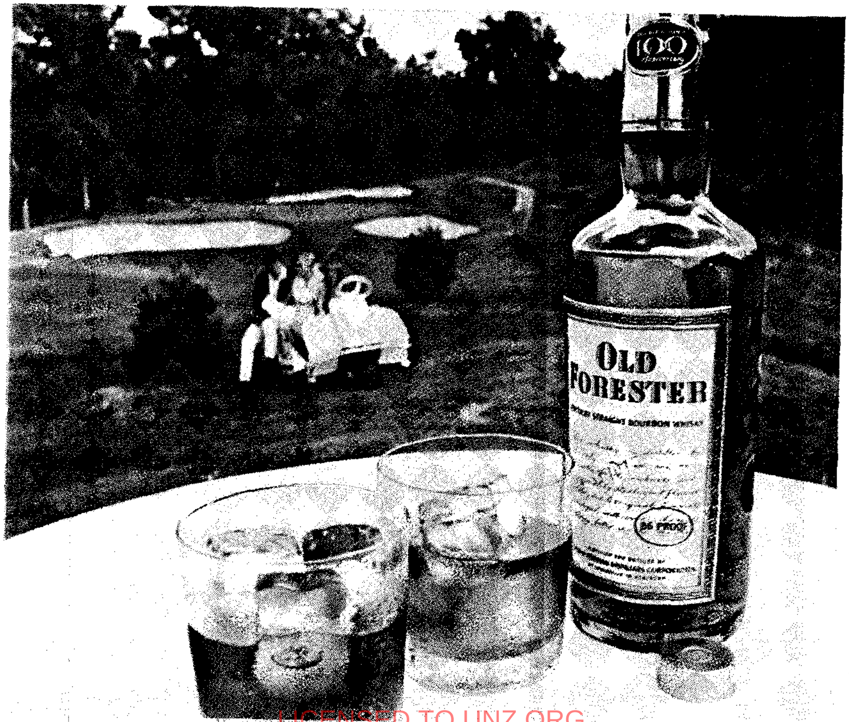
"What do you want to do?" I'd say. Shifting from one foot to the other. Hands thrust into pockets, thrust out of pockets. "But it's *your* school," they'd say. "You show us." Benign. Coöperative. The elders of the tribe remind the young brave that it's *his* Initiation Rite, after all. "Surely you don't want to see the crew race!" I'd say wildly. My mother would beam as if I had just proposed a moonlight visit to the Taj Mahal. "Crew race? But of course we want to see the crew race. We certainly don't want to miss that. Your uncle was once on the crew at Balliol." And so forth. And off we would go, me staring at the ground, nodding distractedly at friends ("That nice boy seemed to be trying to speak to you"). There was some rented yellow school bus to take us all out to the pond—hearty alumni in old crew blazers, my friends, their parents, younger brothers—and there we all were on the banks of Long Pond, my mother and father standing on a little hillock of grass, my father leaning casually on his cane. "Is there any particular boat we should cheer for?" *Cheer* for? My sense of lunacy and gloom deepened. It seemed quite bad enough that they should suddenly be there. Visible. But audible, too! Cheering! The boat races proceeded. Two little eight-oared shells nudging down the middle of the dark-blue pond. A handful of motorboats trailing behind. It was too far away to see much of anything. Loud cheering from the bank. "Come on, Shattuck!" "Come on, Halcyon!" (The names of the two rowing clubs.) My father was talking with Mr. Enfield, the Latin master. The importance of a Classical Education, and so forth. My mother seemed to be staring into the



It's an Old Forester kind of day.

And in the past 100 years there's been a lot of them.

For 100 years, people who enjoy the taste of a great Kentucky Bourbon have turned to Old Forester.


100
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
86 PROOF

BROWN-FORMAN GOLDEN
100
Anniversary

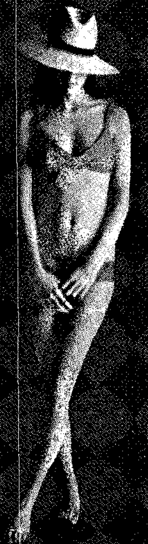
At 86 or 100 proof "There is nothing better in the market."

Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation. At Louisville in Kentucky ©1970.

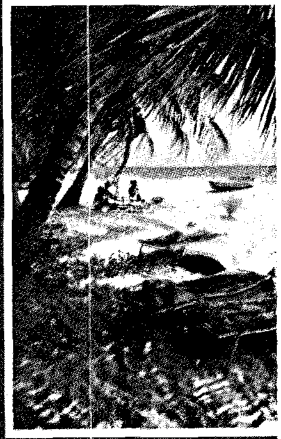
These are the beaches of the Caribbean Riviera.

When you go to the beach in unspoiled French St. Martin, take a book along for company. Or a friend.

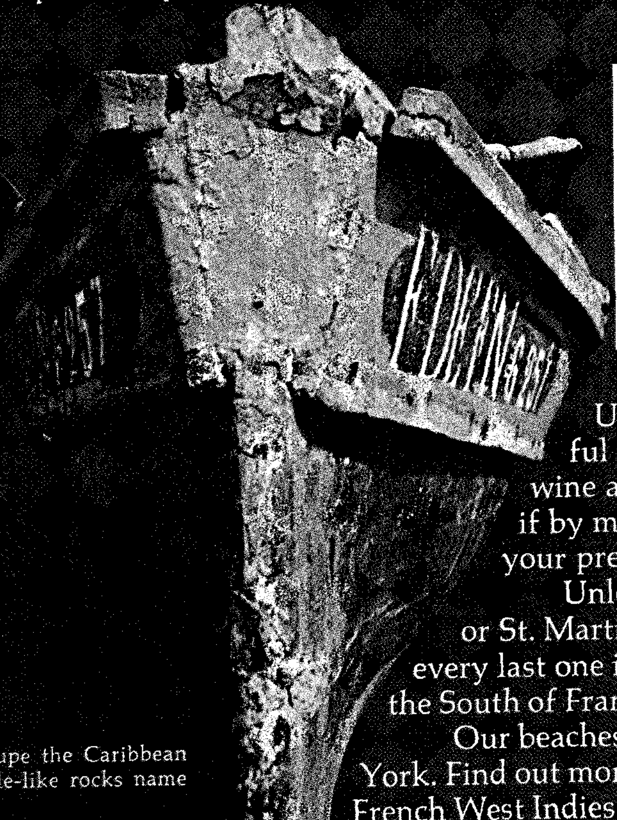
Some of our most romantic beaches are on Martinique. This one is a public beach not far from Empress Josephine's birthplace.



Guadeloupe has beaches that combine open stretches of white sand with the cool shade of giant palms.



Every fishing village has a beach where the day's catch is sorted, weighed and sold.



Every hotel has its own private beach. The public ones are equally beautiful.

At the eastern tip of Guadeloupe the Caribbean meets the Atlantic. These castle-like rocks name the spot: Pointe des Châteaux.

St. Anne in Martinique has a charming beach front restaurant, black sand and fishing boats like these.

A beach is a beach is a beach. Unless it's so French and flavorful that the spicy crab and chilled wine appear at the water's edge, as if by magic, when you emerge from your pre-lunch dip.

Unless it's Martinique, Guadeloupe or St. Martin, where a beach is a *plage*, and every last one is as colorfully unspoiled as the South of France was 20 years ago.

Our beaches are $128 away from New York. Find out more about them by writing the French West Indies Tourist Board, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Or call PLaza 7-1125. And beat the traffic to our beach.

Martinique Guadeloupe St. Martin
French West Indies

middle distance with a sort of contented bafflement. I looked out at the boats, privately thought they were both marvellous, and worried desperately about the history exam. Finally, the races were over; we went back to the school. I ducked my parents—they were going to some tea at the Rector's house, and I didn't even bother to worry about whether or not they would embarrass me there—and ran over to the Schoolhouse, where the grades would be posted.

On the bulletin board there was a brand-new list. My form. History. I looked at it, found my name, had a wild feeling of apprehension and excitement, read across the graph-paper line toward the grades. Zero. 0. I couldn't believe it. Zero. Nobody got zero. I read quickly down the column of numbers. Everyone else had done pretty much as expected. Holmes, my chief rival, had an 89. I had zero. I felt quite sick, saw some people coming, ran out the door. I wandered around the back of the Schoolhouse for a bit, not knowing what to do, hoping dimly that if I wandered around enough the zero would somehow change itself, which it didn't. Then I went over to see Mr. Harding. He had a small suite of rooms in one of the Fifth Form houses. I wasn't sure whether I wanted him to be in or not. I knocked at the heavy brown door. Silence. I was about to go away, then knocked again. The door opened. Harding appeared. Baggy gray trousers. Dark vest. Gold watch chain in the vest. He must have been around fifty then, but he seemed older. Thin gray hair. Straight nose. Eyes that were very clear, and sometimes kind. "I don't understand about the exam," I began. I must have been very close to tears. "What don't you understand?" said Harding. I was sitting in a small chair beside his desk. He seemed very cold, remote. "The zero," I said. "The grade." Harding reached over for a stack of blue books, riffled through them, produced what seemed to be mine. A large, unmistakable zero in red crayon had been inscribed on the cover. "I think the grade should be perfectly clear," Harding said. Then: "I am not a fool, you know." I looked at him dumbly. Then: "The answer to the essay question that you have written here is an exact word-for-word transcription of pages 402 through 404 of 'The Growth of the American Republic.'" He more or less flung the exam book at me. I opened it, looked through it, turning the pages with thick fingers, not really seeing any-

A great fabric
made greater
by Oleg Cassini
for Sea Mark.
Galey&Lord

Polyester/cotton stripes woven by Galey & Lord—
a division of Burlington Industries Burlington House, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Scotties cotton up to navy

It's navy all the way for spring and summer play in 100% cotton knit . . . with dashing Swiss dots and dancing Daisy appliqué . . . tailored to sisters' tastes with teasing white trim . . . machine washable swingers for fashion's little flingers.

Scotties Polka Dots, this season's cotton pick at fine stores everywhere, including:

Bonwit Teller, New York, N.Y.
The Blum Store, Philadelphia, Pa.
Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.
McCurdy & Co., Rochester, N.Y.
G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.
Kaufman's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Scotties by CROMWELL INC.
112 WEST 34th STREET • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001
(212) 244-7330

thing—even my own handwriting seemed strange to me—felt sick, felt very scared, began to cry, then eventually tried to explain. All I could say, really, was that I hadn't cheated. Sir, sir, I hadn't cheated. I had just studied very hard. I had (it seemed) studied so hard, or relentlessly, or stupidly, that I'd in fact memorized the bloody textbook. We went on like that for a while. Then Harding stood up and went over to a shelf. He produced a fresh exam book and put it in front of me. "All right," he said. "You will sit here and write me the same answer to the essay question that you so kindly gave me yesterday. I will now repeat the question." He leaned against the side of the small leaded window, closed his eyes, and unrolled the question, which, I remember, had to do with Woodrow Wilson, the League of Nations, and the period just after the First World War. "You have thirty minutes," he said, and he left the room. For whole minutes, endless minutes, I just stared dumbly at the exam book in front of me. I opened it. Stared at the blank page. The inside of my head seemed absolutely inert. Woodrow Wilson. The League of Nations. I was supposed to remember and write out a seven-hundred-word-or-so stretch of text that I hadn't even known I'd memorized some days ago. Eventually, I began to write. I began somewhere, and just wrote. Some of the phrases seemed familiar, plausible. Some of it was blind. I wrote on and on, and finished. I called out to Mr. Harding that I'd done. He was in the other room. "All right," I heard him say, and he seemed not to be coming nearer, and so I left. I went back to try to find my parents at the Rectory. Everybody I passed or met, I felt sure, was looking at me. Everybody *knew*. My parents must surely know. I saw them talking with Mr. Francis, who was the Vice-Rector. They all looked very grave. I felt absolutely sick. "Mr. Francis has been explaining to us about the summer teaching program," my father said, in his new-found parent-teacher voice. I stayed with them, silent, fearful. Later, at dinner, the three of us in the little, tearoomy inn, a din of parents, old graduates, boys around us, I longed to tell them of my misfortune, my disgrace, but couldn't bear to. "Is something wrong?" my father asked at some point. "No," I said. "He's probably tired," my mother said. Before I went back to my house, my father and I took a short walk down beside the Lower School pond. It was one of the places I'd liked most at St. Paul's. Not a big pond at all—quite gardened and tended to on the near side, where we were walking, but, on the far side, full of coves and inlets, tall wild clumps of rushes, reeds, small swampy places, hidden places. In my Fifth Form year, George Brock and I had kept a small, beat-up rowboat hidden there, an old thing that barely floated but that we'd patched up somehow, and had spent what seemed like most of the spring aboard it, fishing late at night, smoking, discussing the true meaning of life, hockey, sex. My father seemed intent on talking to me about a summer job. "I think it's time you began to get into something," he said. And: "Now that you're older . . ." I paced beside him, trying to be manly, glancing out mournfully at the darkened pond. Ah, the simple past! George and I had bought a fishing rod in Concord one afternoon, quite an elaborate, expensive fly-fishing thing, and used to try to instruct each other in the evening, standing knee-deep in mud and swamp, the pond eventually lit only by stars and half a moon, the fly line whistling, singing above one's head, landing, inevitably, in trees and bushes, landing in bulrushes, and now and then, invisibly, unnoticed, upon the water. "Fantastic, fantastic," George would say. "Don't make a sound, for Christ's sake!" (I never figured out what role silence was supposed to play at those moments.) Now I walked beside this pond, beside my father, feeling him not at all, listening, in a way, quite placidly to his admonitions about summer work, but with only this one thought in my mind of Harding's zero. I knew I didn't want to tell my father about it. It wasn't that I was uncertain whether he would understand or not; I didn't even take it that far. I just didn't want to tell him. We walked along. I said I agreed, a summer job would be a good thing. I said I'd thought of trying to get a job as crew aboard Dave Whitney's sloop. "That's not the kind of summer job I had in mind," he said. We talked a bit about the new apartment in New York, about my sister, about my cousin Sarkis, who had been visiting, and then said good night in front of the inn. Good night, good night, a light male-to-male brush of the cheek. I went back to my room. My roommates were all up, all very cheerful. I went into the bedroom, undressed, got into bed, turned

It takes some of the work out of some of your work.

You could get quite a kick out of using the Polaroid Land camera at work.

Maybe even more than you get at home.

Suppose you could snap a dozen pictures of a new construction site. And have them in the mail to the home office with your daily report.

Investigate an accident, and pop the evidence right into your briefcase.

Snap an instant picture of each step in a difficult assembly. And give them to apprentices.

Or send prospects home with on-the-spot pictures of ☐ houses, ☐ horses, ☐ boats, ☐ or whatever you want to sell.

Now isn't that a pleasure?

(What business would you like to bring pleasure into?)

Every one of our automatic cameras gives you a beautiful color picture in 60 seconds. A black-and-white in 15.

Our Countdown Model 350 (under $160) is one of the most automatic cameras in the world. It even counts the developing time, then "beeps" electronically when your picture's perfectly developed.

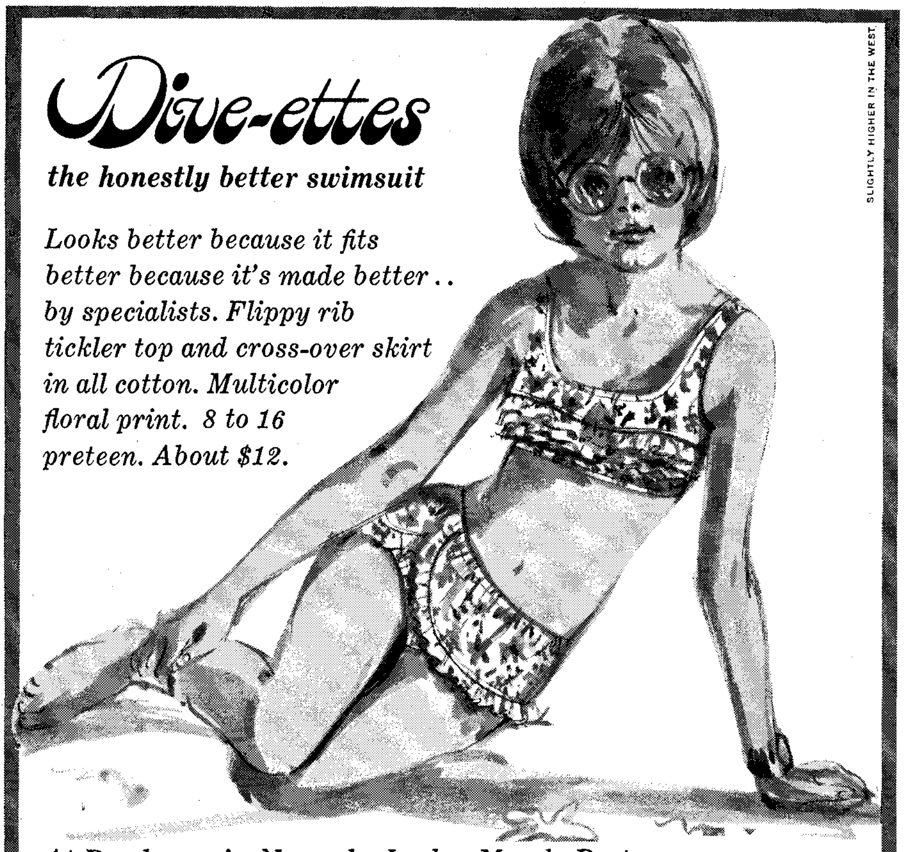
It comes with a single window Zeiss Ikon rangefinder-viewfinder. And takes attachments for close-ups as close as 9 inches.

Incidentally, a Polaroid camera used in business is usually a business expense. Along with the film, and flashbulbs.

And that would be the final pleasure.

POLAROID COLORPACK FILM
POLAROID COLORPACK FILM
350
POLAROID

Polaroid®



Dive-ettes

the honestly better swimsuit

Looks better because it fits better because it's made better.. by specialists. Flippy rib tickler top and cross-over skirt in all cotton. Multicolor floral print. 8 to 16 preteen. About $12.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

At Bamberger's, Newark; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Meier & Frank, Portland; and other fine stores or write Dive-ettes, Inc., 112 W. 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

Peridots Set With Diamonds in 18kt Gold

pair earclips $750

clip $1150

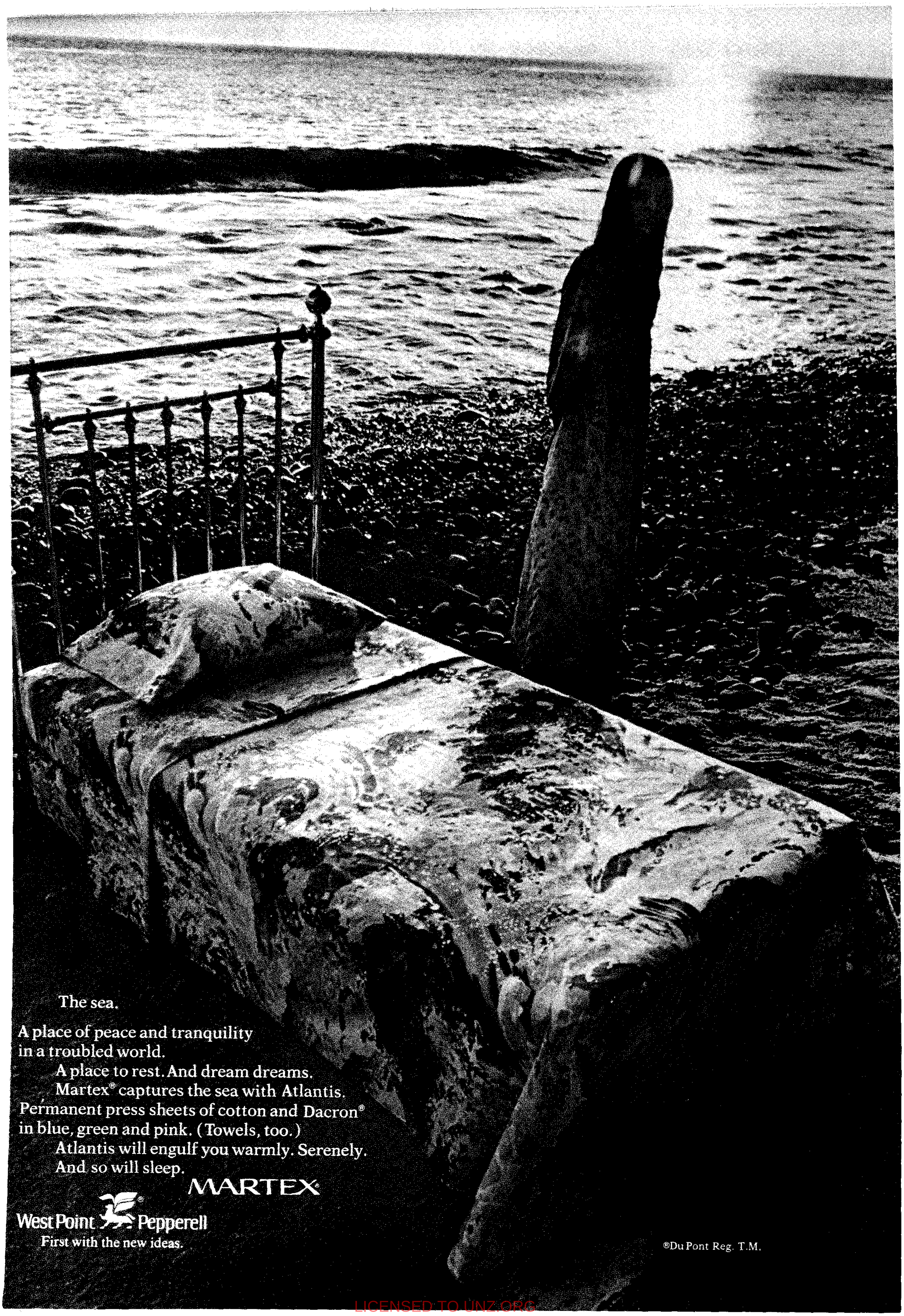
ring $1850

Olga TRITT

424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York City, N.Y. 10022

toward the wall, tried all night to sleep.

The next day, graduation in the afternoon. Well, the story has a happy ending—this one, anyway—although when I look back on it, it all seems foolish; no one comes out of it in any strong light, except possibly old Harding. He'd decided to believe me, at any rate—the second exam I'd written had turned out to be pretty much exactly like the first. This still left him, and me, with the problem of my having answered a history exam more or less by rote. He gave me a 90, which was what I'd usually had (except for the past two months), and this got me the Baxter Prize. I remember that evening sitting between my mother and my father in the study hall, the cavernous Middle School study hall, where the prizes were awarded. Row upon row of wooden chairs. Everybody's beautiful parents on either side of me. Masters in their black robes. Some girls. The whole world seemed to have returned to life. My great good friend Harry Thompson, the wondrous hockey player, sat two rows behind me, between his mother and stepfather and his stepmother and father. His father, Harry Thompson II, had also been a wondrous hockey player, although I gathered that he had been "too light for the Varsity" at Yale. We waved, exchanged cheerful greetings between the awards. Charles Prescott had already received the Gordon Medal, which was no surprise to anyone. Dick Vandiver, head of the Student Council (and reported to be so mature that he had to shave twice a day), received the Merrick Prize. Some other prizes. The Charles Henderson Hubbard Prize, "for that boy who, in his qualities of sportsmanship, leadership, and school spirit, most resembles the late Charles Henderson Hubbard," and so forth. The Baxter Prize for History. Me. The Rector as resplendent as the Pope of Rome upon the platform, two books thrust into my hands. My parents were very pleased. "Interesting books, too," my mother said. Afterward, Harry Thompson, especially wondrous in his blazer, hair wetted down—huge; long arms; inarticulate—introduced me to his parents, and then, in a wild fit of politesse, introduced all his parents and semi-parents to mine. "And this is my mother, and this is Fred White. . . . And this is my Dad. . . . And this is Jane." Jane, the stepmother, an elegant suburban Theda Bara whom I greatly admired for her charm and sophistication, discussed packing and the size of suitcases with my mother. Harry Thompson II



The sea.

A place of peace and tranquility
in a troubled world.
A place to rest. And dream dreams.
Martex® captures the sea with Atlantis.
Permanent press sheets of cotton and Dacron®
in blue, green and pink. (Towels, too.)
Atlantis will engulf you warmly. Serenely.
And so will sleep.

MARTEX®

West Point Pepperell®
First with the new ideas.

®Du Pont Reg. T.M.

"Start with Vodka stay with Vodka. That's what they always say."

"It's more than loyalty. It's a matter of taste. Vodka before dinner calls for a Vodka Golden Gate later. Half Vodka. Half Yellow Chartreuse. Not really a switch. Merely a slight departure."

Smirnoff
80 PROOF
SMIRNOFF
CHARTREUSE

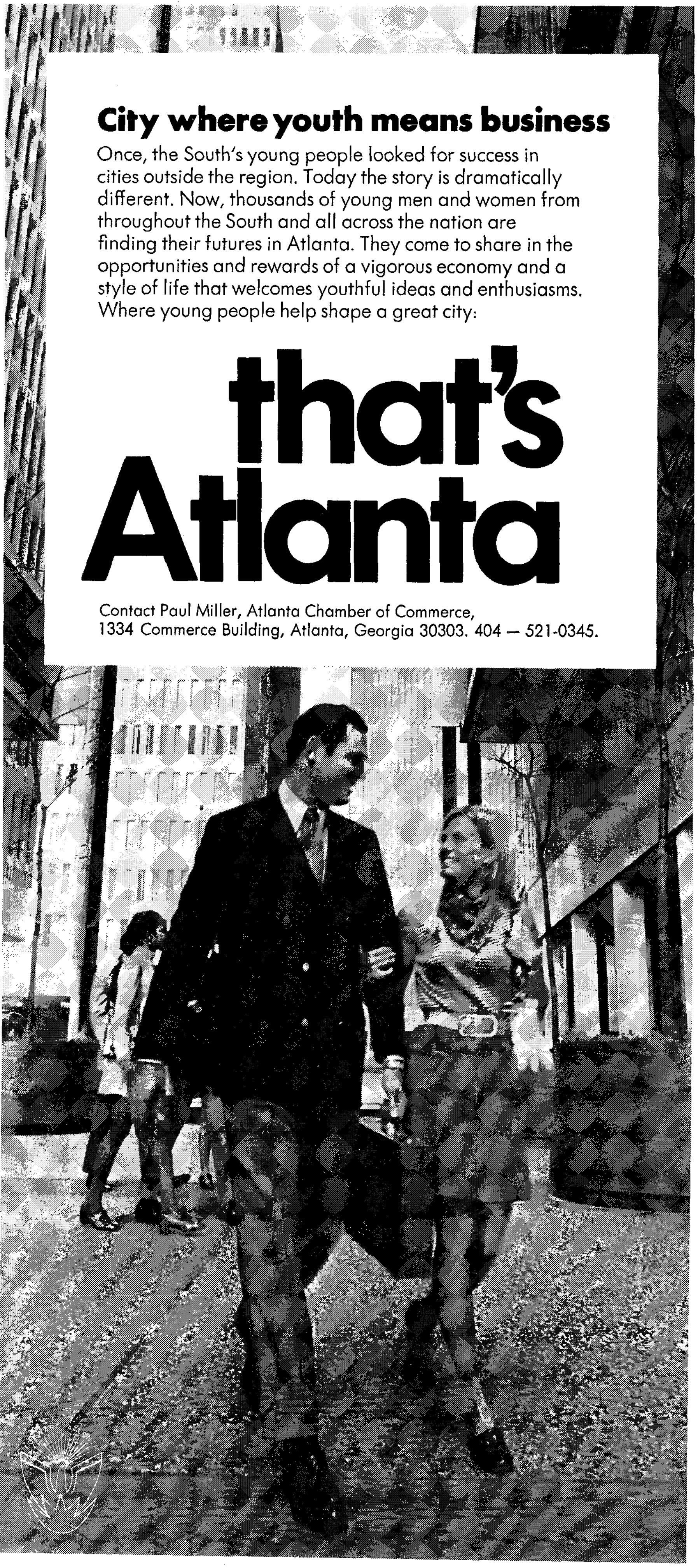
Yellow Chartreuse, 86 proof, poured half-and-half with Scotch or Bourbon, Vodka, Canadian or Gin, creates a Golden Gate. Lets you stay with what you start with. Not to be confused with 110 proof Green Chartreuse, which is best enjoyed neat, chilled or over ice. Imported by Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

CHARTREUSE
The indispensable liqueurs

clasped my father around the shoulders and looked happy. It was all very gay.

The next morning, the cars began to drive up to the dormitories. Some with chauffeurs, mostly not. Harry's father had a big green convertible. A trunk and hockey sticks and records and baseball gloves were loaded in. My mother and father and I went back by train—a nice trip, really. We stopped in Boston, had lunch at the Ritz. My father talked about the importance of having "a really good education," and about the Rector, who was always trying to tell him of his deep admiration for the English people. We laughed a lot, the three of us. I remember the thick blue goblets the Ritz used as water glasses, and still think of them with pleasure. It took me several more years—well into college—before I stopped trying to memorize things, and then it wasn't by any decision; I just stopped. I guess I began to be dimly aware that my mind had a life, an existence, of its own. A couple of years ago, though, somebody's child, who was studying something in school about the War of 1812, asked me a question about the shipping trade between England and the Caribbean colonies, and I found myself answering with a column of statistics—average annual tonnage, molasses, rum, Jamaica, London, Boston—that I remembered having memorized in the Fourth Form at St. Paul's, when we studied those things, too. But maybe the statistics were wrong; at least, I rather hope so. I stopped in mid-sentence, anyway, told her that I didn't know, that she should look it up. One more small thing: I wrote a story about that incident once—the incident with Harding, the prize, graduation. It was the first story I ever sold, right after college. I had it pretty much the way it had all happened—only, in my story (it wasn't much of a story) the boy did manage to tell his father. They walked along beside the pond, and then he told his father, who was angry at first, for a "brief instant." And then clasped the boy to him. The mother had blond hair and green eyes, and was called Nancy.

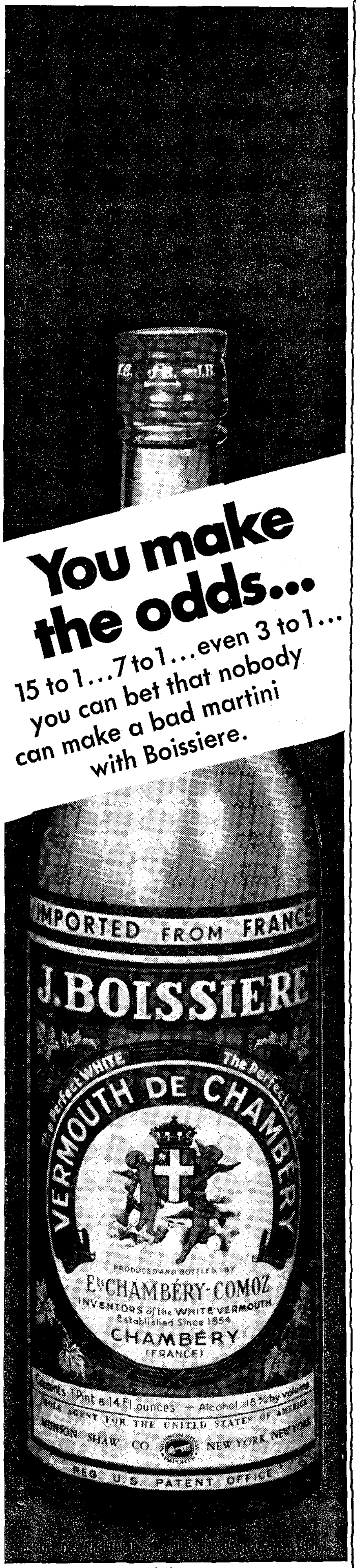
IN the very early nineteen-fifties—in 1951, I think, to be precise, when my father was around fifty-five (and I was in my next-to-last year at college)—something good seemed about to happen to him. At the time, he really wasn't doing a damned thing except having lunch with people. That table in the King Cole Bar of the St. Regis. Mr. Arlen's table. He would


City where youth means business

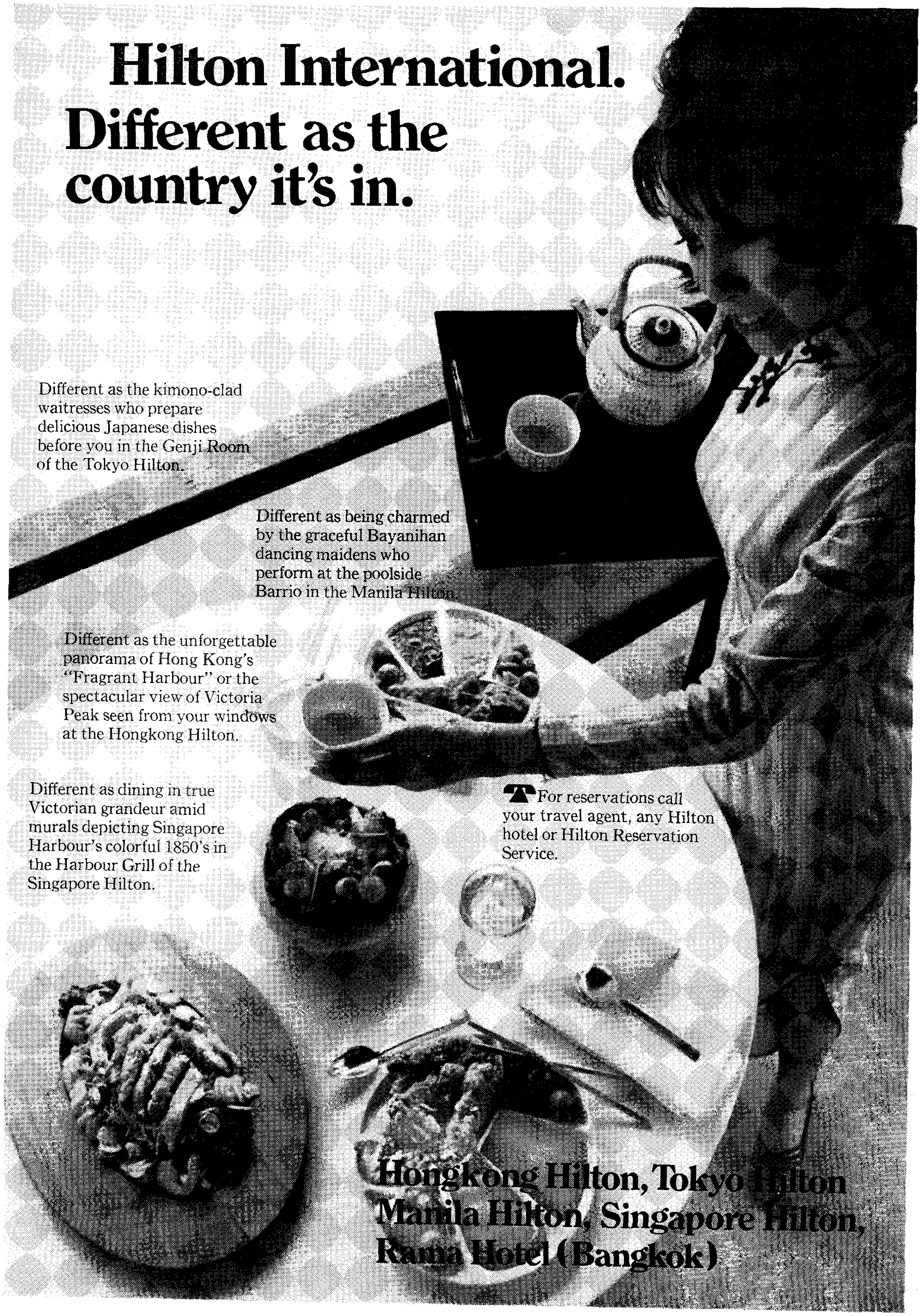
Once, the South's young people looked for success in cities outside the region. Today the story is dramatically different. Now, thousands of young men and women from throughout the South and all across the nation are finding their futures in Atlanta. They come to share in the opportunities and rewards of a vigorous economy and a style of life that welcomes youthful ideas and enthusiasms. Where young people help shape a great city:

that's Atlanta

Contact Paul Miller, Atlanta Chamber of Commerce,
1334 Commerce Building, Atlanta, Georgia 30303. 404 — 521-0345.


You make the odds...
15 to 1...7 to 1...even 3 to 1...
you can bet that nobody can make a bad martini with Boissiere.
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
J.BOISSIERE
The Perfect WHITE
VERMOUTH DE CHAMBERY
The Perfection
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
Ets CHAMBÉRY-COMOZ
INVENTORS of the WHITE VERMOUTH
Established Since 1856
CHAMBERY
(FRANCE)
Contents 1 Pint & 14 Fl. ounces — Alcohol 18% by volume
SOLE AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BENSON SHAW CO. NEW YORK, NEW YORK
REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE

arrive there around one o'clock, he said, although actually it was closer to twelve-thirty, and he would leave around two-thirty, he said, although actually it was usually after three. Not that it matters. He wasn't doing anything else. And it's probably unfair of me to say that he was only lunching with people; in reality he was talking with people, or to people, and he did that very well. Sometimes the people were eminences, distinguished, men who indeed were something in the world, or who had been something in the world. When Rex Harrison was in town in a show, he would come by. Or John O'Hara. Thornton Wilder. Noël Coward. The occasional presence of such people gave "the table" a certain cachet. "The table" would be mentioned in the columns—Leonard Lyons, that sort of thing. But in truth most of the men who joined my father at his lunches were of a different sort: the sleek, rather too affable, rather too easily smiling men-about-New York, men with carefully trimmed fingernails and small public-relations firms, men in charge of advertising at Condé Nast, recently arrived editors at *Time* or *Life*—pleasant men, on the whole, of tepid body temperatures, who liked to stand close to something warmer. I used to drop by the table often, at first on vacations from college, then when I was working in New York, and what I mostly remember is this semicircle of perpetually tanned, relentlessly sophisticated New York-and-I-hope-Southampton-in-the-summer faces, and my father talking, talking, being often amusing, entertaining, being often truly sharp and intelligent, and these faces ringing him round—George and Richard and John and Harry. "*Great* to see you, Michael," George would say, sliding into an empty chair. George in his beautiful gabardine suit, George who commuted to Bermuda, where his wife's family was "active" in real estate, and who found the weekly plane trips useful because they allowed him to "keep up with his reading." Also, around the time I'm talking of—1950, 1951—my father, almost in direct proportion to his own withdrawal from writing, began to somehow fasten on to my own slow, amateurish, and really not very promising progress toward it. I knew even then that this was all very understandable, that no parent is capable of absolute detachment toward the accomplishments of his children. But all the same it used to trouble me that my father should seem so *very* pleased by what I was then doing, by the tiny triumphs I was then managing in the small arenas at Harvard—the "college magazine," the college "musical show." It's not that I myself was especially modest about these things. I felt an enormous glow of pride, pleasure—what have you—whenever I got a story into the college magazine, and what I felt wasn't in the least diminished for me by my knowledge that on many occasions I was the only person writing for it, and was the editor as well. I realized, too, that fathers were supposed to be pleased by their sons' achievements, or semi-achievements, and I was certainly glad that mine liked what I'd been doing, didn't disapprove, didn't ignore. But it was more than liking, father-taking-an-interest, and it began to seem out of balance and disturbing. And I felt something more than—or, at least, different from—a son's usual embarrassment at his father's coming on too strong about his Little League fastball. I didn't even particularly admire my father's work in those days—secretly disapproved of a lot of it, in fact, cloaked in my newfound serious Harvard high literary standards to the point of being quite agreeable to sharing with Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling, Cyril Connolly, et al. their already published embarrassments at the "excesses" and "modishness" of "The Green Hat." But at the same time—I think this is true to say—I knew he was a real damned writer. I knew when I read some of his stories, especially some of the things in "May Fair" and "These Charming People," that there on the page was a real presence, an energy. *Somebody*. There sure as hell was *something* there, something that not many other men had. I didn't know what it was, and I didn't even like most of it then, but I knew it was special. *He* was special, in a way that none of the Georges and Richards and Johns and Harrys seemed able to comprehend—or, at any rate, meet—with their thin laughs, and anecdotes, and endless savvyness. And now he seemed no longer to comprehend it. He seemed to have let it all go by, as if it had been somebody else all along. We'd sit around that damned table at the St. Regis—he talking, conversing, conversing with himself, reminiscing. Set pieces. The time he and Conrad and Shaw were on the Aquitania together. D. H. Lawrence at the Café Royale. D. H.



Hilton International.
Different as the country it's in.

Different as the kimono-clad waitresses who prepare delicious Japanese dishes before you in the Genji Room of the Tokyo Hilton.

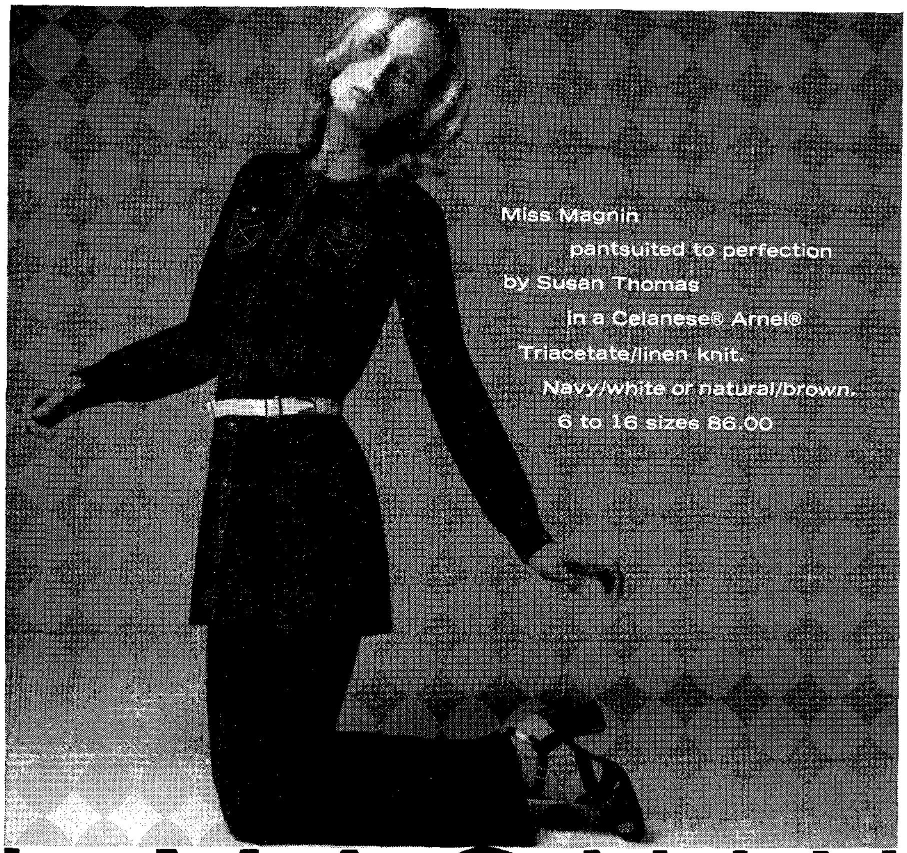
Different as being charmed by the graceful Bayanihan dancing maidens who perform at the poolside Barrio in the Manila Hilton.

Different as the unforgettable panorama of Hong Kong's "Fragrant Harbour" or the spectacular view of Victoria Peak seen from your windows at the Hongkong Hilton.

Different as dining in true Victorian grandeur amid murals depicting Singapore Harbour's colorful 1850's in the Harbour Grill of the Singapore Hilton.

☎ For reservations call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

Hongkong Hilton, Tokyo Hilton
Manila Hilton, Singapore Hilton,
Rama Hotel (Bangkok)



Miss Magnin
pantsuited to perfection
by Susan Thomas
in a Celanese® Arnel®
Triacetate/linen knit.
Navy/white or natural/brown.
6 to 16 sizes 86.00

I. MAGNIN
CALIFORNIA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX
mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles

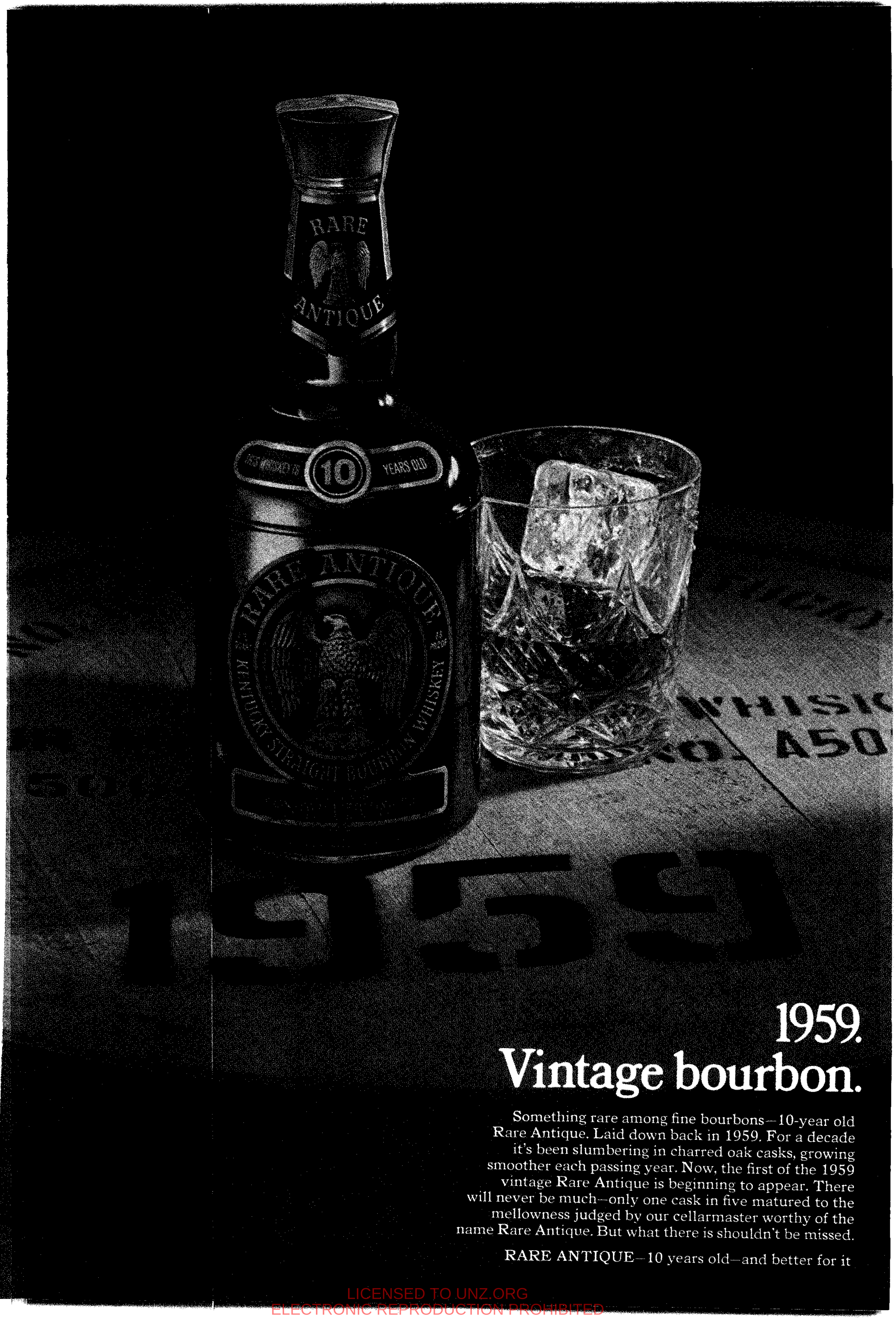
The Fifteen Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding.

What else can you call an authentic work of art that thinks it's a barbecue table, and acts accordingly? Bjørn Wiinblad, the award-winning Danish artist, designed it for his own patio. Its four-foot ceramic top is lovingly hand-painted in Cobalt Blue underglaze, and it comes complete with 6 wrought iron spits, 6 roasting forks and a ceramic insert that turns the whole thing into a spacious dining table or outdoor bar. $1500. Delivery included, as befits a work of art.

Rosenthal
STUDIO-HAUS

Rosenthal Studio-Haus
584 Fifth Avenue at Forty Seventh Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

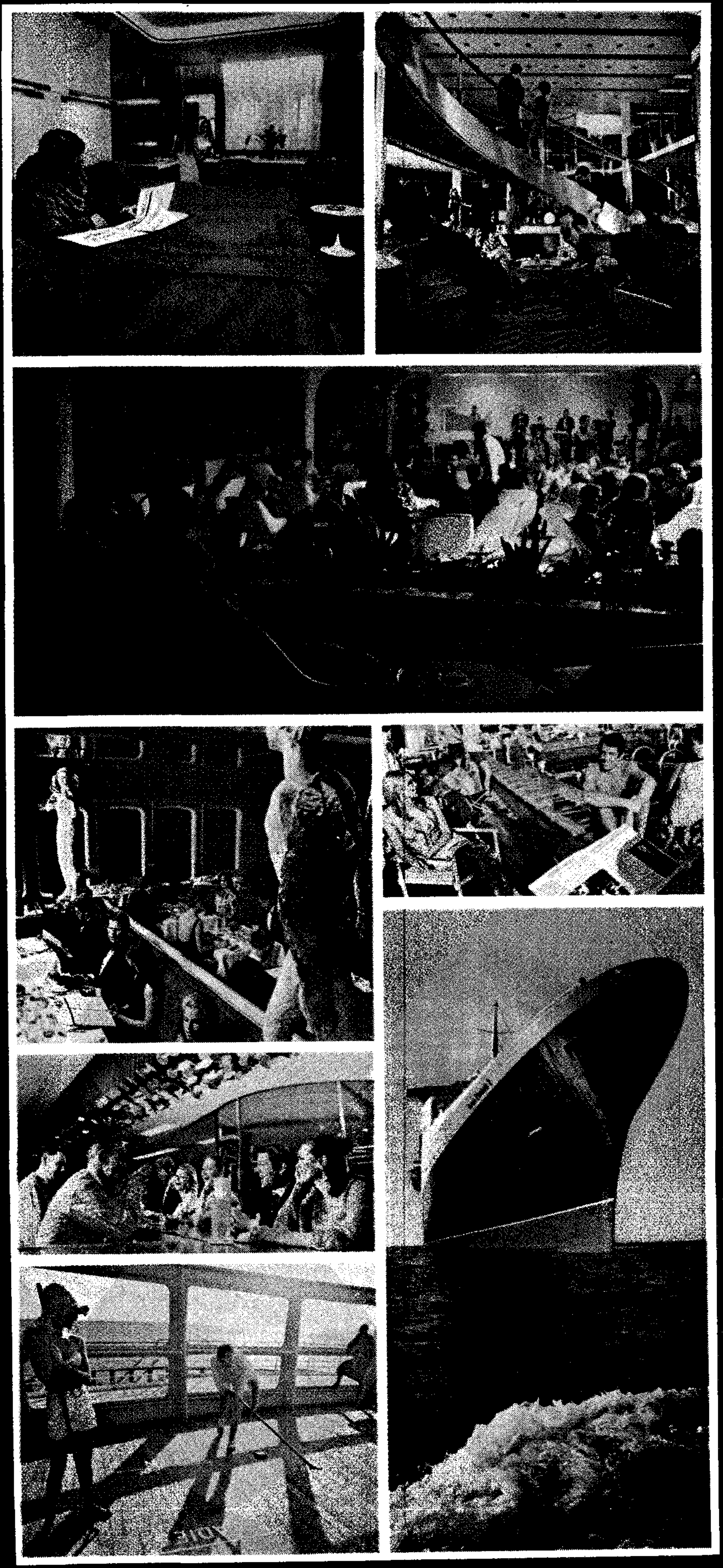
Lawrence, Michael? Which Lawrence was that? Lawrence sketched in five sentences for the benefit of a cosmetics-account executive, who kept inquiring if Noël Coward was "in town" and looking hopefully around the room. And then one year—for a couple of months in that one year—something good seemed about to happen. It was a television show—the possibility of being a sort of narrator-host of a new "dramatic" series. My mother wrote to me about this while I was at college. "Your father is very excited," she said. "He and Mr. Tobin have begun work on an idea for television." I remembered Peter Tobin slightly. I remembered him, in fact, as being one of the Georges and Johns and Richards at the St. Regis—a tall, dark-haired, handsome, soft-faced man in his late thirties with vaguely aristocratic good looks, the sort of man who always seemed to be wearing an open-necked silk shirt and an ascot whether he was or not. He had met my father at a party somewhere and had started to drop by off and on at the St. Regis. He was a writer. He had written, one gathered, a number of unperformed plays "in the Freddie Lonsdale manner." He was now working on the outskirts of the new television drama programs, and he had this idea for a series. It was to be called "Knaves and Aces," which still makes me wince instinctively as I write it (what would my old companions Wilson, Trilling, and Connolly think of "Knaves and Aces"?), and was to be a series of thirty-minute plays—of thirty-minute elegant-and-sophisticated plays, which my father would introduce from a sort of mockup of his St. Regis table. Peter Tobin would write the plays. My father would be the front man, the "host." Hosts were very big on television then—Ronald Reagan on the "General Electric Theatre," Alistair Cooke on "Omnibus," etc. One could probably say that "Knaves and Aces" was doomed from the start (although God knows how one could ever be too damned sure about anything on TV being doomed, or not doomed, from the start). Among other reasons, Peter Tobin, a nice man, just wasn't much of a writer—in the sense that it's uphill enough being Freddie Lonsdale himself, let alone writing "in the Freddie Lonsdale manner." But they made one pilot show, and it ran on WNBC one evening. My father was pleased as hell about the whole thing, and that's really what I remember. He knew that Peter Tobin wasn't much of a writer, that the whole proj-


RARE
ANTIQUE
10
YEARS OLD
RARE ANTIQUE
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
WHISK
NO. 450
1959

1959.
Vintage bourbon.

Something rare among fine bourbons—10-year old Rare Antique. Laid down back in 1959. For a decade it's been slumbering in charred oak casks, growing smoother each passing year. Now, the first of the 1959 vintage Rare Antique is beginning to appear. There will never be much—only one cask in five matured to the mellowness judged by our cellarmaster worthy of the name Rare Antique. But what there is shouldn't be missed.

RARE ANTIQUE—10 years old—and better for it



TAKE EVERY VACATION IN THE WORLD.

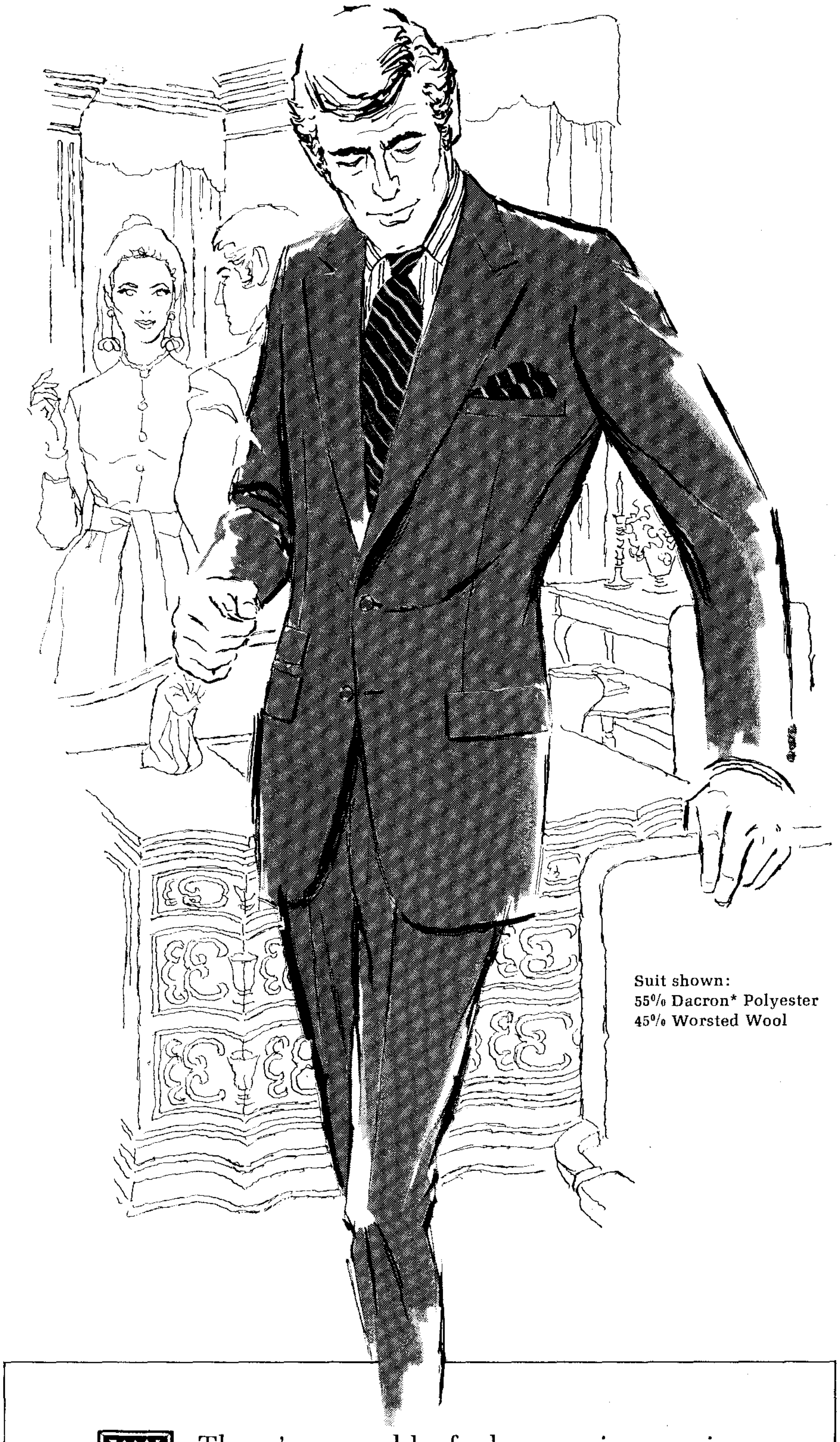
Take the excitement. The relaxation. The romance, beauty and activity. Then take the new Queen Elizabeth 2. The world's most complete vacation experience. One that pampers you with incomparable British service. That opens up a shipboard world of art, cinema, shopping and sports. That wines and dines you in three horizon-surrounded restaurants. Treats you to show-stopping entertainment, intimate lounge parties and never-ending music. Then tucks you into a suite you wish you could live in for the rest of your life. Cunard's new QE2, registered in Great Britain, is every vacation in the world.

For information about QE2 Atlantic Holidays see your travel agent or write Cunard, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017.

CUNARD QE2
VS. ANY VACATION IN THE WORLD.

ect was unlikely, an outside chance. But it was as if for a brief period he'd waked up, come alive. Again had a connection out into the world. Most of the preparations for that first show took place in December of 1951. "I'm afraid I won't be at the St. Regis today," he'd say. "I have to be at the studio." There were conferences with "wardrobe." Conferences with Tobin. Phone conversations with John Gregory, the producer. Tobin was trying to ready a couple of other plays for the series. One of them, I remember, was about a jewel thief, and had a lot of references to polo and to an elderly female character whose name was Mrs. Bottomley. I remember my father's shaking his head over the manuscript and trying to rewrite it. The first episode was shown in January. Everything live, the way they did it then. My father sitting at this table, very suave, the cigarette holder, the cane, a few well-chosen words, the old storyteller himself—in fact, very pro and not bad at all. The story itself, some damn thing also about jewel thieves, and a girl, and a "rich playboy." Grace Kelly, I remember, was the girl—I think this was her first part. She wore a raincoat and looked pretty. I forget who the playboy was—maybe Freddie Lonsdale. And that was it: not too bad, not good enough. And I mention it all here not because the event had some large, melodramatic significance in my father's life—you know, the big comeback at the Palace, the old Writer setting his hopes on a great TV success, working his heart out, then having it all fall through. Actually, he was fairly cool about the whole business: interested, hopeful (a bit), but cool, very much the way he was about a lot of things. I write about it here less for the events involved—whether or not the show was deserving, or whether or not "Knaves and Aces" would have led to something—than for the recollection of a very brief time, in his mature years and in my semi-adulthood, when I saw him, so to speak, in a kind of *motion*, when I saw him connected, and connecting. "I'm afraid I won't be at the St. Regis today. I have to be at the studio."

The next time I came down from college, March of my senior year, we met once again at the St. Regis. It was fine. He looked very well. John McClain and Hugh Courtland were there. The inevitable George came by, not in a gabardine suit but wearing dark glasses. "*Great* to see you, Michael," he said. McClain had just been down to see a John van Druten



Suit shown:
55% Dacron* Polyester
45% Worsted Wool

There's a world of pleasure in wearing a hand-tailored Walter-Morton Litemate summer suit that tells people how well you dress —not how hot it is! Loomed in a superfine blend of cool, colorful DACRON* and worsted wool.

WALTER-MORTON CLOTHES
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

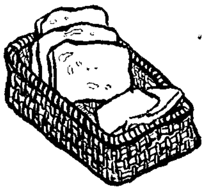
*DuPont Registered Trademark

Peck & Peck salutes the saucy side of summer. For a certain kind of woman.

If it makes sense and is fun besides, it's just right. Right? Consider our front-slit shift and shorts set.
It does both with ease in fully lined, washable polyester and cotton voile.
Which leaves you with little to decide except the color—a shocking pink or orange-y mix. 8 to 16, 24.00*
*Slightly higher on the West Coast

Fifth Avenue and Branches

play opening in Philadelphia. There was some talk about that. Hugh Courtland was going to Paris. My father asked me to stay on with him after lunch. He had some errands to do, he said. We walked out of the St. Regis and down Fifth Avenue. A nice, brisk day. Sunshine. Not cold. My father now quite short beside me. A dark-blue overcoat. The cane. He had a manila envelope under his arm. At a street crossing, I spotted the letterhead on the envelope. *Esquire*. Had he written something, I asked. In a way, not believing it was possible, believing anything possible. “Oh, it's nothing,” he said briskly. “Just a thing.” I let the matter drop. We walked on down the sidewalk, went into Cartier's. He had a watch to pick up. On the way out, he said, “*Esquire* is publishing a story of mine.” Great, I said, or something like that. I was really very pleased, and felt quite strange. I had known that one of these days he would start to write again, and I felt both gladness and lots of other, quite nameless things. He handed me the envelope as we walked. I took out the contents—a manuscript. At the top of the page: “The Golden Bridegroom, by Michael Arlen.” I started to read, then stopped. “But this is one you've already done,” I said. “Yes,” he said. Then: “It was published in England.” Then: “I've made a few changes. I think it's jolly good, if you ask me.” I didn't read it then, because we were walking; put it back in the envelope; returned the envelope to him. I'd already read it in, I think, the *Strand*, or in some similar magazine—one of the scattering of odd pieces he'd done before the war. We did some other errands that afternoon, I forget what—something about shirts at Sulka, a foray into Scribners. I didn't usually go shopping with my father; in fact, I didn't usually think of him as going shopping. It was very nice. And then it began to get late. We were at Fifty-second and Fifth. Let's drop in at “21,” he said. We went in, sat down at one of the small tables downstairs. Mac Kriendler, one of the owners, came by. “How come you don't drop in anymore?” he asked. “Are you still on the Coast?” It was about five-thirty then, a nearly-spring evening, nobody much there. My father had a Martini. I would have liked to have a beer, but I had a Scotch-and-soda, feeling that to be more the kind of drink expected of one in such fancy surroundings. He and I talked about this and that for a while. College. Some Spaniard that my sister was threatening to marry. “I don't even believe he's a real Spaniard,” my father said. The manila envelope was lying on the table in front of us. My father picked up a corner of it, fingered it for a moment. “I was surprised at how little *dated* this is,” he said. “I mean, some of the references aren't right for today, but the story itself holds up very well. The character of Pullman, for example. I think he comes off very well.” He looked at me. I don't know how I must have seemed to him. He put his hand on my arm, the way he sometimes did. Sometimes he had the deepest brown eyes I've ever seen. “It would be nice to be in print again,” he said. And then, very quickly: “I heard the most astonishing thing from Hugh.” The eyes quite different. Hugh. Some story. A swirl of words. Funny. We stayed a while longer; he finished a second drink, and paid. We walked out slowly through the room, which by now was nearly full. Men, women. Talk. Suddenly a voice boomed out, “Michael!” My father stopped. The room was really quite dark. Over in a far corner sat Ernest Hemingway. Unmistakable. The mustache. The face. I walked on over, following my father. “Good to see you, Michael,” he said, with evident feeling. He was apparently being interviewed. “Sit down, sit down,” Hemingway kept saying. My father demurred a bit—the interview and all that. Hemingway seemed no longer aware of the newspaperman. We all sat around the small table, and Hemingway and my father talked to each other. I guess I should remember what they said, what who said to whom, but it wasn't like that at all. Mostly, I remember a kindness that seemed to exist between the two men, in the resonance of the voices, in the eyes, in the echoes that moved back and forth across the tablecloth. Hemingway himself had recently been having a very rough time. “Across the River and into the Trees.” Bad reviews—a bad press. He'd just been getting over a skin disease. He kept rubbing the side of his face with the flat of his hand. “Those damned doctors,” he said. “All that money to fix up one's hide.” Then: “I wrote the bloody book for twenty-five thousand dollars.” Then: “I don't think it's too bloody bad. I could have written five hundred pages just about Cantwell.”



“Cantwell is a marvellous character,” my father said. “You really did him very well, Ernest.”

"They're tearing it all to pieces," Hemingway said.

"You don't have to worry, Ernest," my father said.

Hemingway asked me briefly about what I was doing. He spoke of his son Patrick, who was in Africa. John O'Hara. Do you see much of John? They spoke of John O'Hara. Of old friends in Paris and London. Hemingway was hoping to get out to Idaho soon. He had a cabin out near Sun Valley.

There was a very real warmth across that table, and I remember Hemingway pleased, my father easeful, a kind of ease I'd rarely seen in him—none of that wit, that dapperness, that St. Regis amusingness. I don't want to make too much of what it was or wasn't. Briefly, I think, for a few moments in the dark of that room, he must have felt himself on hard ground again, felt himself known. We finally got up to leave. Lots of handclasping, shoulder clasping. Hemingway so big. My father small, very handsome, not leaning on his cane.

"Give my love to Atalanta," Hemingway said.

"I will," my father said. "She'd like to see you."

Some other men came up. More newspaper people. They were calling him Papa. "Goodbye, goodbye," Hemingway said. Then: "I still owe you a favor, Michael." A big laugh.

"Goodbye, Ernest," my father said.

We walked out the door, back down the street. Fifty-second Street. My father was very quiet. The cane tapping on the sidewalk.

"What did Mr. Hemingway mean about the favor?" I asked.

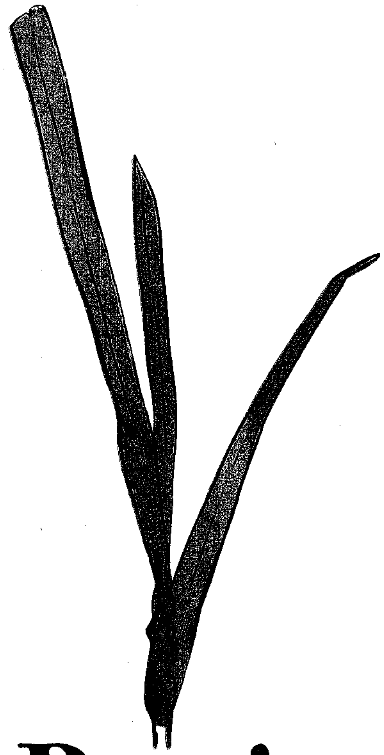
"Oh, that," he said. He laughed. A nice laugh. An old private joke, he said. "One autumn in Paris, I introduced Ernest to a girl I was with," he said. "Duff Twysden. Ernest later made that book around her. You know—Lady Brett." We turned on Fifth and headed north, uptown. "At some time or other, everybody was in love with Duff Twysden," he said. We walked along beside each other for a while—this short dark man, the cane, the manila envelope under his arm—and then found a taxi close by the Plaza and went home. —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

(This is the second part of a two-part memoir.)

•

"The W-2 forms (received from an employer) must be stapled to the back of the tax payer, causing further delay."
—*Mount Vernon (N.Y.) Daily Argus.*

And a quick, sharp pain.



The Respirator.

A blade of grass.

It's quiet. It has no moving parts.

Yet it and its fellow blades take in carbon dioxide and the worst atmospheric pollutants — sulfur dioxide, ozone, peroxyacetyl nitrate, hydrogen fluoride — and give up pure oxygen in return.

The sturdier the plant, the more the purification. In fact, actively growing grass on a plot 25 feet square releases enough oxygen to sustain life day after day for a grown person.

The world needs more such greenery. Even a house plant beside a window in your home will help the cause.

Think of it.

O. M. Scott & Sons of Marysville, Ohio
100 years in the grass-roots business.

Grande Regency, Prelude, and Royal Danish are part of our International sterling collection. And here's what makes our sterling worth collecting:

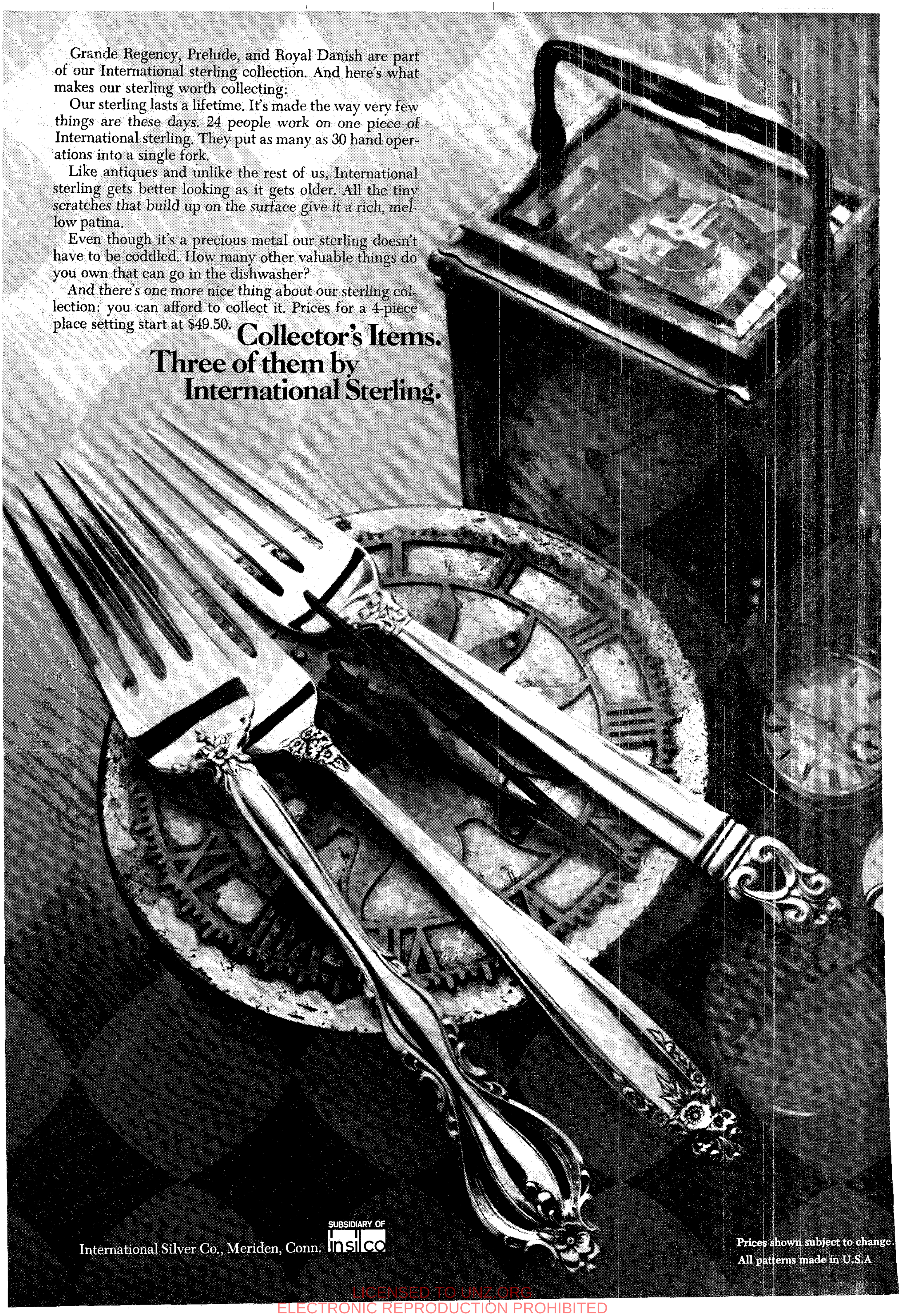
Our sterling lasts a lifetime. It's made the way very few things are these days. 24 people work on one piece of International sterling. They put as many as 30 hand operations into a single fork.

Like antiques and unlike the rest of us, International sterling gets better looking as it gets older. All the tiny scratches that build up on the surface give it a rich, mellow patina.

Even though it's a precious metal our sterling doesn't have to be coddled. How many other valuable things do you own that can go in the dishwasher?

And there's one more nice thing about our sterling collection: you can afford to collect it. Prices for a 4-piece place setting start at $49.50.

Collector's Items. Three of them by International Sterling.®



International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn. SUBSIDIARY OF insilco

Prices shown subject to change.
All patterns made in U.S.A

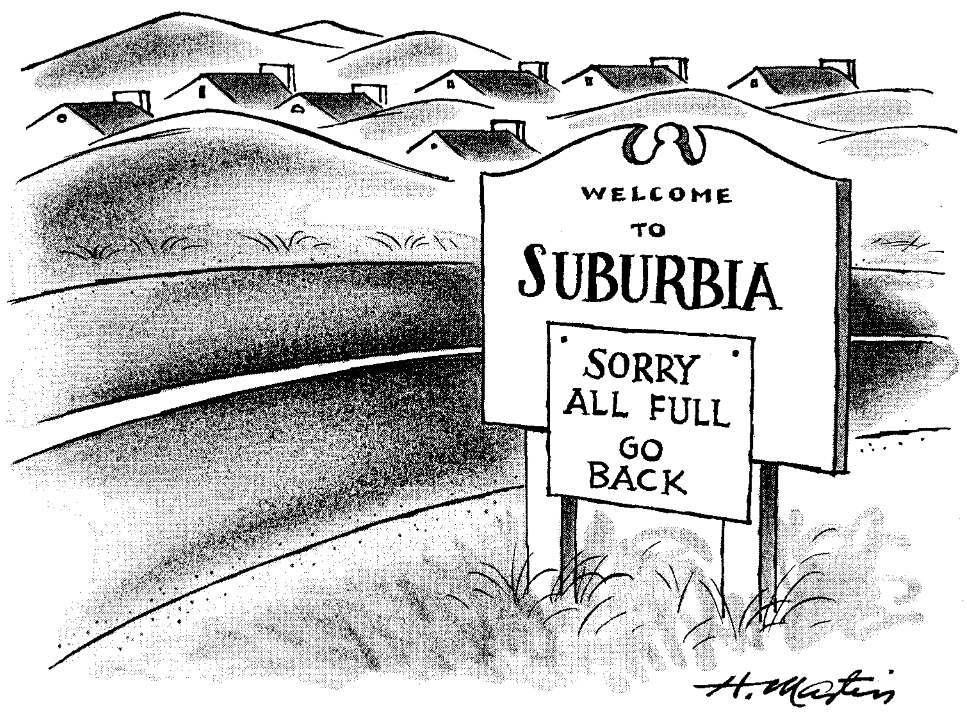
THE THEATRE

DASHED HOPES

PROPERLY acted, Shaw's "Candida" is such a charming, neatly turned anecdote that many people suppose it to be foolproof. The falsity of this supposition was vividly demonstrated at the Longacre last week, where, for a total of eight performances, the poor little play took a terrible drubbing. It is no doubt ungallant of me to say so, but the main fault lay with Celeste Holm, who proved thoroughly unlike the Candida of Shaw's imagination. To state the harshest truth first, Candida is, we are told, thirty-three, and it is a welcome fact that most of the good-looking women of thirty-three that we know—especially the happy ones, and Candida is always radiantly, invincibly happy, even when she is angry—tend to look from five to ten years younger than their age; good-looking as Miss Holm unquestionably is, she could not make us believe that she was a wife still in the bloom of her youth, with most of the best of life before her. Given this matronly—indeed, housekeeperly—Candida, the rest of the play suffered a fatal distortion. The poet Marchbanks is an ardent, Shelleyan eighteen, and we are ready to behold him falling in love with a woman so primaverally desirable that, for his sake, she must remind him in simple arithmetical terms of the unbridgeable gap in years between them. When we beheld him, in this production, falling in love with a woman who could so easily have been his mother, the play assumed an unlooked-for, creepy aspect; it was transformed into a sort of comic parlor "Oedipus," with jolly, adorable Candida coming within an ace of committing Jocasta's crime. Awkward as this was, the difficulty was compounded by the fact that the actor who played Marchbanks—his name is Robert Browning, and I wonder if I haven't heard that name somewhere before—conceived of him as a scarcely controlled hysteric, all hippie hair, hippie petulance, and hippie narcissism. Marchbanks is an aristocrat and would never give offense except on purpose, with style; impossible to imagine this Marchbanks falling in love with Candida unselfishly, in order to pluck her from the bosom of her hypocritical dolt of a preacher-husband, or to imagine Candida seriously proposing to choose between them.

Wesley Addy played the Reverend James Mavor Morell with a grace and skill that, under the circumstances, made him more conspicuous than he may have counted on being, and Cavada Humphrey and Paxton Whitehead were splendid in their minor roles as Prossie Garnett and the Reverend Alexander Mill. (Shaw sums up something he calls Prossie's Complaint as an ill-directed amorousness. Is there a Ph.D. thesis to be written establishing a link between Prossie's Complaint and Portnoy's?) Keith Mackey played Mr. Burgess, Candida's father, with the most unconvincing Cockney accent I have ever heard. The play, directed by Lawrence Carra, had a fussy set by John Braden. Shaw wrote "Candida" in 1894, but for some reason the time of the play was noted in the program as being 1905. With a playwright like Shaw, who is always at some level of intention a polemicist, it is unjust to juggle the dates of his works. The social, sexual, and religious frustrations that form the basis of the plot of "Candida" seem so old hat to us now that we can scarcely believe that when it was written it was considered unplayable, and one manager begged off producing it on the ground that it was twenty-five years ahead of its time. The degree to which Shaw dates is the degree to which he read the future clearly and raised merry hell striving to bring a better one to birth. At our best, we are his heirs, and we patronize him at our peril.

"CRY FOR US ALL," recently at the Broadhurst, was an extremely ambitious musical adaptation of the play "Hogan's Goat," by William Alfred, which enjoyed such a success at the American Place Theatre a few seasons ago. I was less enthusiastic about the play than most of my colleagues; it struck me as just the sort of old-fashioned, overheated closet melodrama that a professor of English—which Mr. Alfred is—would write out of his knowledge of a score of literary and dramatic sources, not all of them of the highest quality. Its Boucicault-like plotting (much hinges on a tin box with a false bottom, containing a certain desperately important document), its fake Irish eloquence, and its romantic view of Brooklyn politics in the eighteen-eighties set my teeth on edge. Nevertheless, I had high hopes for the musical version. The very flamboyance of the story of "Hogan's Goat" promised to furnish an ideal libretto, and Mitch Leigh, the composer of the music of "Cry for Us All," certainly attempted to make every scene count in musical terms, pushing the usual Broadway song-and-dance boundaries out to a point where they approached the operatic. In like manner, Howard Bay provided an operatic setting—an immense Brooklyn brownstone, with a bar on

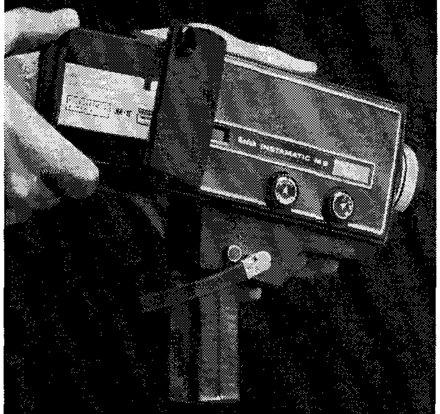


the ground floor and a dwelling above, of which, thanks to the turntable upon which it stands, we could see both the exterior and the interior, dominated by its monstrous and eventually murderous staircase. The costumes, by Robert Fletcher, were operatic in their richness and variety, and the cast was operatic in number, if nothing else—there are twenty-three named parts.

Despite its lofty aspirations, "Cry for Us All" failed, and it is not easy to say why. Perhaps the chief reason was that we could not be made to concern ourselves sufficiently with the fates of the two leading characters—Matt Stanton (Steve Arlen), who is hoping to run for Mayor of Brooklyn, and his wife, Kathleen (Joan Diener), who is obliged to spend much of the play forgiving him for the lies he has told her and, at the climax, undergoes a horrible accident as a result of not forgiving him for the biggest lie of all. Edward Quinn, the corrupt incumbent Mayor (Robert Weede), manages, being old and lonely, to win more of our sympathy than does either Matt or Kathleen, but the one who wins the most—Agnes Hogan, who has been Quinn's and Stanton's mistress—is never seen; she is an offstage presence around whom everyone's life turns, and it is an insuperable defect of the plot that we meet her only at second hand. As for the performances, Tommy Rall was exceptionally good as a toady of Mayor Quinn's (he danced an astonishing jig at Agnes Hogan's wake), and Helen Gallagher was attractive in the rubbishy small role of a dim-witted prostitute. "Cry for Us All" was ably directed by Albert Marre, who collaborated with Mr. Alfred on the book. Speaking of collaboration, I should utter a word of praise in behalf of the lyrics, which were by Phyllis Robinson and Mr. Alfred. They are the cleverest I have heard in years. Mrs. Robinson and Mr. Alfred even found a delectable rhyme for "Canarsie." That takes doing.

THE eminent pantomimist Marcel Marceau is back in town. On the vast stage of the City Center, this small, shapely Frenchman is multiplying himself in his usual incomparable amoebic fashion—now a circus performer lifting weights, now an automaton, now a painter, now a prisoner in a cage, now half a dozen strollers in a public garden. Shakespeare said on another occasion (Shakespeare is *always* saying things on other occasions), "The rest is silence," and M. Marceau insidiously tempts us to say of the dra-

Drop-in movies.



Drop in . . . shoot! Just drop in the film cartridge and you're ready to shoot bright, sharp, colorful super 8 movies. Automatically.

No threading. No winding. Your hands never touch the film.

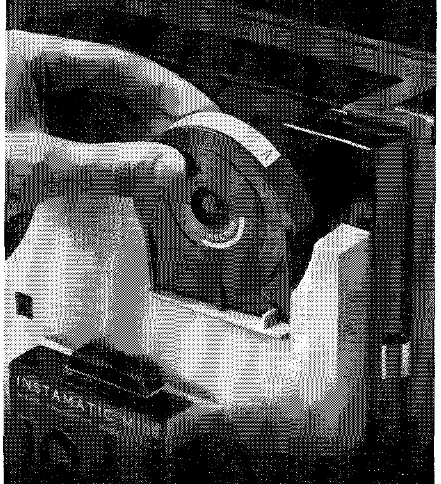
This Kodak Instamatic M9 movie camera has power zoom, reflex viewing, extra-fast *f*/1.8 lens, automatic electric eye. Four shooting speeds. Less than $200. At your photo dealer's.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak Instamatic® M9 movie camera.

Kodak

Drop-in movies.



Drop in . . . show! This Kodak Instamatic M109 movie projector makes showing movies as easy as taking them.

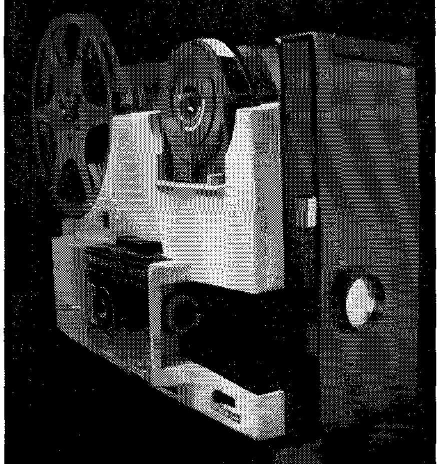
The secret's in Kodak's new projection cartridge.

Just drop it into place . . . and turn on the show. You don't have to handle the film at all. When the movie's over, the film rewinds back into the cartridge. Automatically.

That's not all. The new M109 takes cartridges *and* regular reels (up to 400 feet), in *both* 8mm and super 8.

See drop-in movies at your photo dealer's. The new Kodak Instamatic M109 projector, *f*/1.5 lens, less than $160.

Price subject to change without notice.

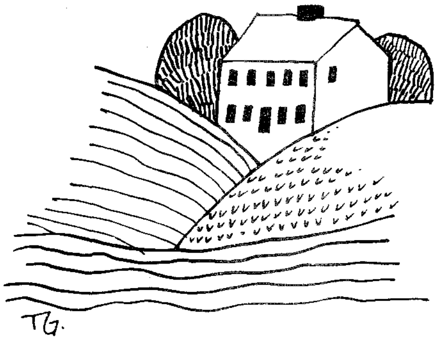


Kodak Instamatic® M109 movie projector.

Kodak

matic art in general "The best is silence." Be that as it may, the best of M. Marceau is his funny side. Like any clown, he cannot resist giving us his most solemn thoughts about the nature of the human condition, and at the performance I attended—the programs change from day to day—the audience was invited to observe M. Marceau's notions about the creation of the world and about its perhaps imminent destruction, by the bomb or whatever. M. Marceau serious isn't a patch on M. Marceau comical, and luckily the preponderance of the latter over the former is on a scale of something like five to one. When he is a tightrope walker teetering in mortal terror high above the tanbark, M. Marceau has my heart in my throat; when he threatens me with a universal catastrophe, out of which my descendants will emerge as gibbering apes, I fear I yawn.

LE TRÉTEAU DE PARIS is a delightful French company that travels hither and thither performing the works of such contemporary playwrights as Arrabal, Beckett, Pinget, and the like. The company (its name implies that it is prepared to set up a temporary stage anywhere) is spending some weeks in the cozy nest of the Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, where I attended the first of its offerings—two short comedies by René de Obaldia, one of them entitled "Le Grand Vizir" and the other "Le Cosmonaute Agricole." I have but schoolboy French, and I am sure that many of M. de Obaldia's witty allusions escaped me, but I enjoyed myself in spite of my ignorance, thanks in large part to the charm and high spirits of the actors. They seemed to be having such a fine time onstage that I couldn't have failed to have a fine time off it. I look forward to seeing them and the rest of the company (which includes the great Madeleine Renaud) in the other plays of the series being given here—Pinget's "Lettre Morte" and "Architruc" this week, Beckett's "Oh! Les Beaux Jours"



UTA invites you to meet some old friends.

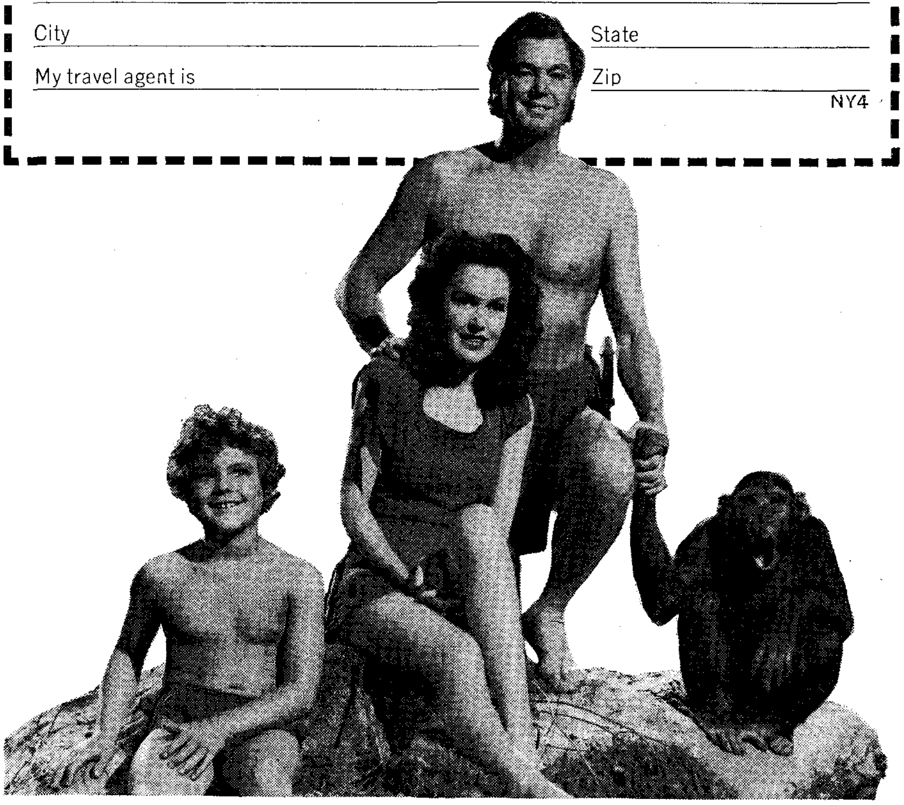
UTA FRENCH AIRLINES, P.O. Box 4157, North Hollywood, Calif. 91607
Send me information on UTA Adventure Tours to Africa:

☐ AFRICA ODYSSEY: 45-day tour includes Senegal, Mali, Upper Volta, Ivory Coast, Cameroon, Gabon, Zambia, Rhodesia, South Africa, Kenya. From $1873 plus air fare.

☐ AFRICAN CARAVAN: 22-day tour visiting Senegal, Mali, Ivory Coast, Ghana, Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda, Greece. From $870 plus air fare.

☐ AFRICAN HIGHLIGHTS: 38-day tour includes France, South Africa, Swaziland, Rhodesia, Zambia, Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda, Ethiopia, Greece. From $1550 plus air fare.

Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____
My travel agent is ____ Zip ____
NY4



Jet UTA French Airlines from Paris—the City of Light—to the Dark Continent. Enjoy famed French luxury while meeting old and new friends across west, central and southern Africa.

UTA is the airline that knows Africa best. So expect your UTA tour to provide everything Africa shares with its friends: bazaars as old as time. Excitement and natural beauty of Equatorial Africa. Southern Africa's wild game country. The breathtaking splendor of Kilimanjaro. And much more.

Whichever UTA African tour you select, you'll meet a continent of exciting contrasts—from colorful villages to modern cities. Just call your travel agent or UTA/Air France. Or mail this coupon. Some friends are waiting.

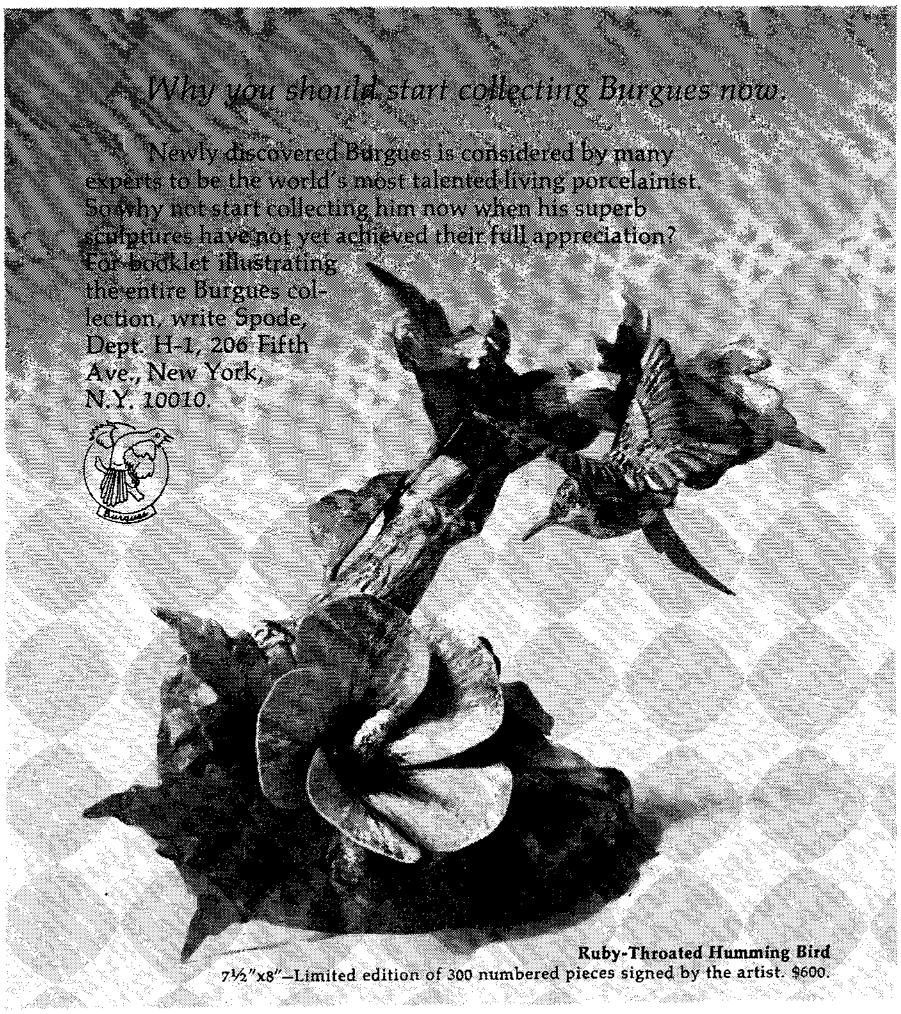
The airline that knows Africa best UTA FRENCH AIRLINES

The Baker Album of Collectors' Choices,
presents more than 500 of Europe's most desirable designs. $3.00.

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
324 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

Division of The Magnavox Company



Why you should start collecting Burgues now.

Newly discovered Burgues is considered by many experts to be the world's most talented living porcelainist. So why not start collecting him now when his superb sculptures have not yet achieved their full appreciation? For booklet illustrating the entire Burgues collection, write Spode, Dept. H-1, 206 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010.

Ruby-Throated Humming Bird
7½"x8"–Limited edition of 300 numbered pieces signed by the artist. $600.

next week, and three plays by Ionesco the week after next: "La Lacune," "La Jeune Fille à Marier," and "Les Chaises." —BRENDAN GILL

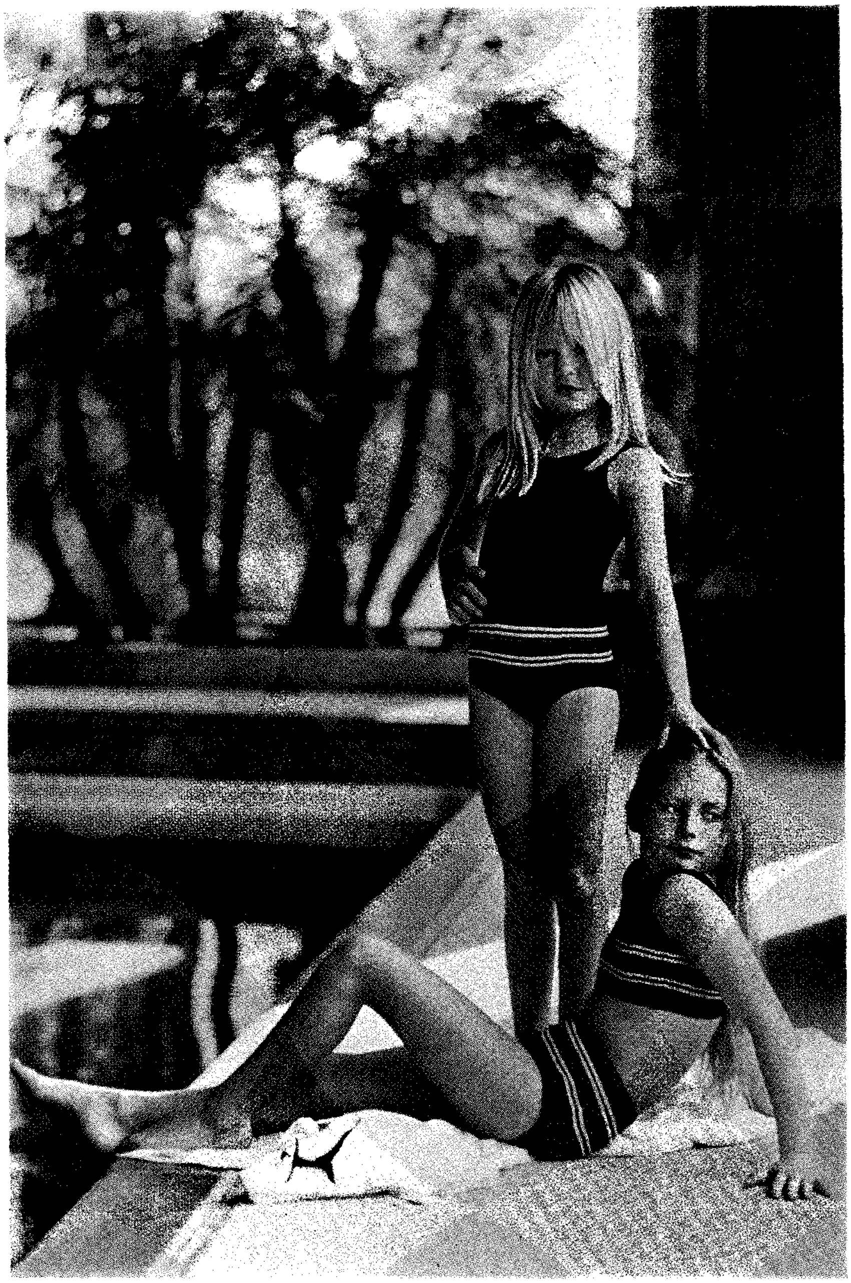
OFF BROADWAY

Why the Lady Is a Tramp

THE title "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds" is a false clue to a touching and often funny play that, whatever its faults, is not nonsensical or verbose or pretentious or way-out flashy. Actually, it is a rather old-fashioned domestic drama (old-fashioned is no insult from me) in that it is about people—and interesting ones at that—whose behavior, while outlandish at times, is made as comprehensible as anybody's behavior ever can be made. The play, which was written by Paul Zindel and opened last week at the Mercer-O'Casey, is more than anything else the study of a woman. Her name is Beatrice Hunsdorfer, and she has been all but destroyed by a life that so far has consisted of one disappointment after another. With all her expectations crushed but with plenty of energy left, much of it spent on wreaking a kind of petty vengeance on everybody around her, she is as much a victim of her own nature as she is of circumstance. There is, however, nothing bleak or whiny about Mrs. H. She is the fierce, embittered, wisecracking mother of two young daughters. One of them, Ruth, is a highly strung, rather bratty girl subject to convulsions, and the other, Matilda, is an awkward, dim-looking but not dim, science prodigy. It is Matilda's gamma-ray experiment with marigolds at the local high school that gives the play its bumpy title, eventually wins her a prize, and, indirectly, almost finishes off her mother and sister and the rickety life they have built.

The plot is the least of it. The character of Mrs. H. is all, or nearly all. We learn that the only man she ever loved was her father, that her husband never amounted to anything and left her penniless in the horrible mess of a house where the action takes place, that she considers her daughters millstones around her neck (or she says she does; she is capable of sudden, remorseful tenderness and pride), and that there is no one on earth that she hates as much as she hates herself. She makes fifty dollars a week ("I'd be better off as a cabdriver") by providing minimum care for a decrepit old woman boarder. She is very intelligent. She is also, wandering around in a

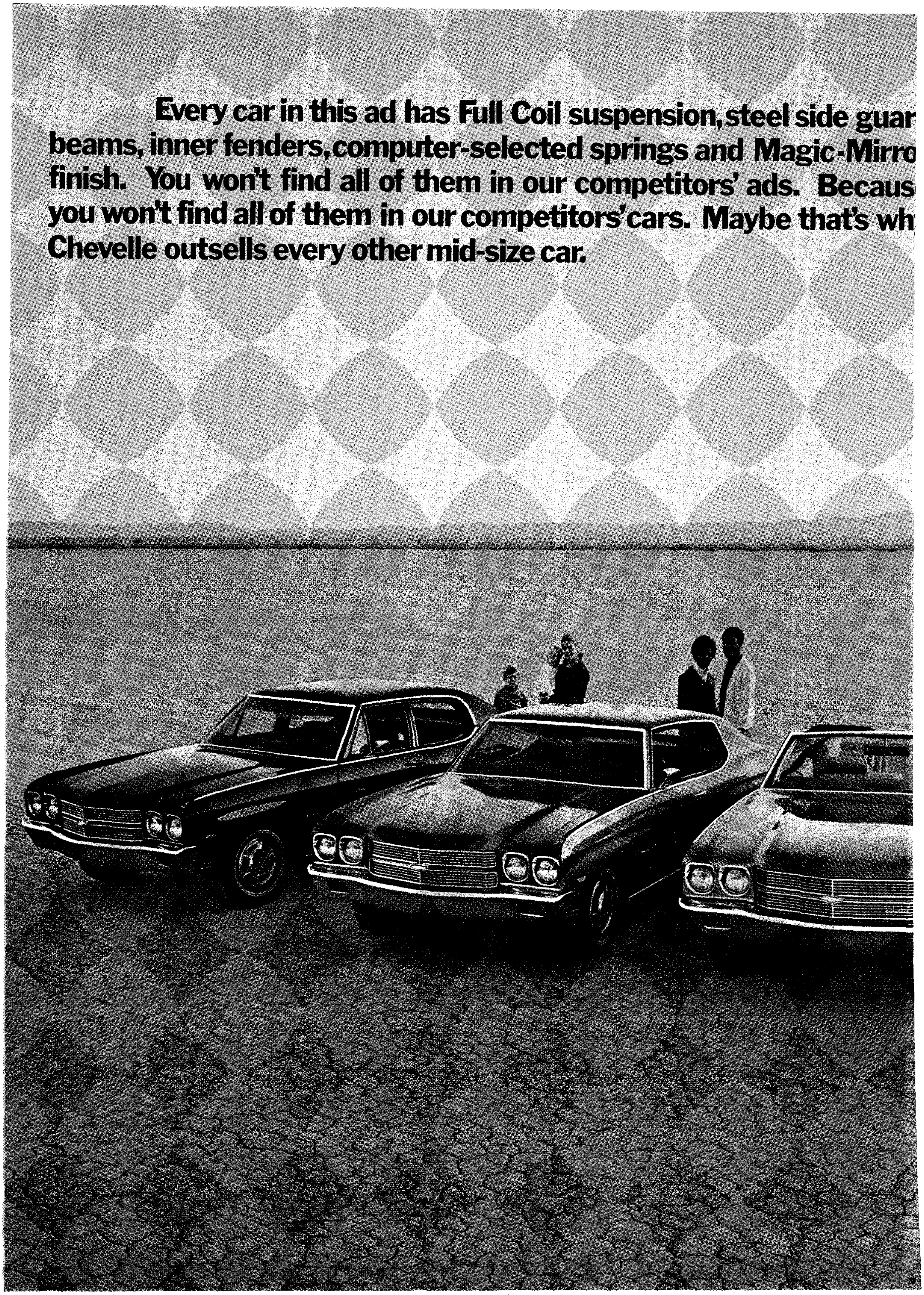
DANSKINS ARE NOT JUST FOR DANCING



They're for poolside posing, wild water antics and making a big splash. Since Danskin started out making tights and leotards for the loftiest leapers in the ballet world, it's no wonder they understand every young body. Tank suit, sizes 3-6X. 6.50. Two-piece swimsuit, sizes 7-14. 7.50. All nylon with stripes of Dacron® polyester.

DANSKIN®

Write for brochure NY4. Danskin, Inc., 437 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Div. of Triumph Hosiery Mills.

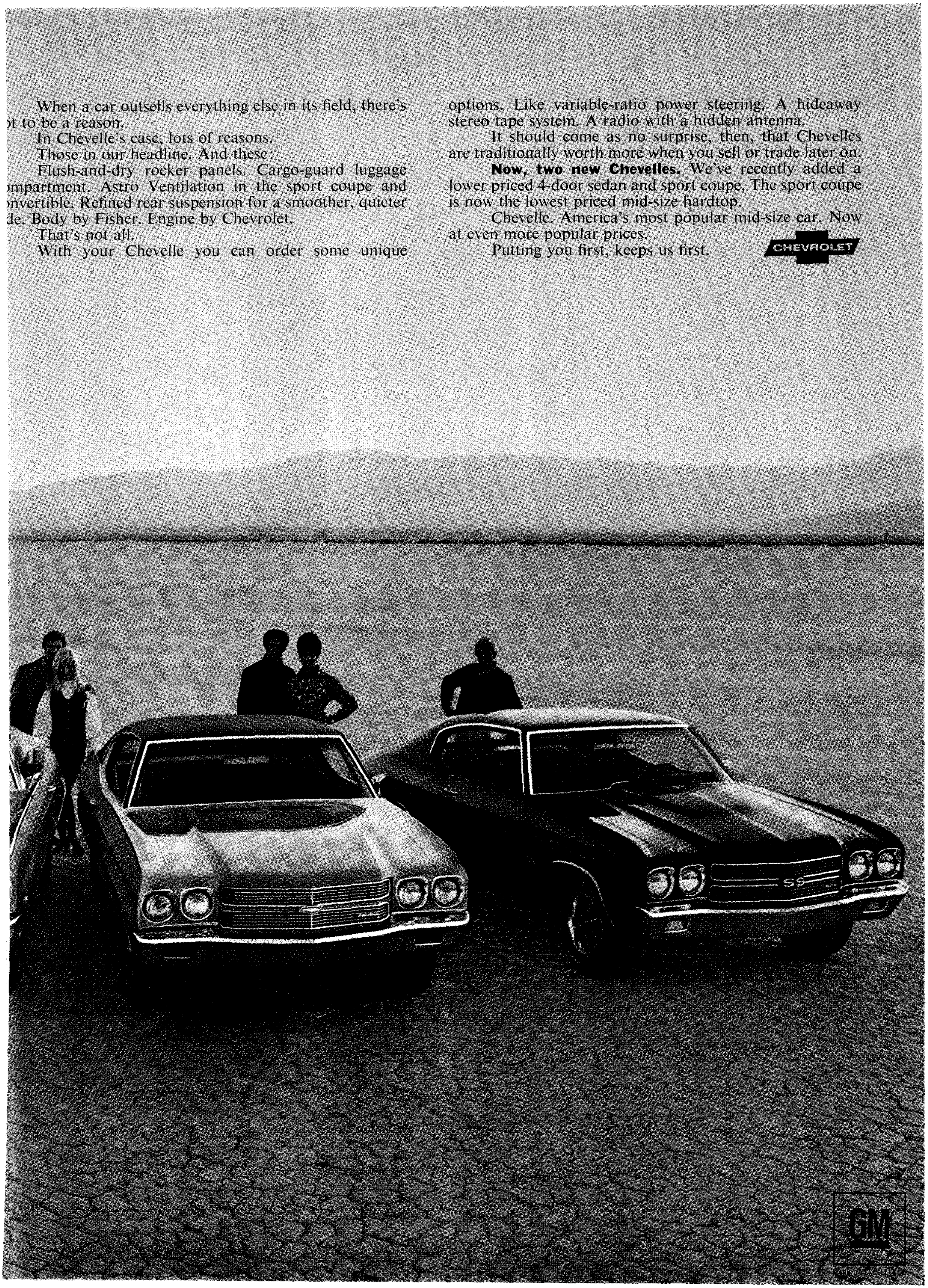


Every car in this ad has Full Coil suspension, steel side guar beams, inner fenders, computer-selected springs and Magic-Mirro finish. You won't find all of them in our competitors' ads. Becaus you won't find all of them in our competitors' cars. Maybe that's wh Chevelle outsells every other mid-size car.

Malibu 4-Door Sedan

Malibu Sport Sedan

Malibu Convertible



When a car outsells everything else in its field, there's ot to be a reason.

In Chevelle's case, lots of reasons.

Those in our headline. And these:

Flush-and-dry rocker panels. Cargo-guard luggage ompartment. Astro Ventilation in the sport coupe and onvertible. Refined rear suspension for a smoother, quieter de. Body by Fisher. Engine by Chevrolet.

That's not all.

With your Chevelle you can order some unique options. Like variable-ratio power steering. A hideaway stereo tape system. A radio with a hidden antenna.

It should come as no surprise, then, that Chevelles are traditionally worth more when you sell or trade later on.

Now, two new Chevelles. We've recently added a lower priced 4-door sedan and sport coupe. The sport coupe is now the lowest priced mid-size hardtop.

Chevelle. America's most popular mid-size car. Now at even more popular prices.

Putting you first, keeps us first.

CHEVROLET

GM

Malibu Sport Coupe

SS 454 Sport Coupe

THE COTTON TOUCH OF WAMSUTTA.

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON

The very tender touch of "Swirl" pampers you dry. From Wamsutta's Heritage collection. In a sheared weave, Schiffli embroidered. Cotton softness, in Yuma Gold, Olive Green (shown), Pink Frost, Blue Mist. At fine stores everywhere.

Cotton Producers Institute,
Box 12253, Memphis, Tennessee 38112.

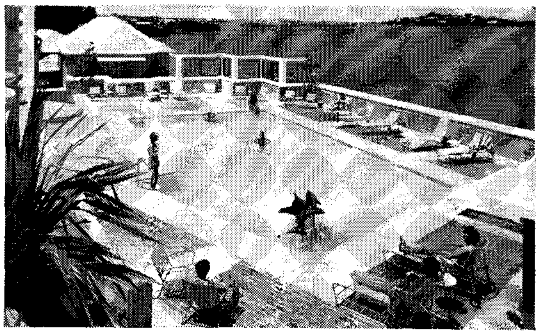
shabby bathrobe with a cigarette in one hand and a glass of whiskey in the other, a holy terror, and she is so convincingly played by Sada Thompson that it is all but impossible to separate the role from the actress. The first and by far the better of the two acts is a series of vignettes and conversations: Mrs. H., all offhand iron courtesy and cutting explanations, talking on the telephone to a science teacher who is looking for Matilda; the girl herself, clutching her pet rabbit, listening to the conversation in frozen apprehension; Mrs. H. berating her daughter for not doing the housework ("This house is going to ferment"); Mrs. H., behind a glittery smile, raining down insults on her poor old boarder, who is as deaf as she is feeble; Mrs. H., impulsive and loving, soothing her edgy Ruth, who has had a nightmare. The second act, in which events and crises take over, and in which incidents are given more significance than they appear to warrant, seems artificial, and even melodramatic, after the first one, but the play stands up pretty well, all the same. The performances, under Melvin Bernhardt's direction, are all that any dramatist could wish for. Pamela Payton-Wright is the shy, inspired Matilda, Amy Levitt is Ruth, and Judith Lowry is the tottery paying guest. Sara Brook designed the good costumes, and the good set is by Fred Voelpel.

"Dear Janet Rosenberg, Dear Mr. Kooning," the first of a pair of British one-acters by Stanley Eveling, at the Gramercy Arts, is cleverly written, quite well acted, and, unfortunately, a slight pain. The voice of the dramatist coming over a loudspeaker at the opening to say "This play was written by me—" sets the arch tone for the whole enterprise. The play is about the infatuation of a fifty-year-old writer for a girl of nineteen who writes him fan letters. The girl is cool, detached, and experimental, but the response of the novelist is more than anyone could have bargained for. He becomes a total wreck. This latter-day Emil Jannings is played by thin young Kevin O'Connor, who has a high old time patting his nonexistent paunch, desperately croaking the symptoms of his own decay, and wallowing in the ridiculous figure he cuts. I could have used a somewhat lower old time; if a playwright is teasing, I think it is better, on the whole, if the actors do not tease. Mr. O'Connor is one of the best young actors we have, but if he were a little less tongue-in-cheek, a lit-

Bermuda gives you a little more when you stay at one of these special resorts.

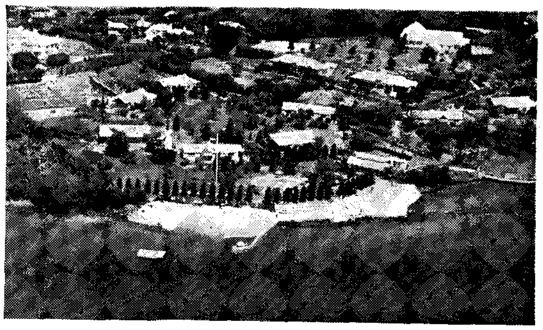
Sometimes these specially Bermudian resorts are hard to get into; but they're worth the wait. They offer you the congenial atmosphere of a private club—small enough to make your welcome personal, large enough to give you the finest accommodations, cuisine, service and carefree fun. Have a little more Bermuda next time, at any one of them.

Newstead & Cottages.
Everything's new—pool, sauna baths, barbecue terrace, balconied units on the harbour. Yet it's still the hospitable haven of the past 40 years. Representative: Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York, JU 6-4500.



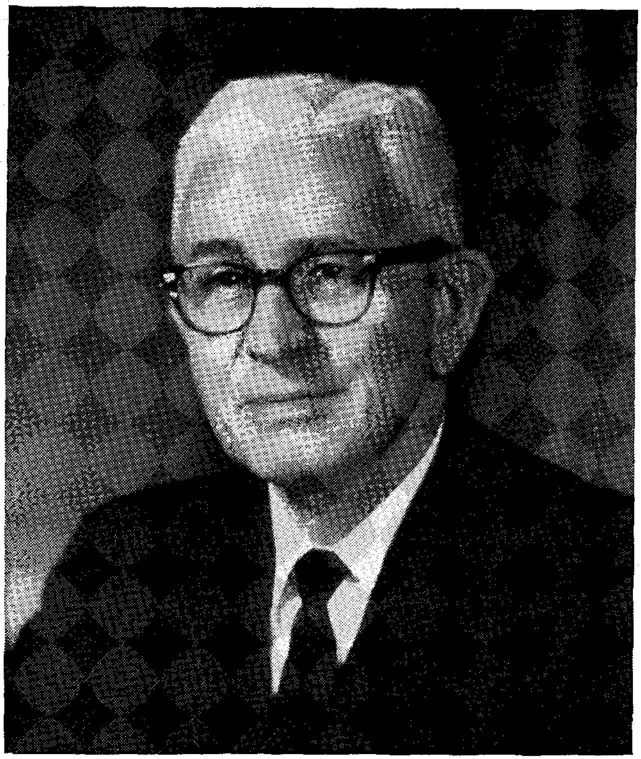
Cambridge Beaches.
Charming cottage colony with white beaches and pool. Excellent cuisine, calypso entertainment. Fishing, sailing, tennis. Representative: Hetland and Stevens, Inc., 211 East 43rd St., New York. TN 7-1450.

Lantana Colony Club.
Beautiful cottages and clubhouse on the Great Sound. Choice cuisine. Private beach, pool, tennis, sailing, all water sports. Representative: Leonard P. Brickett, 1 Palmer Sq., Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.



Glencoe.
Sailboats at the door, in lovely Salt Kettle inlet. Dine by the pool. Sail, swim, water ski, fish at this informal waterside inn. Representative: Hetland & Stevens, Inc., 211 East 43rd St., New York. TN 7-1450.

Frank M. Malone
President
Southern Bell
Tel. and Tel. Co.



A sitting
in black and
white, plus
six glossies,
costs only
$49.50.
Direct color
from $150.00

Bachrach First family of Photographers

Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 Tel. 755-6233
Atlanta • Baltimore • Boston • Chicago • Hartford • Philadelphia • Providence • Short Hills, N.J. • Washington

The sights of Rome without the sound.

Only at the Cavalieri Hilton.

Worldly travelers know that Rome is eternally fortissimo, which is why the Cavalieri Hilton is perched on Monte Mario in its own serene, landscaped cypress park. Yet from the balcony of your air-conditioned room you can see St. Peter's and nearly all of Rome—and be in the heart of Rome in only minutes. And return to the Cavalieri's pool, tennis courts and La Pergola Roof Garden—one of its four restaurants—on the Cavalieri's own courtesy bus.

For Roman luxury, Italian flair, American comfort—the Cavalieri Hilton, the Roman hotel with an American accent.

☎ For reservations: call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

CAVALIERI HILTON

tle less wise to himself (wise as performer to the character he performs), he would be more effective. This matter is probably one of direction, anyhow. As the girl, guileful but seemingly straightforward, and always in charge of each situation as it arises, Catherine Burns is absolutely right.

"Jakey Fat Boy," the second offering, is barely substantial enough to make a sketch. It is a whimsical dialogue, with whimsical action to match, between a demanding fellow who is wearing dark glasses, a false beard, and love beads, and a drifty girl—this one of seventeen—in a long hippie dress. Much of the humor hinges on just the mention of the name Kenneth Tynan, and it becomes very special and inside. Mr. O'Connor is properly bossy as the man, and Penelope Allen is properly grave and obliging as the girl. I must in honesty add that all the time I was objecting to much that was being said and done in both plays, I was laughing quite a lot. —EDITH OLIVER

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE EDUCATIONAL FRONT

[*From the Mankato State Reporter, Mankato (Minn.) State College*]

A new and different form of grading was attempted in Dr. H. A. Ambrose's political science class last week. He told his class that since he had given no tests or specific homework assignments, it would be up to the class to decide on its own grading system. A committee was formed to decide on the grading, and all interested members of the class were invited to attend the meeting. When nothing was decided on, it was pointed out that class interest was lacking and the committee decided on a lottery form of grading to arouse interest.

On the first day of the lottery, all grades were handed out with approximately one-third of the class present. On the second day, word got out that the system was in effect and at least three fourths of the class showed up. A two-day discussion followed during which it was stated that the lottery system, while apparently unfair, was actually the only system possible for this class; it was also pointed out that the system was selected mostly to arouse the interest in the class which was lacking before.

As a result of the discussion, a new proposal was put before the class. It stated that the student would answer three questions on a dittoed sheet and write a paragraph at the bottom explaining why he should receive the grade he requested. The sheet would then be read through, and the student receive that grade. More discussion followed and a class vote was called for. When the votes were tabulated, the new proposal was voted in almost unanimously. Copies of the proposed sheet were issued, returned, read, and the grades issued as read.

THE ROOFS

THERE are woods close to our village. Thin at the edges, but you cannot see far into them. They are broken here and there by tracts of empty plain stretching all the way to the horizon. The birds that approach and recede above the dark woods are not the same as those that rise and dip over the treeless spaces between. The birds of the woods reflect darkness. Those of the open ground flash like signals of light. It is beyond these signals, across one of the tracts of open country, to the east, that the roofs of the other village can be seen above the horizon. Only the roofs—the steeple, the peaks of gables, the smoke from chimneys. When the sun sets on our village, the roofs of the other are already a part of night.

No messages come from there. None are sent there. No one from our village ever went there, or would admit to having gone. The very subject is frowned upon, and the elders answer all questions about the other village with an abrupt and unyielding silence. But it is only the very young children who ever ask such questions, and they seldom persist beyond the second or the third time. Then they begin to wonder whether the roofs on the horizon are not something which only they see. As for the idea of going to the other village, by the time we can walk any such notion seems as remote from possibility as does that of flying by flapping our arms.

Yet I dreamed of the other village. It was a dream that returned at intervals over several years, always essentially the same but always in greater detail. Gradually I came to know the other village in those dreams: the corners of lanes, the massive stone portals, the doors open into courtyards, the smells of cow barns and of meals cooking over fires fed with some unfamiliar wood, the backs of women vanishing into kitchen doors, leaving their fresh-hung laundry behind them—it's true I never saw their faces. And I never heard anything as I walked through the winding streets that joined each other at last like sections of a jigsaw puzzle, forming an image through which I could find my way from one place to another, with no blanks at all. But only outside: I never saw the interiors of the houses, except for an occasional glimpse through an open window of a fly on an empty table, or a plate standing on edge. Still, the image was as complete as any map, and once that was so I began to be possessed by

E RIUNITE DI L
LIQUORE GALLIANO
A ®
LIQUEUR
SPECIALITY OF
Ditta Arturo Vaccari
of Livorno
ITALY
Artificially colored · Made and bottled by
DISTILLERIE RIUNITE di LIQUORI · SOLARO (Italy)
80 Proof
EXCLUSIVELY FOR AND IMPORTED BY
McKesson Liquor Co., New York, N.Y.

Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano.

The *carabinieri:* in 16th century Italy, they were soldiers; in the 17th, bodyguard to the King; today, Italy's elite corps of police and presidential guard. A *carabiniere* stands as symbolic guardian of Galliano, legendary Italian liqueur said to be "distilled from the rays of the sun." Perhaps you *can* taste a touch of sunlight in every sip. Galliano has conquered America.
Let it win *you* over. Tonight?

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON LIQUOR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © McKESSON LIQUOR CO. 1969

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Our chenille polo shirtdress is the kind of thing you save for a rip-roaring good-time day. When you want to do all kinds of off-the-wall stuff. It's a smooth and clingy blend of Orlon® acrylic-and-nylon in navy, pale blue or mauve for small, medium, large sizes, $24. Young Elite® Sportswear Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

a wish to visit the other village. I knew I could tell no one of this desire, and the sense of the folly of such a wish grew with the wish itself but could not prevent it or even diminish it. I was appalled to find that I was beginning to lay plans.

There are no roads over the plain between our village and the other. And even if there were, how could I have set out to walk there in full view of my neighbors? I would have to take one of the paths into the woods, and then turn aside once I was out of sight, hoping that I would not lose my bearings. I would go in the morning, when every man in the village left for the day's work on some piece of land or other that belonged to him. I would leave earlier than the others so that I would not have to lie. I would carry an axe as though I were going to cut wood. As others would be doing, for it was August.

And from the path I turned north and made my way to the edge of the woods, where I could see both our village and the roofs of the other, and I started toward the roofs, keeping among the trees. I soon realized that the other village was much farther than I had grown to believe. I crossed broad hollows from which even the steeple was not visible. The sun was almost at the zenith when I came to the top of a gradual rise and saw in front of me, close at hand, the steeple, the gabled roofs, the smoking chimneys, down as far as I had always seen them, and below that point nothing. Air. The plain, going on, with birds flashing across it, in silence. The roofs did not even cast shadows on the ground.

It may be that I should have turned back then. But I walked on, down the long slope, and took my first step among the roofs. And my second. Looking up. I recognized where I was, from the dreams, though the walls of the first stories, the doorways, the windows were not there, and I was walking on the unmarked plain. I passed the steeple. I looked up into its darkness and saw long ropes emerging from the black and then dissolving at the same height at which everything else dissolved, but swaying as though they ended far below. I reached out to see if I could feel a wall where I could see none; I walked on that way, groping in the daylight, but I could feel nothing. In the dormer window of one of the largest houses I saw a face, in the shadow of a shawl, watching me. It turned away at once and I saw the shawl descending stairs and then reappearing at another window, turning again, going down more stairs, coming—as I thought—to meet me. But the stairs never emerged below the horizon line, and I stood watching the empty windows. I wanted to call. What could I call? I waited a long time. Then I turned back. At the line of trees I looked around and the horizon had risen again to support the roofs.

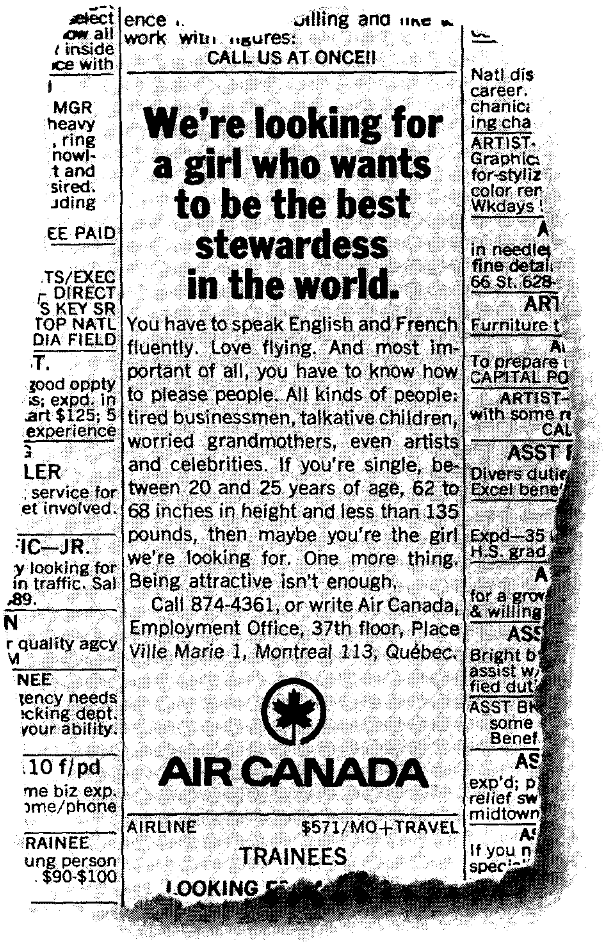
But now it's my own village that eludes me. Suddenly I look up, and above a certain line I see nothing but air, and through it, far away, the birds of the woods. Members of my own family climb stairs and vanish, head first, step by step, and I want to call, but what could I call? And night after night I am still staring up into darkness when the sun, no doubt, is already playing among the doors of the other village. —W. S. Merwin

• •

THROUGH THE AUTOMATIC CARWASH

Through the automatic carwash,
windows closed, water zinging
on metal, the windshield fogging,
the moving tread gives us
the idea of moving through a summer
thundershower in Missouri
at ten miles an hour,
windshield fogging,
hailstones banging on the hood,
darkness settling on us—and
the giant rollerbrushes thundering
down make my son say,
"I don't like this," and I
switch on the overhead light.

—Robert Vas Dias



work with figures:
CALL US AT ONCE!!

We're looking for a girl who wants to be the best stewardess in the world.

You have to speak English and French fluently. Love flying. And most important of all, you have to know how to please people. All kinds of people: tired businessmen, talkative children, worried grandmothers, even artists and celebrities. If you're single, between 20 and 25 years of age, 62 to 68 inches in height and less than 135 pounds, then maybe you're the girl we're looking for. One more thing. Being attractive isn't enough.

Call 874-4361, or write Air Canada, Employment Office, 37th floor, Place Ville Marie 1, Montreal 113, Québec.

AIR CANADA

AIRLINE $571/MO+TRAVEL
TRAINEES
LOOKING

We want the people who work for us to feel the same way we do.

Finding them hasn't been easy.

It's not that we can't find qualified people. We can.

But we don't just look for "qualified" people; we look for people who do what they do because they enjoy doing it.

That's why it takes more than just good looks and a personality to become an Air Canada stewardess. Any girl can smile and say nice things; we want our girls to do a little more than that.

For instance, if you happen to be a tired businessman, we want her to care enough to ask if you'd like a cup of coffee. Before you ask her.

It may be just a little thing, but little things mean a lot to a tired traveller away from home.

We look for the same desire in all our people; the desire to do a little more than they have to. And most of the time we find it.

One of our ground technicians, for example, devised a new way to increase aircraft wheel traction on the runway. And he did it during his spare time.

Then there's our pilots. They fly because they love to fly.

And they go back to school every three months because they want to be the best pilots in the world.

All together, 17,000 people help make Air Canada the seventh largest airline in the world.

We happen to think they also make us one of the best airlines in the world.

And when you fly with us, we think you'll feel the same way.

AIR CANADA We want to be the best airline in the world.

U.S. JOURNAL: LOS ANGELES

NEW GROUP IN TOWN

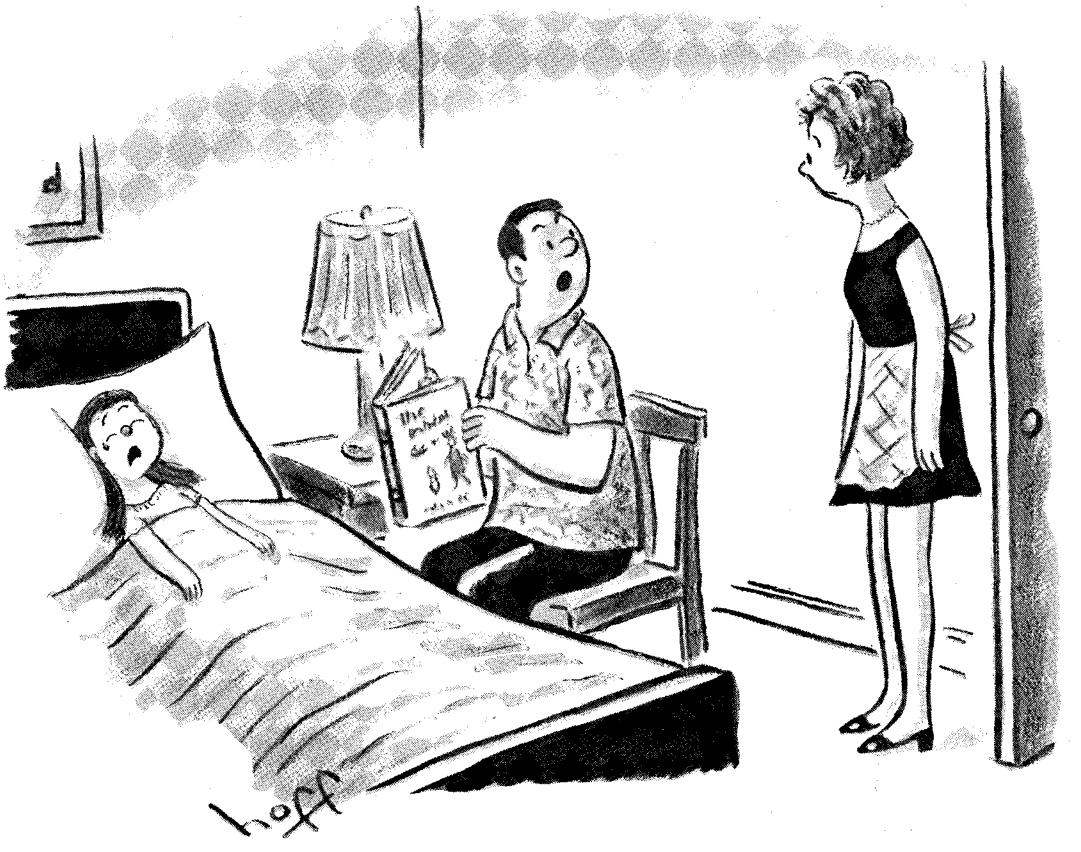
Powwow

THERE is a powwow once a month in Burbank. It is held on a Saturday night at the Olive Street Recreation Center under the sponsorship of the Many Trails Indian Club, a group that has been holding powwows for several years. As the word is used offscreen in Los Angeles, a powwow is not a discussion but a social event at which Indians in traditional costumes dance around a drum. In the Los Angeles area, where there may be sixty thousand Indians, one powwow club or another holds a powwow just about every Saturday. Very late at night, after any powwow would be over, there may be Indians dancing around a drum at places even less likely than the Olive Street Recreation Center. In the late fifties, the young Indians who drank in the bars of South Main Street, a seedy section of downtown Los Angeles, used to go after the bars closed to a place they called Hill X—later the site of the Los Angeles Dodgers stadium. A semi-documentary film called "The Exiles," made around that time, shows a group of Indians on Hill X drinking Lucky Lager beer and chanting high-pitched Indian songs and dancing around a drum, with the lights of the Los Angeles skyline in the background. When the stadium was built, the Indians for a while did their late-night dancing in the space underneath the superstructure at the juncture of the Pasadena Freeway and the Golden State Freeway. They called it The Tombs.

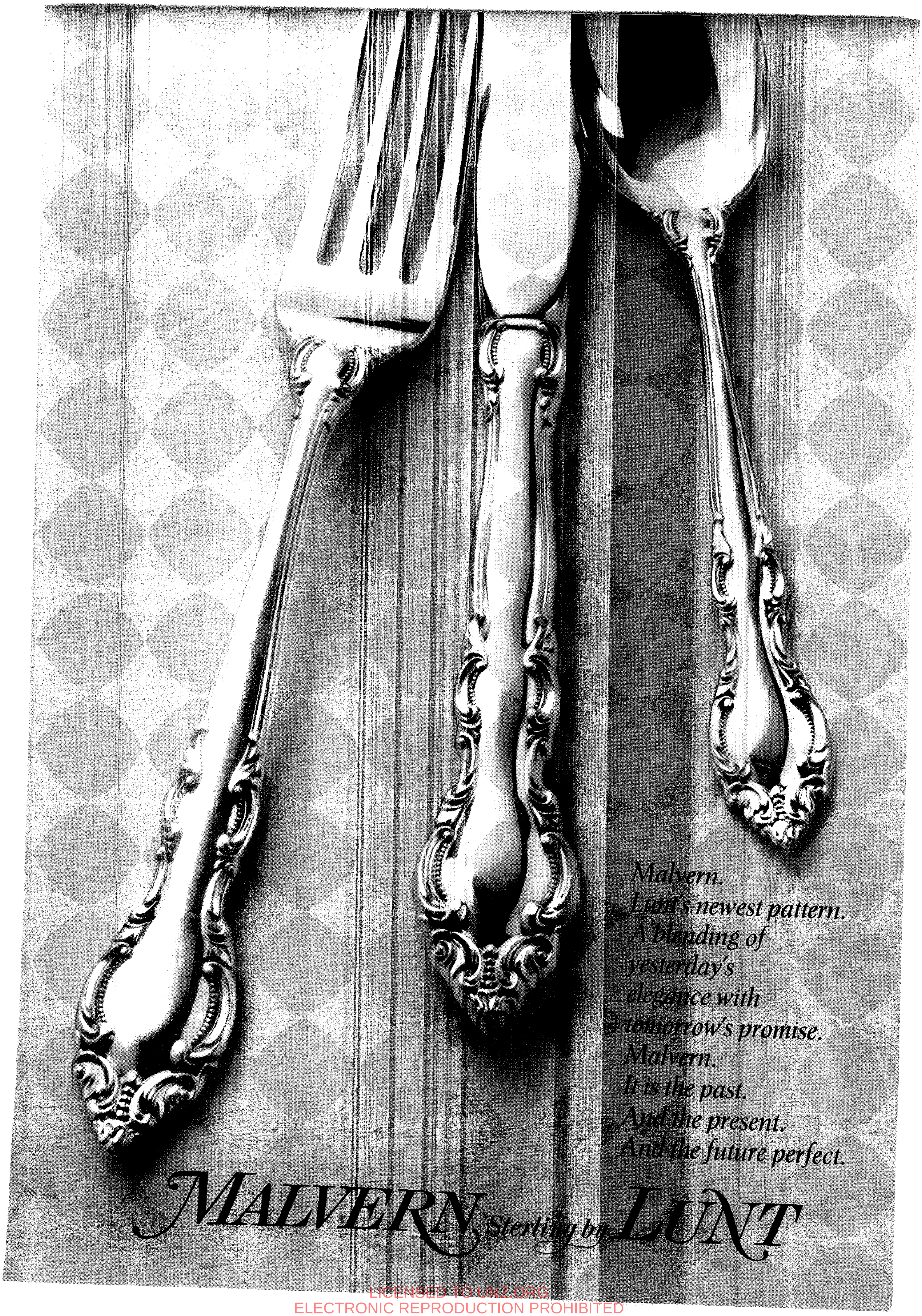
Most of the Indians who danced on Hill X are probably no longer in Los Angeles. A lot of Indians who come to cities from the reservation—either on their own or on a Bureau of Indian Affairs program that was called "relocation" until it became obvious that Indians were offended by the word—leave within a few months. They drift back to the reservation and then perhaps to another city and then back again, in a modern version of the nomadic life. Most of the people at the Burbank powwow I attended seemed more settled—family groups, older people, people who had apparently survived the initial shock of urban living and were permanent residents of Los Angeles, at least to the extent that any Indian from a reservation considers himself a permanent resident of a city. The young single people who were relatively new in Los Angeles—a large segment of the Indian population—were more likely to be spending their Saturday night at one of the Indian bars, like the Moulin Rouge, which has the names of tribes tacked up on the wall over the bar, or the Irish Pup, whose St. Patrick's Day special was free Irish stew and Navajo fry-bread (an Indian specialty that tastes pretty much the way it sounds). A lot of young Navajos were at a dance sponsored by the United Native Americans, an organization that distributes bumper stickers like "CUSTER HAD IT COMING" and "INDIANS DISCOVERED AMERICA." Navajos have no special interest in the United Native Americans; in fact, Navajos are so reluctant to unite with or even mix with Indians of other tribes that they are considered almost a separate ethnic group in Los Angeles. But the U.N.A. dance featured a country-and-Western band, and young Navajos can't resist country and Western. Sioux and other Plains Indians are interested strictly in rock.

At the Burbank powwow, a few hundred people, mostly Indians, sat on folding chairs surrounding the basketball floor. In the center of the floor there were two huge drums, each of them encircled by a dozen men sitting on folding chairs. The men wore the kind of clothes associated with modern cowboys—boots, pearl-buttoned Western shirts, wide-brimmed hats. The two groups performed separately, one group sitting quietly while the men around the other drum chanted and beat their drum in unison. The dancers—perhaps a hundred of them, dressed in moccasins and elaborate costumes of beads and feathers—moved in a circle around the drums. Some people in the circle remained almost completely erect, only their feet picking up the rhythm; other dancers spun in complicated, almost acrobatic motions as the drums beat faster.

"I see we have the moccasins a-tappin' out there," the master of ceremonies said over the microphone as one dance ended. He was wearing a long headdress, but otherwise he looked and talked like the m.c. of a square dance. At the intermission, he introduced some "show-business personalities"—including a stunt man from Universal and a girl who had once been a



"I said I'd read her a story. I didn't say I'd put feeling into it."



Malvern.
Lunt's newest pattern.
A blending of
yesterday's
elegance with
tomorrow's promise.
Malvern.
It is the past.
And the present.
And the future perfect.

MALVERN *Sterling by* *LUNT*

MYERS'S DARK RUM.
THE FLAVOR WON'T MELT WITH THE ICE.

WORLD FAMOUS
· IMPORTED ·
MYERS'S
RUM
Planters' Punch
MYERS'S

Myers's isn't ordinary rum. It's dark Jamaican premium rum. The rummiest rum of all. It has a big, hearty flavor that won't get lost in a drink. Use Myers's every time the drink calls for rum. You'll love it. If you're ready for a good full-flavored rum.

Myers's rum is also available in a shaker top bottle for cooking. For free recipe booklet, write General Wine & Spirits Co., Dept. 330 375 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.
Myers's—The true Jamaican rum—84 Proof.

Mouseketeer on television—and then there was a knife-and-tomahawk act by a man called Gray Otter and a girl called Little Eagle.

After the intermission, a man who said he ran a trading post in Santa Monica pointed people out to me as they danced by—a particularly skilled moccasin maker, a direct descendant of Pontiac, a man who had been on the Perry Mason show playing a drunken Indian.

"Who's that?" I said, pointing to a pale young man who obviously wasn't an Indian but who was wearing a particularly elaborate costume and was dancing with great concentration.

"Must be a Boy Scout," the trading-post man said. A number of former Boy Scouts and other whites in the Los Angeles area are Indian-dance hobbyists, and some of them regularly attend powwows.

The presence of white hobbyists is one aspect of the powwow that annoys the kind of young Indians who distribute "CUSTER HAD IT COMING" bumper stickers. They tend to favor maintaining Indian traditions, but the traditions have become so entwined with cowboy-and-Indian-movie clichés that following them sometimes seems more of an acceptance of white values than abandoning them would be. The atmosphere of the powwow seemed to shift suddenly from Indian to Indian-movie and back again. Sometimes, seeing an elaborately costumed dancer relaxing between dances—standing under a basketball goal eating a hot dog or even a piece of fry-bread—I half expected some second-unit director to walk in and say, "All right, everyone playing an Indian report to Stage Three." Then I would notice an Indian family, dressed in conventional clothes, sitting silently on the sidelines, apparently satisfied merely to spend an evening in the company of other Indians. And then the lead singer at one of the drums would put his finger on his temple and begin a thin, high chant that sounded uniquely Indian—the same chant that had sounded so startling in the film of the Indians on Hill X, the same chant that must have sounded so eerie echoing in the darkness under the superstructure of the Pasadena Freeway.

DIVISION FIFTY-EIGHT

DIVISION FIFTY-EIGHT is a section of the Los Angeles Municipal Court that handles arrests for common drunkenness. It is very modern: the courtroom walls are of beige cinder blocks, the court attendants wear tail-

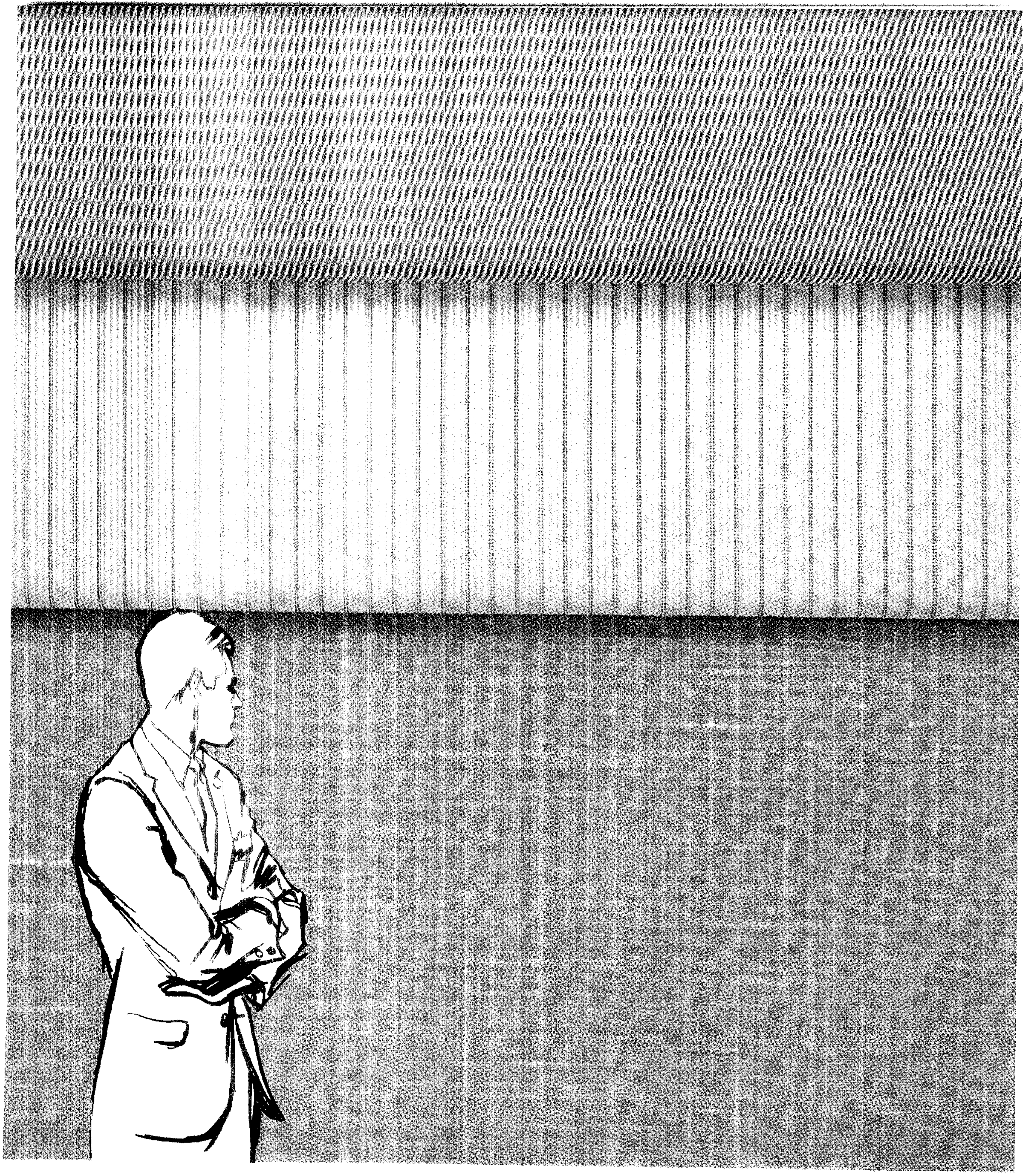
Southwick
DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N.Y.	PAUL STUART
Albany, N. Y.	Dall's
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry
Asheville, N. C.	Bell's
Atlanta, Ga.	H. Stockton–Atlanta
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Baltimore, Md.	Eddie Jacobs, Ltd.
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Berkeley, Cal.	George J. Good
Birmingham, Ala.	Shia's of Homewood
Birmingham, Mich.	*Claymore Shop*
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Gentry, Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, O.	Burkhardt's
Clarksburg, W. Va.	Kaltes, Ltd.
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	Bunce Brothers
Colorado Springs, Colo.	London Shop for Men
Columbia, S. C.	J. Patrick Treadway
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dallas, Tex.	Varsity Shop
Dayton, O.	D. H. Peer, Ltd.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Easley, S. C.	*Barron's, Ltd.*
Flint, Mich.	James, Inc.
Fort Worth, Tex.	Clyde Campbell
Fresno, Cal.	Hodge & Sons
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N. Y.	Edw. Miller
High Point, N. C.	Arnold Craven Clothiers
Houston, Tex.	William Richard
Huntington, N. Y.	Marsh's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Knoxville, Tenn.	Hansom House
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter
Louisville, Ky.	Schupp & Snyder, Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin Co.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Manchester, N. H.	Jim's Oxford Shop
Manhasset, N.Y.	David's
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sim's, Ltd.
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
Newport, R. I.	Narragansett Clothing Co.
Newport News, Va.	Beecroft & Bull Ltd.
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden
New York, New York	Paul Stuart
New York, New York	Walker & Florio
Norfolk, Va.	Egerton & Lea, Ltd.
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph's
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Connolly's
Palo Alto, Cal.	Tearney's
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mill's-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Red Bank, N. J.	Roots
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Roanoke, Va.	Jos. Davidsons
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley's
Sacramento, Cal.	Irwin at the Crossroads
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Diego, Cal.	Lion
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Ana, Cal.	Guy Livingston
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Short Hills, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Spokane, Wash.	Klothes Kloset
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Springfield, Mass.	A. O. White
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Swampscott, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Tarrytown, N. Y.	John Charles, Ltd.
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Mill's-Touche
Tulsa, Okla.	Connolly's
University of Va.	Ed Michtom's
Washington, D. C.	Arthur Adler
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite

For stores in other cities write

TAILORED BY
Southwick

1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10019



A gentleman's good taste is most apparent in his selection of sportcoatings and trousers. For the Southwick man there's an assurance of correctness about those leisure moments, a reflection of two generations of unmatched natural shoulder tailoring. Southwick – A tradition among gentlemen. Sportcoatings from $95. Trousers from $40.

PRICES HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Southwick *Clothes*

When you think of United, you probably remember the stewardess with the nonstop smile.

The courteous skycap.

Or the chef you met on one of our Chef's Gourmet flights.

But at United, there's a cast of thousands behind the scenes, too.

In our shiny flight kitchens, for example. People working quietly to make sure the food upstairs is the finest in the sky.

People who know everything from how to turn a radish into a thing of beauty, to the very proper care and handling of a Chateaubriand.

Even though they're not all in the limelight, everyone who wears the name United puts a little more into his job—to make your flight a friendly one.

That's why they're with us.

United. We've always got something good cooking.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"The chef's a real trouper."

You've met our stars... now meet the rest of the cast.

ored uniforms with the creases of military press jobs showing on their shirts, the judge says "Sir" to the most pathetic wino trembling before him, and a representative of the county rehabilitation center is usually present to admit anyone who wants to commit himself for treatment. The whites who show up as defendants in Division Fifty-eight are usually old men; some of the younger defendants are Indians. In a study of Navajo migrants in Denver, a U.C.L.A. anthropologist named Theodore Graves found that the Indian arrest rate was about five times that of any other group and that almost nine Indian arrests out of ten were connected with alcohol. The Indians who come to Los Angeles on B.I.A. programs—perhaps half the migrants—are given some vocational training and some counselling in adaptation to urban life, but Indians complain that both are inadequate. Indians often end up with unskilled jobs, and they often lose the jobs they have. Some of them leave and some of them drink.

Because many of them feel uncomfortable with non-Indians, Indians tend not to use institutions like the county rehabilitation center or Alcoholics Anonymous, and the only help available specifically for Indian alcoholics is whatever can be provided by Alverto Curruth, a stout old Indian from New Mexico who is a kind of free-lance social worker. Most mornings, Curruth—dressed in dungaree trousers and jacket, boots, a black cowboy hat, and an Indian pendant—goes to Division Fifty-eight to see if he can help some of the Indians by talking to them or by scrounging them a place to sleep or maybe even a job. Like Graves, who found that drinking among Indians in Denver varied according to such logical factors as success in jobs or the presence of a wife, Curruth is suspicious of theories that Indians have a peculiar cultural or physiological susceptibility to alcohol. "It's just fear," Curruth told me one morning as we sat in the spectator section of Division Fifty-eight, alone except for a woman from Alcoholics Anonymous, who sat in the front row holding a thermos of black coffee. "They've heard about money—jobs paying big money. They come over here looking for it, and they can't find it. They get frustrated and scared. And they escape."

Meeting

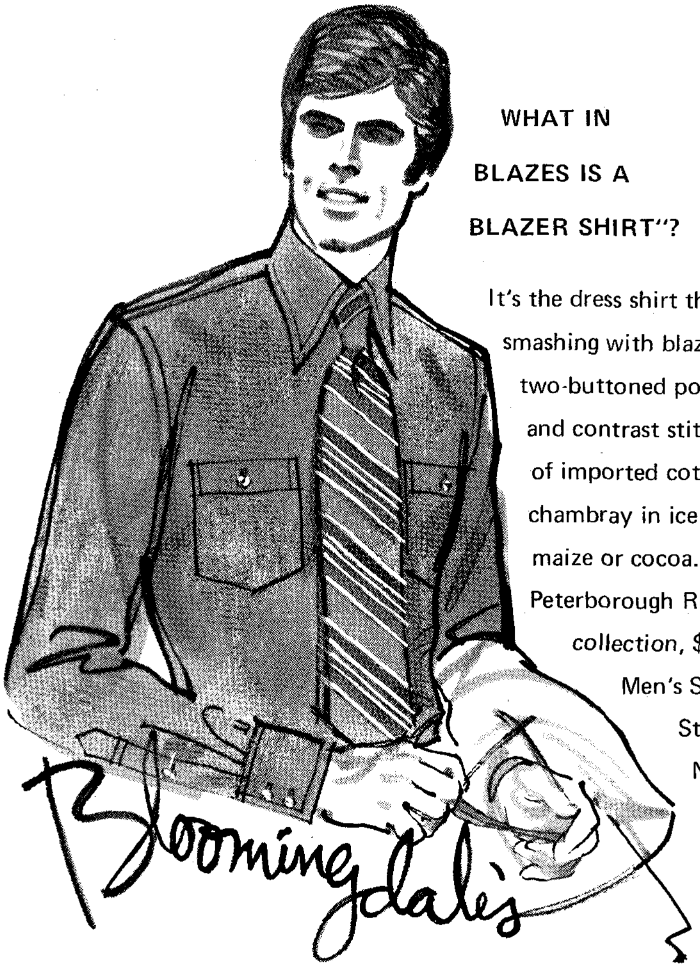
At U.C.L.A. one Saturday—in a building decorated with posters about Black Panther defendants and

BRONZINI
BRONZINI

For men with a passion for prints!

With the return of *life* to neckwear patterns and colorings, the famous Bronzini Prints once more come into their own. For here is luxury and elegance on a grand scale . . . in *au courant* designs of complete exclusivity. With, of course, the Bronzini Unicorn at the tip of each tie. At all fine shops alert to current uprisings in men's fashions. For name of one near you, write Bronzini, Ltd., 720 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10019.

BRONZINI



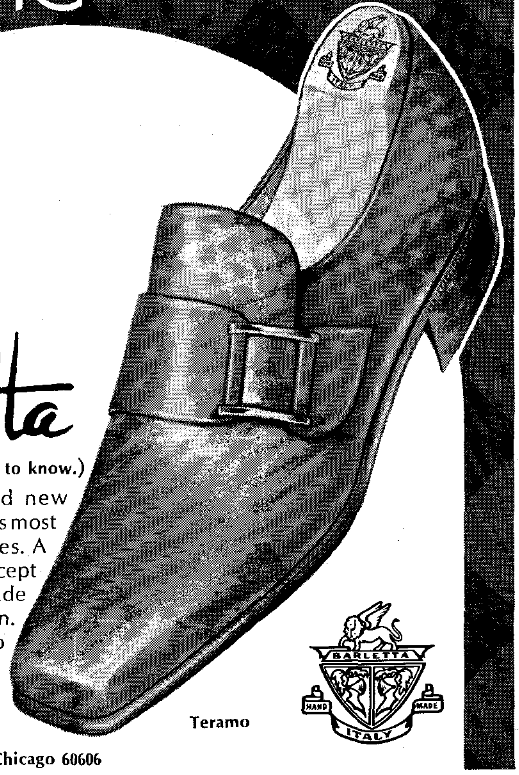
WHAT IN BLAZES IS A BLAZER SHIRT"?

It's the dress shirt that's smashing with blazers. Sporting two-buttoned pockets and contrast stitching, it's of imported cotton chambray in ice blue, maize or cocoa. From our Peterborough Row® collection, $16. Men's Store, Street Floor, New York only.

Bloomingdale's

Bloomingdale's, 3rd Avenue at 59th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 · EL 5-5900

yankee go rome



Barletta
(The only Italian you need to know.)

Select from Barletta's brand new Artigano collection. The world's most exquisitely hand-made shoes. A totally new one-of-a-kind concept exclusive with Barletta. Not made or priced for the average man. Only for those accustomed to traveling *prima classe*. Yankee Go Rome, via Barletta. At better shoe stores only.

BARLETTA HAND MADE ITALY

Barletta Shoe Co. • 40 S. Clinton, Chicago 60606
Paris, Milan, London, Palm Springs, Beverly Hills, New York, Chicago, some other American cities.

Mexican-American farm workers and special programs for Indians—fifteen Indian leaders met to discuss a new Indian center. Any city that has Indian migrants has some sort of center where Indians can go for assistance or companionship, and Los Angeles has two—the Indian Center and the Indian Welcome House. But they make do with cramped, rented quarters, operate with hardly any funds, and are, by the standards of Indian centers in cities like Chicago and Minneapolis, practically dormant. For years, the first priority of the Los Angeles Indian community has been to get a proper Indian center in a building of its own. A lot of the people who met at U.C.L.A. have been attending meetings about a new Indian center for years—meetings at which it seemed possible that the city might furnish a center or that a foundation grant for a center was very likely. The news at the U.C.L.A. meeting was that Los Angeles, which has the largest urban-Indian population in the country, had been chosen as one of four cities that could receive as much as a hundred and seventy thousand dollars a year to operate a model Indian center, the funds to come from a variety of sources at the initiative of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. The model centers would have the programs Los Angeles Indians have always talked about—recreation, family counselling, job assistance, alcoholic rehabilitation. But the grants would be for operating expenses, so the problem of finding a building remained.

A couple of people at the meeting said the trouble in the past has been that Los Angeles Indians have been unwilling to work together. The Indian population is widely dispersed in Los Angeles. There are a variety of ways that urban Indians can be divided—by their tribe, by the section of the country they come from, by their religion, by how long they have been in the city—and Los Angeles Indians have been divided by just about all of them. The leaders are mostly longtime residents rather than recent migrants; a number of them have married whites, and a few of them look white themselves. The United American Indian Council, which called the U.C.L.A. meeting, was formed last year to give the community some cohesion, particularly in obtaining an Indian center, but it has not been very active. Toward the end of the meeting, a man from the United Native Americans said that the Council amounted to no more than a group

7 years ago we were one of 3500 security companies in America...today we're the 7th largest

why?

"No other security service offers men so carefully selected, so thoroughly trained and so closely supervised as the men from Guardsmark. They're one reason we're the country's fastest growing security service."

IRA A. LIPMAN, President

GI®
GUARDSMARK,INC.
Ira A. Lipman, President

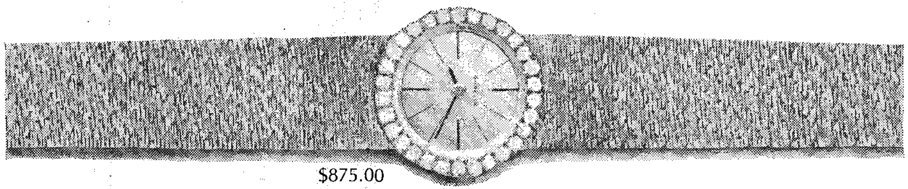
FOR FULL INFORMATION, CONTACT: EXECUTIVE OFFICES, 270 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 10017

of middle-class Indians who didn't really represent anyone. The United Native Americans is the closest thing to a militant organization that Los Angeles Indians have, but militancy is a stance that makes Indians so uneasy they don't like to use the word. It used to be that urban Indians were condemned by reservation Indians for leaving the land and adopting the white man's style; now that urban Indians are more militant than any others, even on reservation issues, they are condemned for adopting the black man's style.

An Afternoon of Rapping About the Indian-American

THE Kennedy Action Corps was formed in California just after the assassination of Robert Kennedy by people who began circulating petitions for gun-control legislation. K.A.C. action since then has consisted of projects like attempting to bring people in all-white neighborhoods into some contact with black people through kaffeeklatsches. The K.A.C. committee on Indians is about the only notice the liberal community of Los Angeles has taken of the Indians' presence in town, except that there is now an Indian on the Human Relations Commission. Los Angeles Indians have not profited greatly from the current modishness of Indian causes. The Los Angeles film stars who demonstrate for Indians have always done their demonstrating out of town. The Indian issues of national appeal usually have to do with reservations, where there is at least the tragic glamour of broken treaties and, perhaps, some interesting scenery. In fact, the urban Indians themselves seem more interested in non-urban issues. The newspaper of the Los Angeles Indian Center devotes much of its space to land rights and B.I.A. reservation policies. A lot of Indians even explain their presence in the city in terms of land, a common feeling among them being that the relocation program is a way to get Indians off the land so that the land can be stolen.

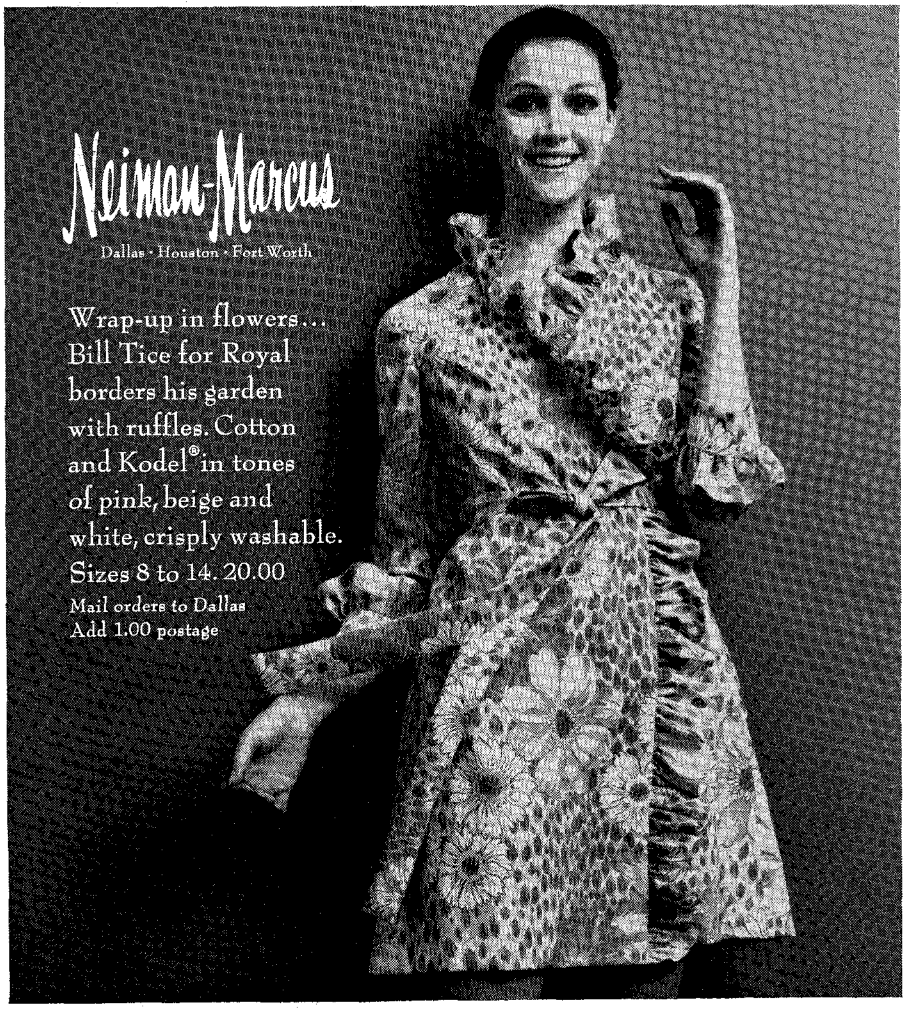
The chairman of the K.A.C. committee on Indians, a young man named George Savage, Jr., used the K.A.C. newsletter recently to invite the membership to "An Afternoon of Rapping About the Indian-American," to be held on a Sunday at an inner-city cultural center. Savage had arranged folding chairs in a large semicircle for the twenty-five or so people who showed up; he said he wanted to keep everything informal. He started out by



$875.00

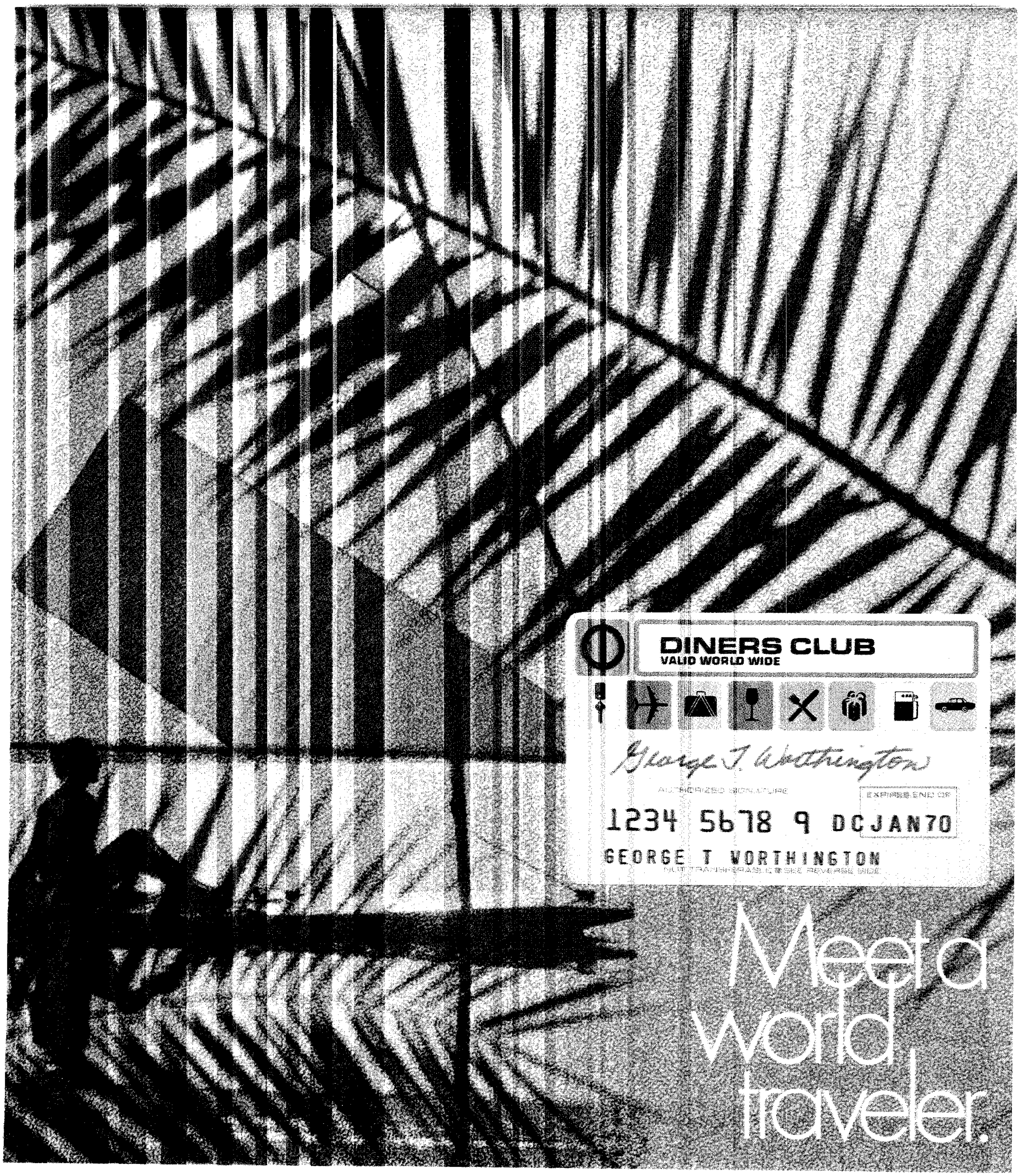
Ladies watch in 18 Kt. yellow gold, set with 30 full cut diamonds weighing 1 ct.

Distinctively
GÜBELIN
3 West 57th Street New York
(212) PL 5-0053
Jewelers to the world since 1854



Neiman-Marcus
Dallas · Houston · Fort Worth

Wrap-up in flowers... Bill Tice for Royal borders his garden with ruffles. Cotton and Kodel® in tones of pink, beige and white, crisply washable. Sizes 8 to 14. 20.00
Mail orders to Dallas
Add 1.00 postage


DINERS CLUB
VALID WORLD WIDE
George T. Worthington
AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE
EXPIRES END OF
1234 5678 9 DCJAN70
GEORGE T WORTHINGTON
NOT TRANSFERABLE ■ SEE REVERSE SIDE
Meet a world traveler.

It's Diner's Club, the [illegible] credit card, good here and abroad for all kinds of travel and entertainment expenses.

Diner's Club made it famous. But credit Addressograph with making it practical.

Because we devised the system that helps Diner's Club keep track of its million-or-so transactions each week.

The Addressograph system consists of the machines that emboss the cards and the thousands of imprinters that transfer customers' names and numbers from the cards to sales checks.

It's fast. And simple. And fool proof. So no mistakes when billing time comes around.

Besides helping the world go round on credit, we also design practical systems for check encoding, mass mailings, payroll, inventory control, billing, shipping, and the like.

When it comes to business systems, we know how to play our cards right.

ADDRESSOGRAPH
helping people communicate

Addressograph Multigraph Corporation, 1200 Babbitt Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44117

D O M
B AND B
BENEDICTINE

Smartest thing on the rocks

B & B is the drier liqueur. Eloquent. Magnificent. The only proper blend of B & B is made and bottled in the abbey at Fecamp, France. That's where exquisite Benedictine is blended with superb cognac to produce the perfect B & B. Benedictine's own B & B. Always uniform. Always delicious. After coffee...enjoy B & B. Straight or on-the-rocks.

B DOM B

The drier liqueur

WILE
NEW YORK 86 PROOF

having everyone fill out a questionnaire to see what was known about Indians—whether those present knew any Indian heroes, what they thought the term "Indianness" meant, whether they knew who was massacred at Wounded Knee by whom. As Savage read through the answers, it became obvious that nobody knew much about Indians. Savage shook his head sadly. "We all know about Little Big Horn," he said, "but how many of us know about Wounded Knee?" Savage suggested that a good beginning would be to read some of the recent books on Indians—he had arranged a display on a table in the back of the room, next to a table of refreshments—and several people nodded, apparently willing to face the fact that not so long after mastering the meaning of Negritude and *machismo* they would have to grapple with the meaning of Indianness.

A few Indians showed up. Felix Montoya, a huge young man who is a member of United Native Americans, said white people had to be educated that they were eating Indian food and breathing Indian air. Montoya soon got into an argument with a man who looked like an ordinary white businessman but introduced himself as an Indian who once handled Indian personnel matters for a large company. The personnel man said that Indians had to concentrate on adapting themselves to the white man's world of commerce, and Montoya, arguing against that approach, eventually said, "You're nothing but a white man"—a common accusation among urban-Indian spokesmen who are in an argument being that the opponent is not an Indian, philosophically or, sometimes, literally.

Montoya later got into a more serious argument with a white man in Western clothes who had come to the meeting with an Indian businessman. The white man, who had introduced himself as a colonel, said that everyone ought to do his part for Indians, and presented a project that he was undertaking as his contribution. He planned to lead a group of young Indians on horseback from the Mexican border to Canada—a journey that would allow them to learn horsemanship, to study their culture at reservations along the way, and to appear in the Calgary Stampede when they arrived in Canada.

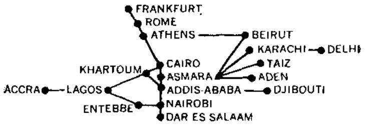
Montoya seemed to recognize the colonel after the project was explained, and he asked angrily if it was the same scheme that had been offered to the Negroes and turned down, and wheth-

Tribal Dancing

EAST AFRICA

IT SWINGS!

The action in East Africa is fast, exciting, different. In Entebbe, for example, you'll thrill to a boat trip along the upper Nile, and to the thunder of Murchison Falls, and to herds of big game. You'll stay at a modern hotel, shop for bargains, visit the up-to-date city of Kampala. You'll want to see all of East Africa...Tanzania, Kenya, and the fascinating Historic Tour of Ethiopia. On the way, or on the way home, you can swing through Europe, too, at no extra air fare, through the *courtesy* of Ethiopian Airlines, and you'll fly in luxury all the way. *Mail the coupon, now! Or see your Travel Agent, or* TWA.



NY

AFRICA MIDDLE EAST ASIA EUROPE

Boeing Fan Jet Passenger and Cargo Service

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES

Africa's Only FAA-certificated Airline

51 East 42nd Street, New York City 10017

Please send me information about the excitement of travel to incredible East Africa, with stopovers in Europe at no extra air fare, on Ethiopian Airlines' luxury Boeing Fan Jets departing from European Gateways.

NAME ____________

ADDRESS ____________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________ ZIP ____________

THE SNEAKY SHOE

1st name afoot afloat comes ashore. **Sperry Top-Sider.** Cup race or rat race. The sneaky shoe that outcomforts bare feet. The sole that outgrips floor or deck. No skidding! Shown, the sailor's, student's favorite. Moccasin comfort. Barefoot flexibility. Men's, women's $24. Among several other styles; real sneaky oxfords — old salt canvas, fast dry nylon, new racy lace-to-toe nylon; and Leather Campus Casuals. $8. to $26. Catalog from Sperry Top-Sider, 18 Rubber Avenue, Naugatuck, Connecticut 06770.

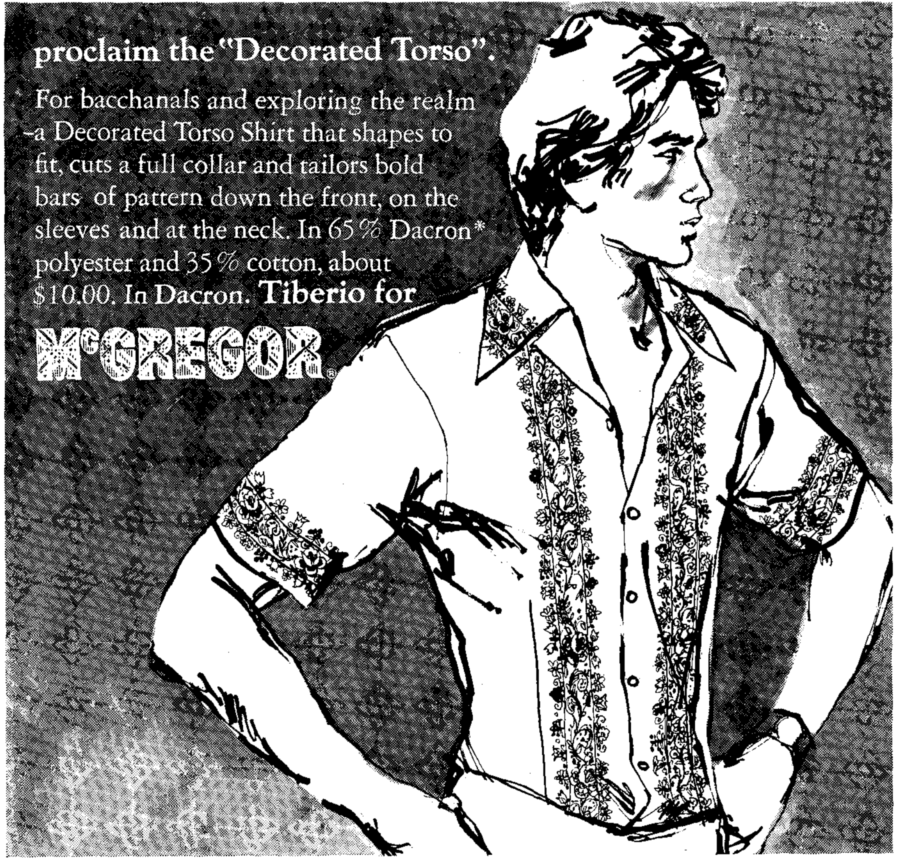
SPERRY TOP-SIDER ®

I, TIBERIO

proclaim the "Decorated Torso".

For bacchanals and exploring the realm -a Decorated Torso Shirt that shapes to fit, cuts a full collar and tailors bold bars of pattern down the front, on the sleeves and at the neck. In 65% Dacron* polyester and 35% cotton, about $10.00. In Dacron. Tiberio for McGREGOR®

*DU PONT REG. T.M.



er the plan called for some of the Indians to wear cavalry uniforms. The colonel did not exactly answer either question.

"How much money is going to be made off it?" Montoya asked.

"I wouldn't know," the colonel said, looking wounded.

"But you are going to make some money."

"I hope so," the colonel said.

When Montoya said it was just another example of a white man making money by exploiting Indians, the colonel's Indian friend came to his defense, arguing that the training might enable more Indians to get into the stunt man's guild. The personnel man joined Montoya, and soon all three Indians were shouting. The whites looked embarrassed.

After a while, Savage talked about the experience he and his wife were having tutoring Indian children at the Welcome House, and the acting director of the Welcome House said that twenty-seven students were being tutored, with twenty on a waiting list. There was some talk of whites going to powwows to try to learn something of what Indians were like—an idea approved of by the personnel man, and even by Montoya. There was also talk about starting an Indian restaurant and about people finding out if their companies had any job openings that Indians might fill. "What we're trying to do here is to get a small nucleus," Savage said. "There's nothing people can't do if they set their minds to it."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Zelienople (Pa.) Butler County News Record*]

Making yarn cats, huck towels and yarn pillow tops occupied six members of the Fombelles Homemakers Club when they met Tuesday, Feb. 17, in the home of Mrs. Larry Druschel, Church Road, Fombell.

Mrs. Joseph Lipan served a salad luncheon at noon.

Hurricanes will be the next project when the group meets Tuesday, March 3, from 10 A.M. until 3 P.M. in the Druschel home.

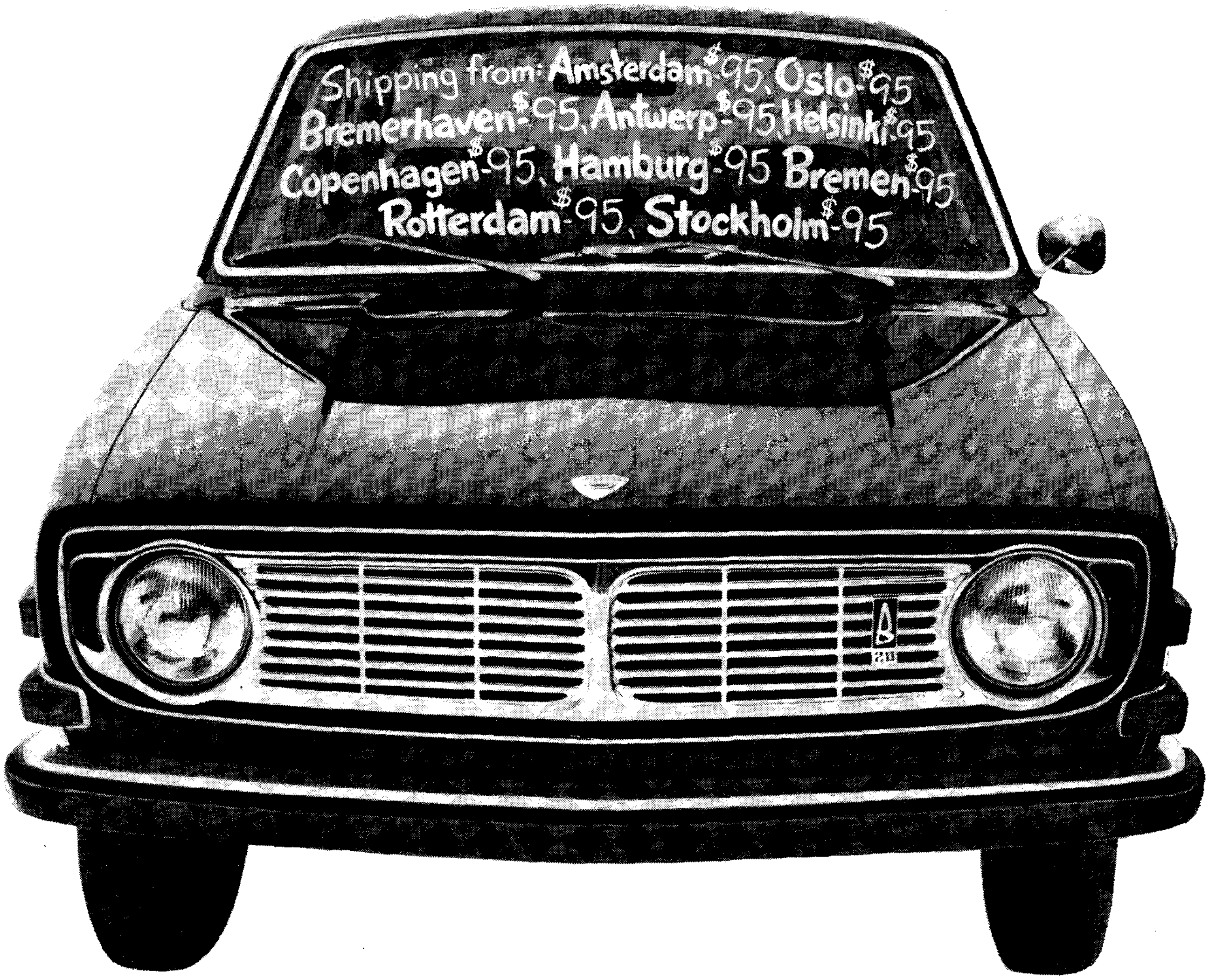
•

From the unmarked Cathedral snowfields the party pushed on to the summit of Baxter Peak. The last few hundred feet were painfully engineered. Each man was tied together with a rope and literally carved out footholds in the ice with axes.—*Maine Alumnus.*

Every man to his own system.

First we offer to ship your Volvo home free from the factory.

Then we make it worth your while to decline our generous offer.


Shipping from: Amsterdam-$95, Oslo-$95
Bremerhaven-$95, Antwerp-$95 Helsinki-$95
Copenhagen-$95, Hamburg-$95 Bremen-$95
Rotterdam-$95, Stockholm-$95

If you take delivery on a Volvo in Europe and drop it off at our factory in Sweden, we'll ship it to New York, Baltimore, Jacksonville or Houston for free.

This wonderful deal has just one drawback—you have to drive back to our factory to take advantage of it. And while our factory is bright, cheerful and modern, it may not be your idea of the perfect end to a European vacation.

So we offer an alternative to it: Drop your Volvo off at any one of the ten cities listed above, and we'll ship it back for just $95.

Which is about one-third of what you'd have to pay if you did it yourself.

Either way you ship your Volvo back, you save money on it.

And either way, you get a car that lasts a long time. We can't guarantee how long, of course, but nine out of every ten Volvos registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

Which means that after three years, you can stop putting your money into car payments. And start putting it into other things.

Like more trips to Europe.

Write us for a free copy of our Overseas Delivery brochure. Or ask any Volvo dealer.

© VOLVO, INC. 1970

VOLVO

Volvo, Inc., Overseas Delivery, Department 703, Rockleigh, N. J. 07647

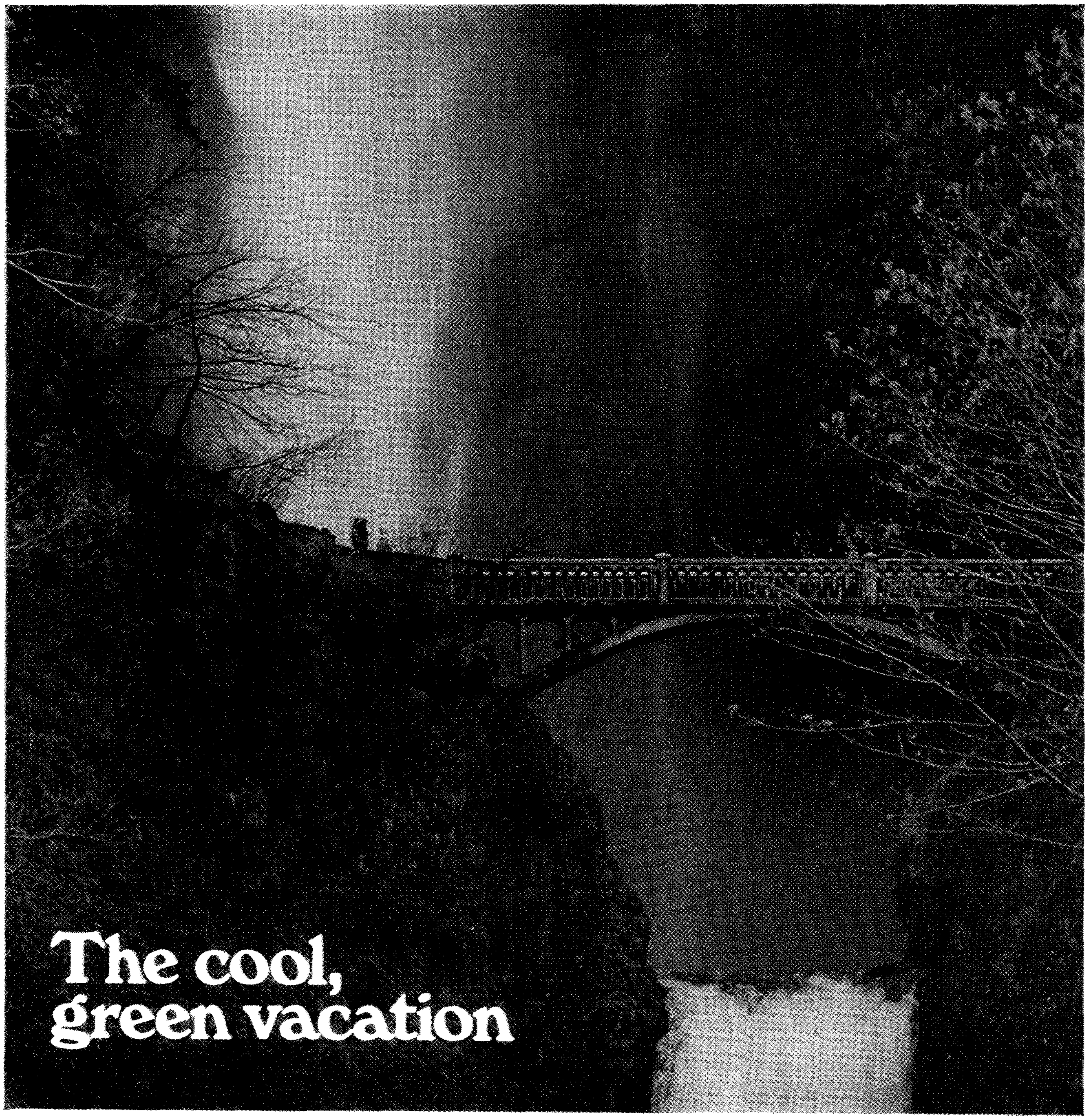
AROUND CITY HALL

To the political players and their managers in city politics, the citizens who become passionately involved in the controversies of local government only a few weeks before each election are much like the baseball crowds that suddenly turn up in the better seats at the stadium, cheering and shouting (often at the wrong moments) during the World Series. As baseball's more faithful followers know, the real story of the national game is played out in interminable encounters before much smaller crowds who, typically, know not only just what's going on in the field but, in most cases, what went on in the dugout before the game. After the hoopla of Election Night, the successful candidate for legislative office in New York City will find that what he has won is the right to attend seemingly endless, and sometimes tedious, hearings, committee meetings, and caucuses that often entirely escape public notice.

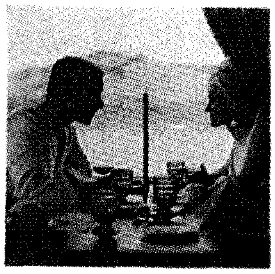
As of now, New York City has two legislative bodies—the Board of Estimate and the City Council—and their lawmaking provinces, according to the peculiar and anachronistic provisions of the city charter, are in some respects separate, in some respects shared. (Both, for example, pass on the budget. The Council is responsible for most laws, the major exception being those that, as Mayor Lindsay recently described it, have to do with "allocation of land use.") Several times in this century, the balance of power has shifted between the two differently constituted groups. (Most members of the Council are elected from councilmanic districts; Board of Estimate members—the Mayor, the President of the City Council, the Comptroller, and the five Borough Presidents—serve ex officio.) In the last charter revision, in 1963, the Board, which for nearly a quarter of a century had been perhaps the most powerful agency in city government, lost many of its prerogatives to the Council (as well as to the Mayor's office). But the habit of supremacy dies hard, and, in public, at least, some members of the Board prefer to treat councilmen as a bunch of upstarts. Whatever their relationship, individual encounters must necessarily take place at close quarters. The dim, mahogany-panelled Council chamber and the white-walled Board of Estimate room stand within a hundred feet of each other, on opposite sides of the gracefully curving double staircase that leads to the second floor at City Hall.

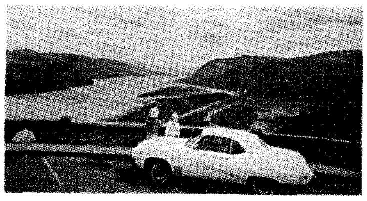
Unlike the Board of Estimate, which invites citizens to speak for or against proposals brought before its biweekly meetings, the City Council at its weekly sessions restricts the ordinary New Yorker to a spectator's seat behind the gilt railing of a high rear balcony. At ten-thirty on a recent Wednesday morning, however, the Council room was the scene of a scheduled open hearing. For two days, its Housing Committee listened to public testimony on whether housing conditions in the city remained in such a state of emergency that the rent-control law, which was imposed in 1943 and now covers more than two-thirds of New York's rental units, mostly in the low- and moderate-income brackets, should be extended for three years. It was no secret that Mayor Lindsay and many other local politicians had concluded that some rent increases would improve the housing situation, but few of them wanted credit for the suggestion, in view of the political reality that New York's renters outnumber its property owners by at least three to one. Fearful of playing host to a minor civil war, the Council had called for testimony from representatives of both renters and landlords on separate days. On this particular Wednesday—the tenants' day—most of the assembled crowd, sitting on some two hundred folding chairs in the center of the room, seemed to be either young or quite elderly. About half of them were black. On a low platform at the front of the chamber were chairs and desks for Housing Committee members and any others of the thirty-seven councilmen—four of whom are council*women*—who might want to be on hand. Throughout the day, the personae on the platform shifted constantly. The Housing Committee chairman, Donald Manes, a Queens Democrat, was in charge of the hearings, and Sanford Garelik, the Council President, was a recurrent visitor, looking, as usual, solemn and intent as he pursued his on-the-job training in politics after twenty-nine years on the police force. From the beginning, however, any elbow-jabbing and turning of heads in the audience weren't on his account. They were signs that Carter Burden, an elegantly tailored, twenty-eight-year-old descendant of Commodore Vanderbilt, elected last fall as a Reform Democrat and Liberal from the Fourth District, on Manhattan's upper East Side, was strolling in and out of the room. A week earlier, word had got out that a company in which he holds the major interest had bought a controlling interest in the *Village Voice*. The eyes of the other councilmen, none of whom is as well fixed as Burden, were not always friendly as they followed his arrivals and departures.

When someone in the audience announced that the first scheduled speaker, Miss Jane Benedict, chairman of one of the more militant tenants' organizations, would be late because she was being arraigned in Criminal Court on a trespass charge brought by a property owner, the audience booed loudly. "That's landlords for you!" shouted Jesse Gray, who was an unsuccessful



You can find it almost anywhere in Oregon. Especially here in the superscenic Columbia River Gorge. Thundering waterfalls that plunge from sky-high cliffs. A quiet, shaded picnic spot beside a crystal stream. Wildflowers in hidden dells. Orchards heavy with ripening fruit. Leaping Chinook salmon. A riverside dinner with a horizon-to-horizon view—of the snow mantled Cascades, of fir covered foothills. Is this your year for a cool, green vacation?





MAIL COUPON OR WRITE TODAY

Travel Information, Room 60
State Highway Division
Salem, Oregon 97310

Please send me the free vacation information items checked:

☐ Full-color vacation booklet
☐ Parks guide
☐ Highway map
☐ Events folder

NAME ______________________________

ADDRESS ______________________________

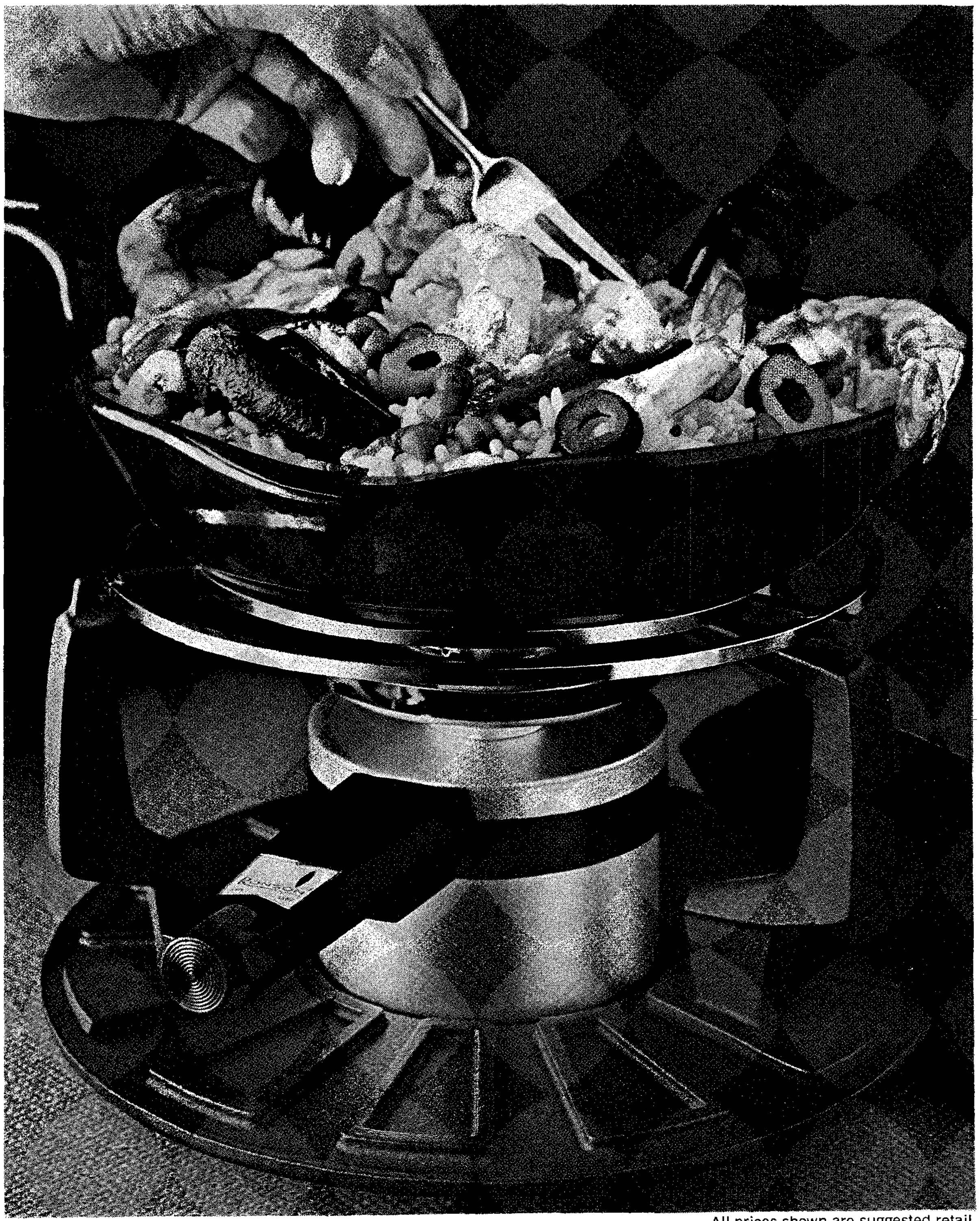
CITY ______________________________

STATE ____________________ ZIP ________

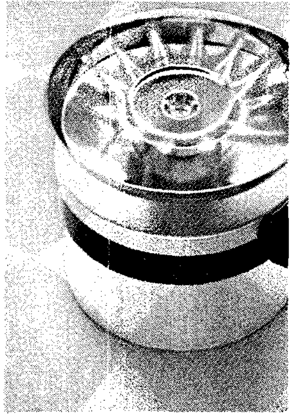
OREGON
has it

fashions in flame by Ronson

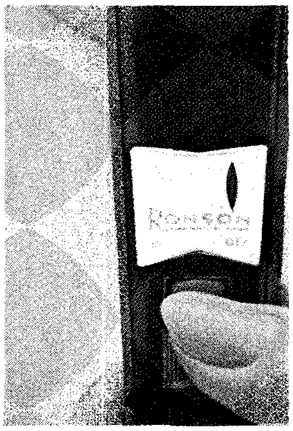
The new Ronson Butane Table Chef. The smartest way to cook right at your table.
Only $32.50



All prices shown are suggested retail.



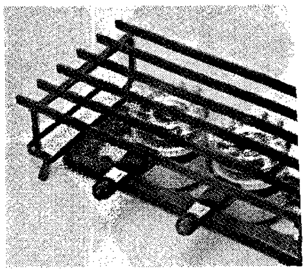
Adjustable 12-point flame. Spreads heat evenly. Provides all the cooking power of your kitchen range burner. Flame adjusts from high to low. High enough to boil water quickly.



Precise fingertip control. The dial in the handle tip is the flame-adjustment control. It's actually more sensitive, more precise than the controls on your kitchen range.

RONSON Multi-Fill BUTANE FUEL

Quick, safe, refueling. Burner unit lifts out easily. Refuels quickly from Ronson 150 or 250 gram Multi-Fill® Butane Injector, available everywhere. No mess. No canned jelly fuel. Cooks 4 to 10 hours on one fueling.



Two-unit Table Chef® Stand. Removable grill and multi-position base accommodates two Table Chefs. With two Table Chefs and two 250 gram Multi-Fills, $49.50. Standard model (not shown) $26.95.

RONSON
VARAFLAME TABLE CHEF

Special recipe booklet included. Over thirty pages featuring recipes and special dishes you can cook right at the table.

RONSON®

DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N.J., U.S.A. Available in Canada.

candidate for the Council in November and who has led a number of rent strikes in Harlem. Called upon for his recommendations, Benjamin Altman, the city's Commissioner of Rent and Housing Maintenance, proposed that the present rent-control law be temporarily extended, with the understanding that the Lindsay administration would suggest some revisions after the completion of a report commissioned by the city from a group at Rutgers University. Questioned by the Council minority leader, Eldon Clingan, who is a Manhattan Liberal, Altman said the report might disagree with most other recent studies, which had concluded that the city's critical vacancy rate (just over one per cent of the apartments in the city are available for new tenants) was largely a result of landlords' "simply walking away" from at least thirty-eight thousand apartments when they became unprofitable under rent control. The audience began to stamp its feet. "Altman's speaking for the landlords! We want a tenant speaker!" one man cried out. When Altman asked for order, Manes thought he had asked for some water, and by the time the misunderstanding was cleared up there was little order left. "Altman must go! Altman must go!" the crowd was chanting, with Gray leading the chorus. After a brief scuffle, Gray was escorted from the chamber, grinning, with TV crews in pursuit. Miss Benedict, a short, peppery, gray-haired lady, who had arrived a few minutes earlier, demanded that Gray be invited back at once to address the committee. "You don't make the rules here. This is a City Council meeting," said Manes. "This is a people's meeting!" shouted a man in the crowd. "This is a farce and a fraud," said Miss Benedict, in a loud voice. "All my people follow me out." About half the audience followed her out, but within a few minutes most of the chairs were occupied by other tenants, who had been waiting in the corridor. A thin man in a shiny black suit stepped up to the lectern and began to read in a droning voice an account of his landlord's nerve-racking campaign to drive him out of his apartment so it could be rented to a new tenant at the higher price permitted under new leases by the rent-control law.

Several times during the day, individual councilmen slipped out of the Council chamber and moved down the hall to the Board of Estimate room, which is taken over on alternate Wednesdays for hearings of the City Planning Commission, a body that

Your $10 gift to these hungry kids can bring them $240 worth of meat, milk and bread.

These kids subsist on a few greens around noon and some pinto beans in the evening. Nothing more or different. And not even enough of that.

It sounds incredible because it's taking place right now... in the midst of the good life so many of us are living in America. But walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see children with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.

The federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan makes it possible for needy families to convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $12.00 worth of food.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund has organized a nationwide drive to supply the food stamps. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just $10.00 buys up to $240.00 in food stamps.

To contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. *Thank you*

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund, Dept. N41, Box 121, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019

Decidedly
Feminine...
DISTINCTIVELY
CROSS®
SINCE 1846

CROSS Classic Ladies' Writing Instruments in 14 Karat Gold Filled
and Sterling Silver with top grain leather Pen Purse.
Pen or Pencil $12.00 Set $24.00

©1969 A. T. CROSS CO., LINCOLN, R. I. 02865

You, Me., and the kids.

Maine has a way of sun-ripening a city child. And a couple of weeks in God's country wouldn't do you any harm either.

The Great State of Maine.

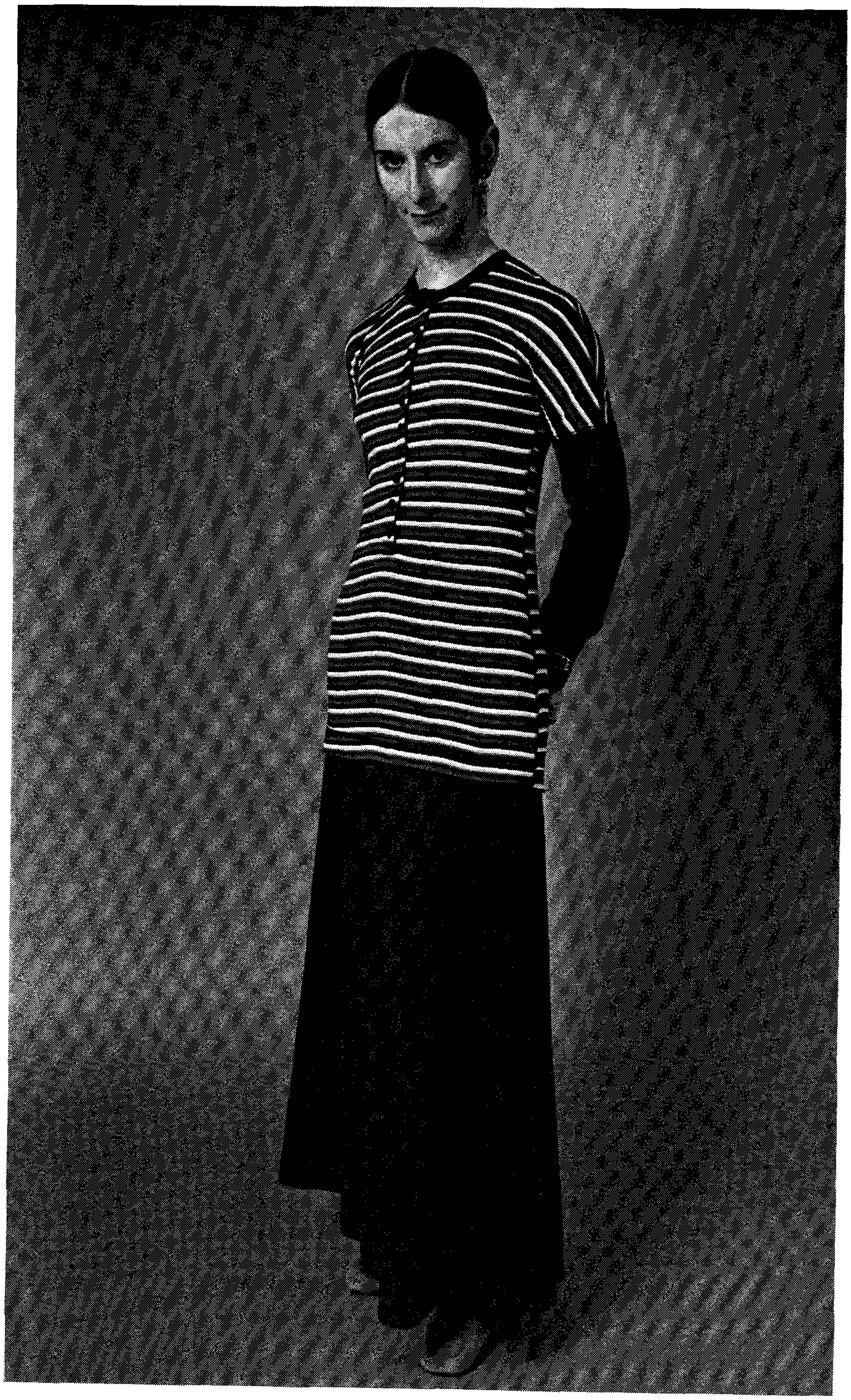
Department of Economic Development
2323 Gateway Circle
Portland, Maine 04102

Please send me the booklets I have checked below:

Name
Address
City State Zip

☐ Guide to Maine ☐ Maine Public Parks ☐ Maine Historic Trails
☐ Camping in Maine ☐ 1970 Events in Maine

would like to consider itself a fourth power of government (after the Mayor and the two legislative groups). Its responsibilities include acting as a court of preliminary jurisdiction for proposed construction in the five boroughs and certifying that such construction is in keeping with the Commission's master plan for the city—a plan that the Commission has not, in fact, completed. Some councilmen stopped by there to see how urban renewal and similar projects for their districts were faring, and some, as they freely admitted, came only to play the City Hall game of seeing whether Bev—Mrs. Beverly Moss Spatt—had got Donald Elliott riled out of his skin again. Elliott, a tall, brown-haired man with a serious, almost ministerial manner, is a favorite of Mayor Lindsay, who chose him not only as chairman of the Planning Commission but also as one of the city's three representatives on the Metropolitan Transit Authority. Although he is noted for his even temper in most circumstances, Elliott has occasionally been provoked to something close to a public shouting match with Mrs. Spatt, the only woman among the six Planning Commissioners. Mrs. Spatt, a thin, blond, sharp-tongued woman who is given to miniskirts and maxi-earrings, was one of the final appointments of Lindsay's predecessor, Robert Wagner. Whether or not party politics has anything to do with it (thirty of the thirty-seven councilmen are Democrats) or whether the councilmen sincerely agree with some of her vigorous public dissents from Elliott's decisions, the discomfort she has caused the Mayor's protégé has made Mrs. Spatt a great pet of the Council. She has reciprocated by announcing that she thinks the Council "should be the city's *sole* legislative body." When the Council held morning-to-midnight hearings on the city's capital budget last month, and Elliott turned up with his staff to defend his request for appropriations, he found Mrs. Spatt already on hand. Given equal time with Elliott, she offered a picture of the Commission chairman as arrogant, inefficient, unworthy of respect as a city planner, and so averse to dissent that "he is this administration's Agnew." Councilman Michael DeMarco, of the Bronx, called her remarks "a breath of fresh air," and Councilman Burden chimed in to describe Elliott as a rank hypocrite and a man not distinguished for candor. After this bit of fun, the Council got together with the Board of Estimate and voted to give Elliott's Commission only a little less money than it had



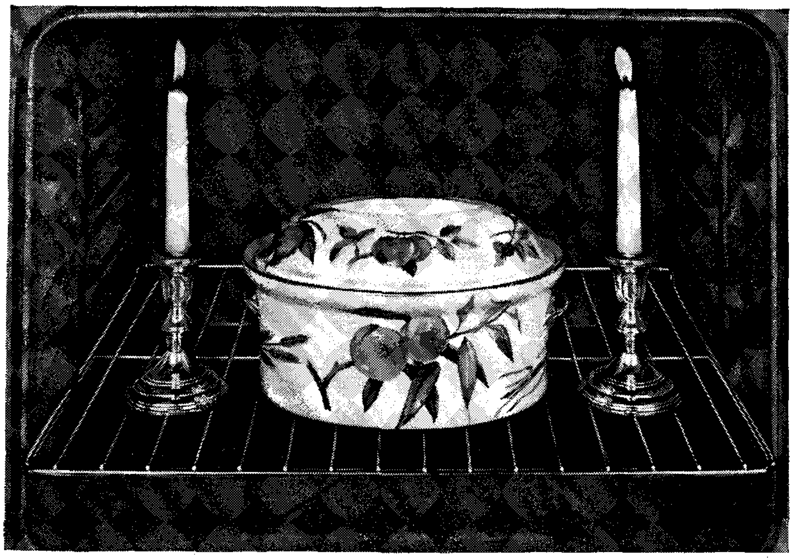
Alvin Duskin Company
San Francisco

This is the last advertisement in our series. Anyone wishing a portfolio of re-prints of the entire series is invited to write us. Thank you. Alvin Duskin Co., 510 3rd Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.

asked for. On this Wednesday, however, Mrs. Spatt seemed subdued, and the Planning Commission hearing offered no sideshow from the bench. By midafternoon, the Commission had got down to cases involving zoning-law changes. One of the speakers was a woman who represented a number of people living in the Lincoln Center area. She said that unless the city acted to protect lower- and middle-income housing in the area, and to prevent the construction of high-density luxury housing, the present residents would be forced "to move to some place like Queens," causing a pained expression to cross the face of Commissioner Martin Gallent, who lives in the Jackson Heights area of Queens. When residents of the Gramercy Park area argued in favor of putting a permanent limit on building heights in the Gramercy Park Historic District, a prospective builder rose to denounce them as squatters anxious to force the city into the dark ages just so people could live where they were in perpetuity. The city should pay more attention to its businessmen, he said. "Moving companies have to make a living, too, you know," he told the Commission angrily. "Demolition companies have to make a living."

Back in the Council chamber, a young tenant was shouting into the microphone that "if rents are allowed to go up and we can't beat the Lindsay administration at the polls, New York's six million tenants will give it to you in the streets." Later, as darkness fell outside, elderly citizens filed up to the lectern one after the other to plead with the Council in low voices that on their small pensions they simply could not pay more each month, that if rents went up they would lose all hope and would have to do what many of them had long resisted—go on welfare.

WHEN the Board of Estimate opened its regular session the next morning, the large crowd of people waiting to speak their minds included some unusually distinguished citizens. Charles Yost, head of the United States delegation to the United Nations, and Mrs. John Loeb, who represents the city in its dealings with the U.N., were among those scheduled to appear in favor of the controversial United Nations Development Corporation, a three-hundred-and-twenty-five-million-dollar office-building-and-housing complex planned for the area between Forty-third and Forty-fifth Streets between First and Second Avenues. Mayor Lindsay, who often skips



Royal Worcester Flameproof Porcelain looks so lovely by candlelight it's hard to believe it slaved in a hot stove all day

Cook in it. Serve in it. But please don't eat those luscious fruits that grow all over it. They're for decoration. Not dessert. The Royal Worcester collection of Flameproof Porcelain consists of casseroles, ramekins, baking dishes, and souffles in all sizes and shapes. All in white. The better to show off the sun-ripened colors, individually fired in the great English tradition. From $3.00 to $49.50 at stores that serve only the best. Casserole shown, 2¼ qt., $27.50. Also available in Canada. For a free Flameproof folder write: Royal Worcester, 11 East 26th Street, New York 10010, Dept. N-418.

The Meritime Collection
the wanted one...for its superlative styling...its absolute imperviousness to the elements.
At fine stores everywhere.
Meadowcraft
BIRMINGHAM ORNAMENTAL IRON COMPANY,
P.O. BOX 1911, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA 35201

SHOWROOM LOCATIONS: **Chicago**—Merchandise Mart; **Dallas**—Home Furnishings Mart; **High Point**-Southern Furniture Exposition Building; **New York**-The Decorative Arts Center; **San Francisco**—The Ice House

Charge of the White Brigade!
CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS®

© 1970 CREIGHTON SHIRT CO.

We make this shirt
in a crisp and comfortable
all cotton fabric.

You can
feel how
good
it looks.

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON

Absolutely not the shirt for a conformist. CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS, REIDSVILLE, N.C.

Is yours as good
as Grant's?
Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8

If your Scotch isn't aged for eight full years...if it doesn't have a rich, smooth, honest Scotch flavor... then try Grant's 8. Since 1887, we've made Grant's 8 in the same dedicated way...because, for us, that's the only way. So, if you've been settling for just Scotch... taste the difference...

Grant's 8 Scotch... as long as you're up.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF © AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO. INC., N.Y. IMPORTERS, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND.

Board of Estimate meetings, was in his place this time, in the center of the horseshoe dais. The Board first dealt rapidly with a number of proposals on which hearings had already been held. As the last votes on these items were recorded, prospective speakers on the U.N. project—among them Councilman Burden, carrying mimeographed copies of a three-page speech—began to queue up on the left side of the lectern. A few minutes earlier, however, someone had handed Lindsay a note, and the waiting speakers, looking up, suddenly found that he had departed, leaving Garelik to move into his place. (In most previous administrations, the Mayor's representative has presided after he leaves, but Garelik says that, as Council President, he should preside, pointing out that he is formally next in line of succession to the mayoralty. Many at City Hall think the change is fine, since it gives Garelik something to do. Although Garelik wields the gavel at Council meetings, the Council is actually run by its majority leader, Thomas Cuite.) Garelik announced that "Assemblyman Stein" had obtained a State Supreme Court stay forbidding the hearing on the U.N. matter. The city Corporation Counsel had asked the Appellate Court to lift the stay, but this would take some hours. Grumbling, the U.N. witnesses filed out, and the Board began to hear arguments on the proposed Second Avenue subway route, which had brought out the second-largest number of New Yorkers eager to testify pro or con.

Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton paid particular attention to this debate. The first subway route suggested by the Metropolitan Transit Authority, a state agency, had gone directly down the island from the upper East Side to Broad Street, in the financial district, perfectly accommodating the city's richest residents, as Sutton had pointed out, and ignoring needier New Yorkers in the densely populated bulge of southern Manhattan that juts out into the East River at some points more than a mile east of Second Avenue. The M.T.A.'s chairman, Dr. William J. Ronan, had now proposed a spur that would leave the Second Avenue line at Fourteenth, run east to Avenue C, turn south to Houston Street, and then west again to the main line. Speakers who wanted the whole route to veer eastward kept pointing out that his plan—known as the cup-handle route—still left the thousands of East Siders in the bulge south of Houston Street without sub-

The freedom house

Freedom from dull conventions. Techbuilt's unreserved design invites a wholly new approach to living. Freedom to express yourself. Techbuilt is the unique pre-built house with custom built flexibility. Exclusive post-and-beam construction and modular walls give you total freedom in planning room arrangements. Freedom from care. Handsome modern materials which require only a minimum of maintenance. Freedom from the squeeze. Generous rooms . . . open spaces . . . floor-to-ceiling glass walls . . . bedrooms plus . . . Techbuilt wins the space race. More than a score of contemporary Techbuilt designs.

Send for fascinating photo and fact-filled guide book of prize-winning vacation and year-'round homes. ONLY $1.00

TECHBUILT
585 State Road, Dept. N418
North Dartmouth, Mass. 02747

I enclose $1.00 for your guide book to vacation and year 'round homes.

I own a homesite ☐ Yes ☐ No

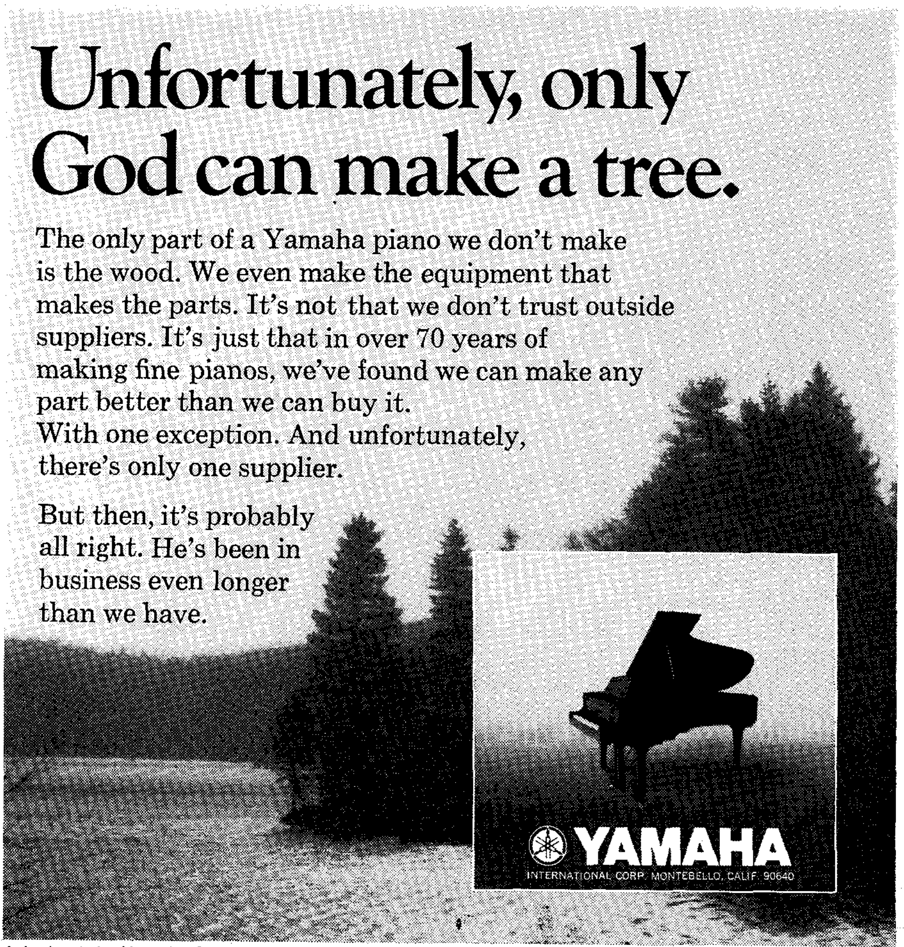
Location__________

Name__________

Street__________

City______ State______ Zip______

TECHBUILT



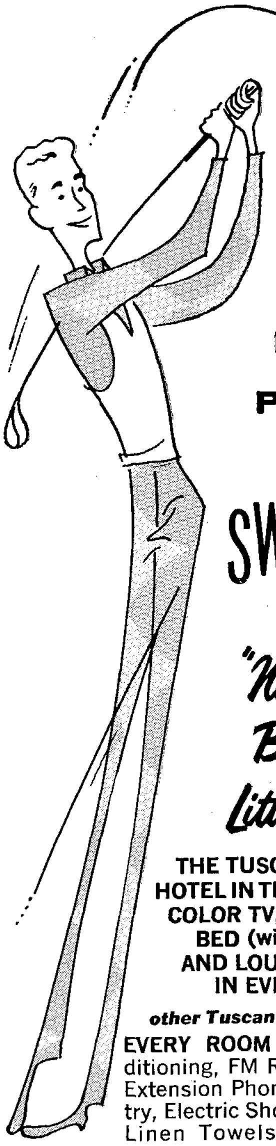
Unfortunately, only God can make a tree.

The only part of a Yamaha piano we don't make is the wood. We even make the equipment that makes the parts. It's not that we don't trust outside suppliers. It's just that in over 70 years of making fine pianos, we've found we can make any part better than we can buy it.
With one exception. And unfortunately, there's only one supplier.

But then, it's probably all right. He's been in business even longer than we have.

YAMAHA
INTERNATIONAL CORP. MONTEBELLO, CALIF. 90640

Ask about the Yamaha School of Music, a uniquely rich educational experience for young children 4-8 years.



MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE SWINGING TO "New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

THE TUSCANY...ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV, ADJUSTABLE BED (with vibrator) AND LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

other Tuscany Innovations:

EVERY ROOM HAS: Air Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric Wall Clock.

Our restaurants are extraordinary, too! Just around the corner from Grand Central, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany

39th Street just east of Park Ave.
NEW YORK 10016
Tel.: (212) 686-1600

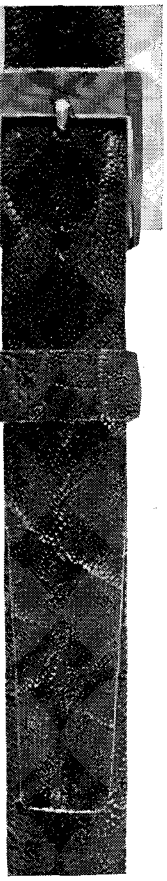
Geary's BEVERLY HILLS

Waterford Crystal Bud Vase is hand cut, full lead crystal . . . so dainty, and so very effective. It's just 4 inches tall, yet exquisitely detailed. 8.00 (Add 5% tax in California.)

351 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210

way service. "Dr. Ronan is the most arrogant man alive," declared one enraged witness. Sitting over at one side of the room, Dr. Ronan gave a faint smile. A few minutes later, the Board called on him to explain his project. In the next hour, the Borough Presidents complained frequently that Ronan was not responsive to their questions. When they gave him too much trouble, he mentioned, still faintly smiling, that, in fact, according to state law, the city had no legal right to change an approved M.T.A. route. In the end, Sutton declared that the cup-handle route seemed to be the best he could do for his constituents now, and the enabling law for the Second Avenue subway line, which, as some speakers had pointed out, was already being talked of back in the nineteen-twenties, was finally passed. It was then after three o'clock, and since no word on the U.N. project had yet come from the Appellate Court, the Board took a recess.

Over in the City Council room, the landlords were telling their stories, which dealt with tenant vandalism, with apartments renting for forty dollars a month to families that had a combined income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and with surveys showing that a hundred thousand city apartments were now renting for less than it cost to keep them up. Most of those in the folding chairs today were middle-aged. Quite a number of the landlord speakers were black (as are two members of the Council). The pastor of a Harlem Baptist church, appearing as a property owner, began by proclaiming, "Tenants are unfair to landlords!" He got a rousing cheer. "When I came to New York, you could walk down Eighth Avenue looking like somebody," he said. "Now, on account of what rent control is doing to this city, if you walk along looking like somebody, you get mugged. I blame you gentlemen for that," he said, with a sweeping bow toward the councilmen. A black landlord named Fred Ellis reminded the Council that there had been only one across-the-board rent increase since 1943—an increase of fifteen per cent, in 1953—and that many tenants must be making two hundred per cent more than they had made then. "*All* of them!" several of the landlords shouted. Vito Battista, a state assemblyman from Brooklyn and chairman of the local Taxpayers' Party, contributed the information that at twenty thousand dollars a year councilmen were now making four times what they had made in 1943. Roger



ELEPHANT IS THE NAME OF OUR GAME!

ELEGANT ELEPHANT BELTS

"You'll probably outgrow them before you wear them out!" Our soft, supple, utterly luxurious Genuine Elephant leather. Solid Brass buckles. 1" Dress Belt, French feathered edge, $12.95. Fashion's favorite 1¼" width, $14.95. Newest 1½" width, $17.95. Money Belt, concealed zippered compartment, 1¼", $16.95. All priced in Midnight Black. Sizes 28-44.

Add $1 shipping

Satisfaction Guaranteed
N.Y. Residents Add Tax

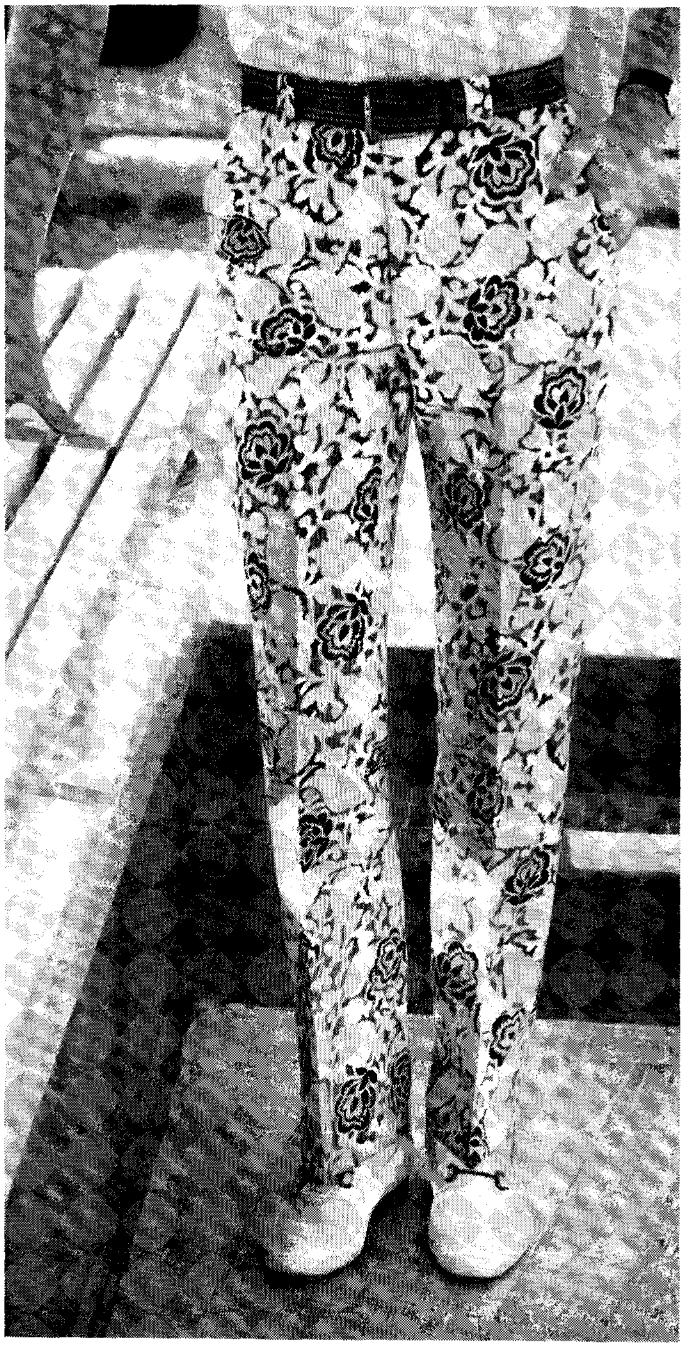
Visit Our SAFARILAND™ Showroom or Write For Free 76-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St. New York 10022

HOTEL DU CAP D'ANTIBES
Pavillion Eden Roc
Now open March 20th thru November
Air Conditioned
ANTIBES, FRANCE
For information:
Dept. R, New Yorker
25 W. 43rd St., New York 10036

ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
Chateau Madrid
Explosive Latin Singing Star
La LUPE
Spain's New Flamenco Sensation
La MORUCHA
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080
NOW AT 48th ST.
just e. of Lex. Ave. in Hotel Lexington

"If all you wanted to do was cover your nudity you could wear a barrel."

A credo of sorts from Austin Hill (with apologies to the cooperage trade).



"We call these fancy trousers 'Dragon Drawers'. They're 100% cotton and they're all the rage right now. Next year I suppose it'll be something else."

As we all know, in most species, the male has the corner on fancy plumage.

Until recently the single, unglaring, exception has been man himself.

His slacks, for example, looked suspiciously like the bottom half of his business suit. And the less said about his business suit the better.

But not any longer. Maybe it's boredom, or maybe it's the coming of the Aquarian Age, but the fact is there's definitely a new day dawning from the waist down.

Take our new floral prints. Handsome patterns and colors in comfortable, durable long staple cotton. Fully lined. Five years ago you wouldn't have looked at them. Now they're walking off the shelves practically under their own power.

The only thing straight about them is the legs. The rest is very now. With the exception of a lot of old-fashioned details that go into the making of the pants themselves.

And those old-fashioned details which make a pair of trousers look right, last a reasonable length of time, and fit properly, won't really interest you.

Until you happen to buy a pair that doesn't have them.

Austin Hill LTD.

318 N. FRONT STREET, BALTIMORE, MD. 21202

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

A gathering of genuine snakeskins, different colors and different kinds, were patch-worked together for our 9½-inch square shoulder bag. Looks great with all sorts of casual summer things, $23. In our Handbag Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

MODIFIED RACING GLOVE

SINCE 1844

Our dressmaker adaptation of the popular driving glove. In pliant English capeskin, finished with fine touches: finger gussets and contrast tones. Natural with brown; brown-natural; black or navy with white; dark grey-pearl. By half sizes, 6 to 7½. Here or by mail, $6.00

Trimingham's BERMUDA

Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-56. State second colour choice. Add 40¢ postage sea mail; 55¢ airmail. Send for free illustrated "Treasures from Trimingham's" catalogue.

Starr, Executive Director of the Citizens' Housing and Planning Council, which he said represented no group but only "common sense in housing," recommended that the minimum rental be raised to about twenty-five dollars a room, with those tenants who couldn't pay that much being subsidized by the city or some other government. Taking a pipe out of his mouth, Councilman Burden asked why, for that matter, there shouldn't be a *maximum* charge per room. "As the new owner of the *Village Voice*, do you favor a maximum advertising rate?" Starr shot back, and most of Burden's fellow-councilmen joined in the laughter. Many of the other speakers were small landlords who talked of their hard times with tenants they weren't permitted to evict and of their shrinking incomes. Some of them said that if rents didn't go up *they* would have to go on welfare, which already accounts for about twenty-five per cent of the city's budget. As the afternoon wore on, most of the half-dozen councilmen who remained sat with their chins propped in their hands—pictures of dejection.

At four-forty-five, word finally came that the Appellate Court had ruled that the Board of Estimate hearings on the United Nations Development Corporation could proceed. Limousines from the U.N. area drew up in front of City Hall, and the Board's chamber was soon full again. Mayor Lindsay, back in his chair, explained the unfortunate delay to the crowd. He did not explain what everyone in the room knew—that the "Assemblyman Stein" who had held things up was Andrew Stein, the son of Jerry Finkelstein, the millionaire publisher and Tammany stalwart since the O'Dwyer days, who six days earlier had been named by a group of Democratic leaders as the citywide chairman of their party. Young Stein was somewhat famous in his own right for having spent a record two hundred and fifty-eight thousand dollars in 1968 to win himself a seat in the New York State Assembly at the age of twenty-three. Later in the hearing, he denounced the U.N.D.C. project as a "land grab" and an attempt to drive out the middle class by converting Manhattan into what he called "a ghetto" of luxury buildings. The most important political complication at the U.N.D.C. hearing was the membership on the corporation's board of directors of Arthur Goldberg, who had just announced that, after all, he *would* be available for the Democratic nomination for the governorship. Gold-

THE COLOR-FILLED WORLD OF

Donald Davies

BEGINS IN DUBLIN . . .

where the wispiest of woolens is exquisitely woven, richly dyed, perfectly coutured into classics for women to discover in boutiques in Paris and London and the finest stores in the U.S.A.

DONALD DAVIES, 417 Fifth Ave, NYC 10016

COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER

Cafe Pierre

New York's intimate rendezvous for cocktails, dinner and supper

5TH AVENUE & 61 STREET • TE 8-8000

Handmade in Ireland

WALLABEE®

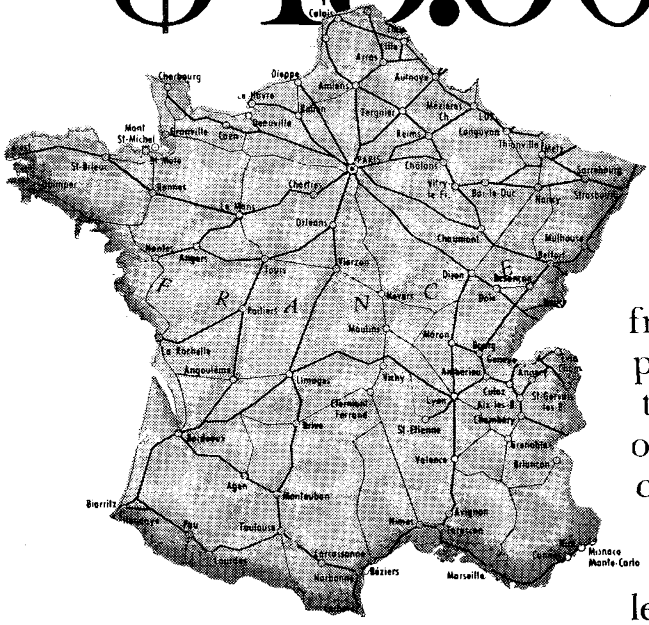
for women,

EXCLUSIVELY Clarks®

Smart looking with slacks or skirts. Extremely comfortable for shopping, walking, traveling. Suede or calf. $23.

®Reg T.M.Clarks–568 Main Ave., Norwalk, Conn.

$37.30 wide; $45.60 long.


Calais
Lille
Arras
Cherbourg
Dieppe
Amiens
Aulnoye
Le Havre
Rouen
Tergnier
Mézières Ch.
Deauville
Mont St-Michel
Granville
Caen
Reims
Longuyon
Thionville
Metz
St-Malo
St-Brieuc
Quimper
Rennes
PARIS
Chalons
Sarrebourg
Chartres
Vitry le Fr.
Bar-le-Duc
Nancy
Strasbourg
Le Mans
Orleans
Chaumont
Mulhouse
Nantes
Angers
Tours
Vierzon
Belfort
Dijon
Besançon
F R A N C E
Poitiers
Nevers
Dole
Moulins
Mâcon
La Rochelle
Angoulême
Limoges
Vichy
Lyon
Culoz
Aix-les-B.
Annecy
St-Gervais les B.
Clermont Ferrand
Brive
St-Etienne
Chambéry
Grenoble
Bordeaux
Valence
Briançon
Agen
Montauban
Biarritz
Pau
Toulouse
Nimes
Avignon
Tarascon
Lourdes
Carcassonne
Béziers
Narbonne
Marseille
Cannes
Monaco Monte-Carlo

Whether you go direct from Calais to Marseilles or to Strasbourg from Brest, francly, you'll love France. And particularly by train. Because the 850 trains that zig-zag around our 25,000 miles of specially cushioned track (at about 90 miles an hour) are as economical as they are elegant. 210 of them leave Paris everyday for France.

Your dollar goes farther by train. Par example:

Take one to Grenoble, gateway to great skiing (6 hrs. and $22.50 from Paris). Move on to Marseilles for great seeing on the Mediterranean. (Another 6 hrs. and $11.20). 4 hrs. and $11.80 later, you're in Carcassone, France's medieval jewel. Wind your way to Bordeaux in 4¾ hrs. for $12.70 and sip a bottle of St. Emilion for a buck and change.

5 hrs. ($13.20) farther north, via La Rochelle with its beautiful beach, to Nantes, an old Breton port at the mouth of the Loire. Sail past the castles before you catch the Express (3 hrs. & $13.90) back to Paris, after 14 fruitful, frugal days travelling in France the right way—by railway. Save even more with a Eurailpass.

For free folder: write Dept. C3, Box 517, Lindenhurst, N.Y. 11757. Tickets & reservations at travel agents or French National Railroads, 610 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 10020; 11 E. Adams Street, Chicago 60603; 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills 90212; 323 Geary Street, San Francisco 94102. Also at our Canadian office.

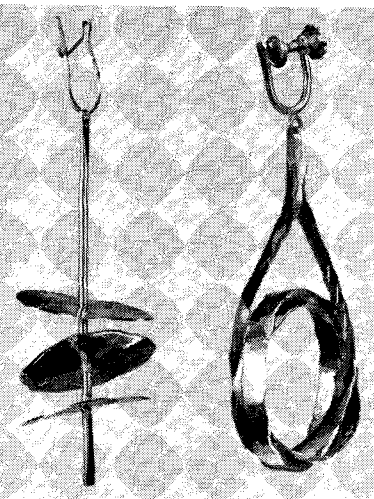
French National Railroads

What typifies Denmark? A smile. Grins just grow around anything Danish. See it by visiting the happy fur collection of Birger Christensen, at Bonwit Teller. And bring a gloomy friend. She'll smile too.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN

38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court



golden touch

Fashion focuses on the lady's ears, touched with 14 kt. polished gold in hand-wrought earrings of unique design, hand-hammered to a shimmering finish. "Sandra" (top): three moving discs pierced by a slender stem. Gold, $80; sterling silver, $22.50. "Charivara" (bottom): a thin ribbon in a triple irregular loop. Gold, $60; sterling silver, $20. Both measure approximately 2" in length, and are for pierced or unpierced ears. Add $1.50 for shipping and insurance beyond regular delivery area.

america house

THE FINEST IN AMERICAN CRAFTS

44 W. 53rd, N.Y. 10019 • PL 7-9494

berg had not only forcefully argued the U.N.D.C.'s case before the Planning Commission three months earlier but, just the day before, had also telephoned several members of the Board of Estimate urging that the U.N. resolution be passed. He had a few suggested changes for the plan, he said, but they could be taken care of later. The U.N.D.C., whose cause he urged, had been created by state law in 1968 as a corporation "formed in the public interest" to plan the development of additional U.N.-related facilities in the neighborhood of the present United Nations complex. The original hope had been that the federal government would contribute substantially to the enterprise. This hadn't happened, however, and so a project that had been planned entirely for U.N. purposes had been converted into one in which at least forty per cent of the space in a six-acre area would be rented out commercially, in order to make the project self-supporting. Plazas, arcades, and pedestrian walks were, of course, included, but so were four forty-story buildings—and in a part of town where the Planning Commission had repeatedly blocked such structures in the past. Most of the opposing speakers said they were not against the expansion of the U.N.; what bothered them was the great bulk of the buildings, the adding of large numbers of persons to an already impacted area, the destruction of five hundred and ninety-three apartments (a hundred and forty-four of them rent-controlled), and the suspicion that the city was making vast concessions that would primarily benefit private real-estate interests.

Although the first scheduled speaker in favor of the project was Ambassador Yost, he had to attend a Big Four meeting, and had sent as his representative Wilbur Ziehl, the United States Mission's senior adviser for legal and international-organization affairs. Ziehl described the great need for added space that the U.N.D.C. complex would provide—special buildings, for example, to accommodate the two million annual visitors, and to provide added office room for the staffs of the hundred and twenty-six missions, many of whom now have to work outside the U.N. area. There would also be living quarters for many of these persons and hotel space for visiting diplomats—an important consideration in New York, he said, in view of "the security question." Sutton commented that, so far as security was concerned, he often felt it was New Yorkers who needed protection from the people at the U.N.

Hand made

De Busschere

AVENTIN
$65

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

Belgian Shoes

60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

BEST MUSICAL

NEW YORK DRAMA CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD

TONY AWARD

1776

THE NEW MUSICAL

MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY, PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $12.; Mezz. $9.; Balc. $7, 5.; Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $15., 12.; Mezz. $10.; Balc. $8., 6.; Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $8.; Mezz. $7.; Balc. $6., 5. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.

46th STREET THEATRE, 226 W. 46 St., N.Y. 10036

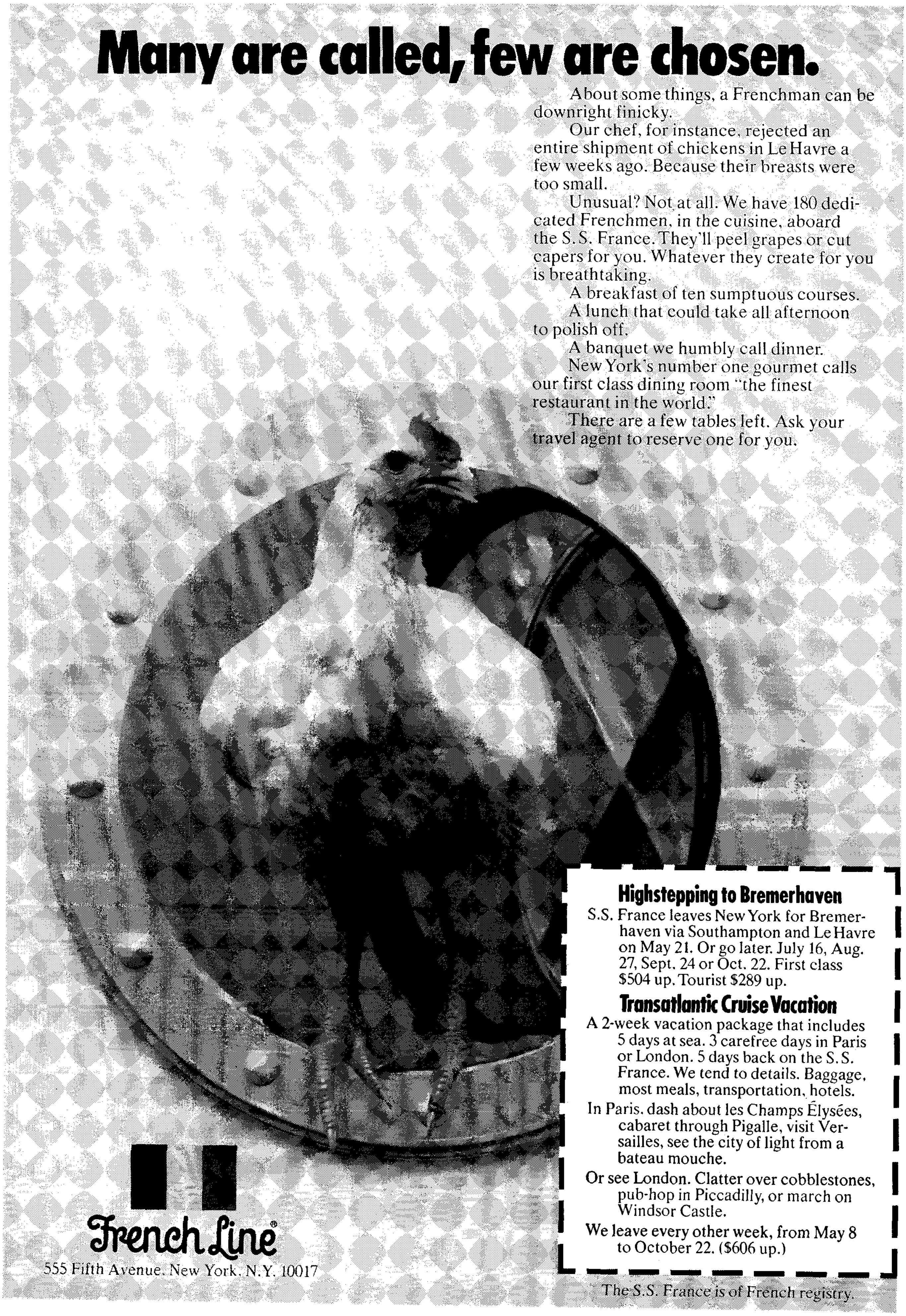
WALDORF-ASTORIA

MISS PEGGY LEE

EMPIRE ROOM • APR. 13-25

2 shows nightly except Sun.
9 and 12. Continuous dancing.
Res.: Call Camilo (212) 355-3000.

Apr. 27–May 16 • JOHN DAVIDSON
May 18–30 • THE LETTERMEN
American Express, Carte Blanche & Diners Club credit cards honored.



Many are called, few are chosen.

About some things, a Frenchman can be downright finicky.

Our chef, for instance, rejected an entire shipment of chickens in Le Havre a few weeks ago. Because their breasts were too small.

Unusual? Not at all. We have 180 dedicated Frenchmen, in the cuisine, aboard the S. S. France. They'll peel grapes or cut capers for you. Whatever they create for you is breathtaking.

A breakfast of ten sumptuous courses.

A lunch that could take all afternoon to polish off.

A banquet we humbly call dinner.

New York's number one gourmet calls our first class dining room "the finest restaurant in the world."

There are a few tables left. Ask your travel agent to reserve one for you.

Highstepping to Bremerhaven

S.S. France leaves New York for Bremerhaven via Southampton and Le Havre on May 21. Or go later. July 16, Aug. 27, Sept. 24 or Oct. 22. First class $504 up. Tourist $289 up.

Transatlantic Cruise Vacation

A 2-week vacation package that includes 5 days at sea. 3 carefree days in Paris or London. 5 days back on the S. S. France. We tend to details. Baggage, most meals, transportation, hotels.

In Paris, dash about les Champs Élysées, cabaret through Pigalle, visit Versailles, see the city of light from a bateau mouche.

Or see London. Clatter over cobblestones, pub-hop in Piccadilly, or march on Windsor Castle.

We leave every other week, from May 8 to October 22. ($606 up.)

French Line®
555 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

The S.S. France is of French registry.

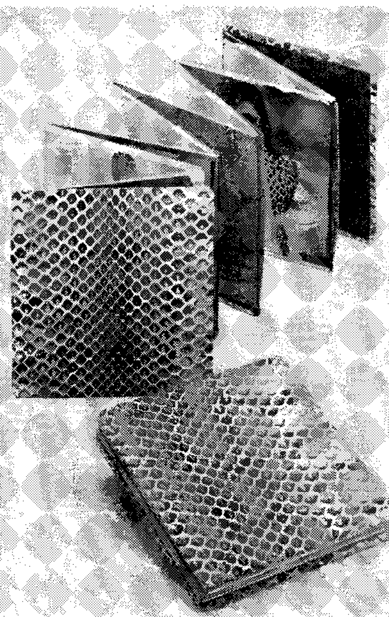
The Colony Girl

Our kind of girl. She's a sun and sea girl. A golf and tennis girl. A dancing girl. She lets her hair down at the Colony Hotel because that's the kind of place we are. Your kind of place. At Montego Bay, Jamaica.

7 Days—6 Nights from $19 per day

per person, double occupancy (MAP), in effect April 15—December 15, 1970. 7th night complimentary (EP).

For reservations see your *travel agent or contact:*
ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC.
Representatives
1270 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10020
Phone: (212) 757-2444
Offices in Chicago, Miami, Toronto, London, Eng.



Take a whole snake of snapshots and slide them into our exclusive photo fold-up of natural brown python. Holds six pix in all, each 3½x3½ inches, under clear plastic, $10. Small Leather Goods Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

John Hayes, Deputy Borough President of Brooklyn, grumbled that he couldn't see why the U.N. required more space, "taking cognizance of the accomplishments of the U.N. so far." Garelik commented that in his years as Chief Inspector of the Police Department he had often dealt with U.N. leaders and knew their problems. With a sorrowful air, Ziehl mentioned that the U.N. *did* want to remain in New York, but because of crowded conditions several U.N. agencies had transferred to other cities, such as Geneva. Of course, "certain delegations" would be delighted if the U.N. left the city.

Undaunted, Councilman Clingan, who apparently felt that in this political crowd there was no need to check his literary references, declared that when he had examined the plan for the U.N.D.C. he had been overcome "like Tristram Shandy with a sense that the world was mad." A lady from the Women's City Club of New York read from several critical articles by Ada Louise Huxtable in the *Times*. Though Mrs. Spatt wasn't present, her sharp dissent from the Planning Commission's favorable decision on the U.N.D.C. was frequently cited. Donald Elliott was on hand to defend the plan as a valuable and necessary addition to the city. Testimonials in its favor were also given by Mrs. Loeb, by Clark M. Eichelberger, Executive Director of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, by representatives of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, the New York chapter of the American Institute of Architects, the Municipal Art Society of New York, and, for good measure, the Boys' Clubs of America.

Especially awkward for Councilman Burden, whose wrathful statement in opposition to the U.N.D.C. "outrage" had been in the hands of the press since midmorning, was Goldberg's association with the corporation, since Burden was by this time said to be part of the inner circle planning Goldberg's campaign for the governorship. He planned to solve the problem by laying all the blame on Lindsay and, especially, on Elliott, against whom he seemed to have at least one very telling point. The statute establishing the U.N.D.C. had required that the chairman of the Planning Commission be a member of the corporation's board of directors, ex officio. But, as Commission chairman, Elliott had then—with what a later speaker would call "consummate chutzpah"—cast the tie-breaking vote for the U.N.D.C. plan he had helped prepare; otherwise, it would not have

Be a little out of date this weekend

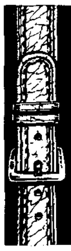
Mr. Chippendale would be very much at home at the Sheraton-Russell. There's something wonderful about old things like Chippendale, Duncan Phyfe, fresh flowers and fireplaces in your room, and afternoon tea.
Find out just how relaxing and enjoyable the past can be. Stay at the Sheraton-Russell. We'll care for you with service that can't be improved upon at prices that are also a little out-of-date.

Sheraton-Russell Hotel
45 PARK AVENUE AT 37TH STREET
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

LEATHER

THE STATESMAN Glove leather. Walnut shell. Swivels, tilts. Black, brass, gold, natural, tortoise brown, tangerine, saddle-tan, $285. Ottoman, $80. Pckg. Chg. $1. Exp. Col. No COD's. Leathercrafter (N) 303 E. 51 St., N.Y. 10022. Branch: 177-05 Union Tpke., Flushing, N.Y. Catalog 25¢.

CRAFTER



STRAPARAMA®

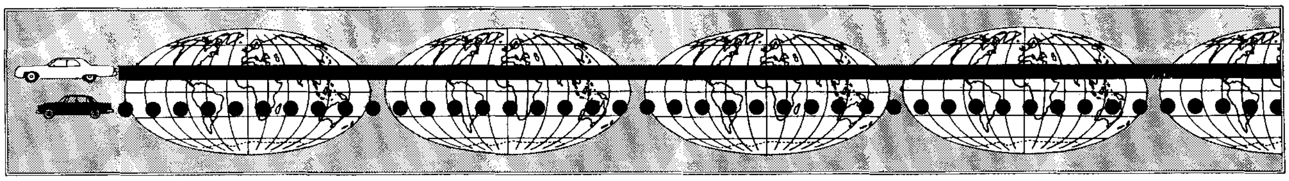
has the largest collection of fine leather watchstraps in the world—Precious Leathers, soft and supple—made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All sizes and colors—for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.00 to $15.00.
We KNOW we are doing something right!
425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

Complete Real Estate Service
New Haven, Conn., and suburban areas.
For individuals and corporations.

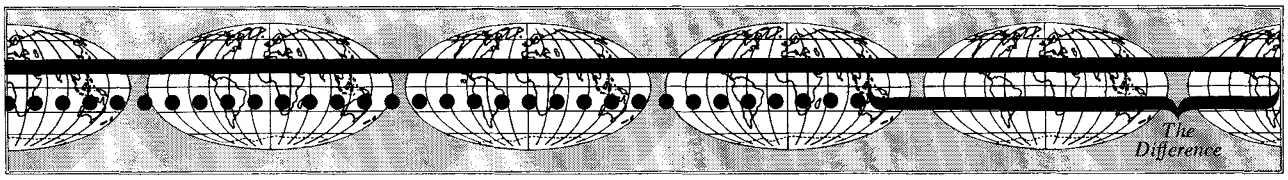
H. PEARCE COMPANY
393 State Street/North Haven/Conn.
(203) 288-2501

AMERICA!

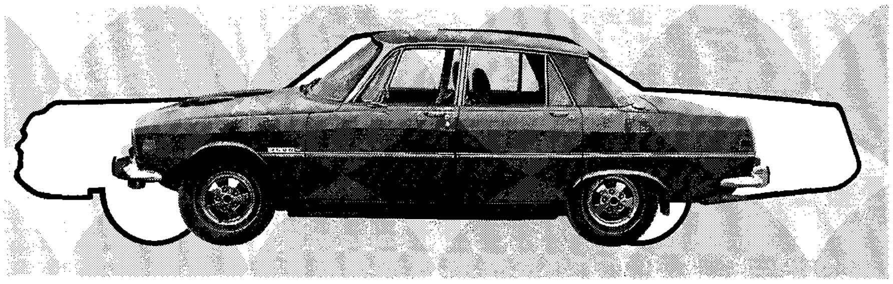
Convert to Rover's Baby V-8 and Free-up 35,350 Miles of Streets and Highways!



Bumper to bumper, 64,000,000 Rovers are a World-and-a-half shorter...



...than 64,000,000 American V-8s.



Our $5,398 Baby V-8 luxury sedan, with a comparably priced one of Theirs, in true proportion.*

THE ROVER 3500S offers the kind of luxury even the biggest American V-8 car has, yet it is 35 inches shorter.

Noting that there are an estimated 64,000,000 V-8s in this country (with the number increasing daily whereas the size of the country isn't) it would seem that the advantage of everyone's switching to Rover has never been clearer.

While it *would* put a strain on our production facilities in England—where actual people attend to details; nothing like the impressive grind-them-out machinery in Detroit—we would, in the public interest, turn out all 64,000,000 just as quickly as we possibly could.

It seems to us worth the effort.

As you can see from the Mollweide's Homolographic Projections (globes) above, the switch would unclog enough highway to drive around Earth a time and a half at the Equator, or, if you prefer, back and forth between New York and Los Angeles six times, without ever encountering another motorist.

But let's not waste all that empty asphalt by reducing traffic at the Equator. In the cities where the open space is needed most it amounts to 85.3 square miles; in other words we'll save Manhattan (22 sq. mi.), the Bronx (41 sq. mi.) and half of Staten Island (22.3 sq. mi.) too. That much space, going to waste under the sheetmetal *overhang* of American V-8s. Not that anybody *needs* all that extra concrete. The bulk of it could be ripped up and planted in fescue, box elder and redwood.

(Speaking of redwood, do you need another national park? 64 million Rovers parked in a parking lot instead of 64 million American V-8s would save no less than 545,920 acres. Turn that into Rover Baby V-8 National Park and you'd have one a whisker smaller than Grand Canyon National Park, and twice the size of the Rocky Mountain one. It's worth a try.)

Mind you, sub-compacts or bikes would make *our* space-saving proposal look modest indeed. But we're talking about a car whose primary purpose is to be comfortable. Saving space is just a free extra. The Rover 3500S is a V-8 *luxury* sedan with automatic transmission, power steering, power disc brakes, electrically operated windows, and much else, as standard equipment. All the comforts of home, so to speak.

Yet, owing to its tidy design, while it is approximately the same size *inside* as most domestic V-8s—built to accommodate four people in extreme comfort—it obtrudes a good bit less on the *outside.*

Rover's sensible size has other benefits—maneuverability in traffic, easier parking, etc.—but, like its comfort, these are subjective things, better experienced in a test drive than described here. Which is why we have preferred to give you the big picture instead.

Besides, buying Rovers one at a time is only making the best of a bad situation. Believe us, it will be better if the entire country switches over.

Rover Division, Dept. NY
British Leyland Motors Inc.
600 Willow Tree Road
Leonia, New Jersey 07605

BRITISH LEYLAND

Gentlemen: I would locate *Rover Baby V-8 National Park* in__________. (Other remarks attached.) But first things first. Send me a brochure on the car, and names of nearby dealers.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

State__________ Zip__________

**Suggested retail price at East and West Coast P.O.E., not including options, inland freight, dealer preparation, or state and local taxes. Write and ask about Overseas Delivery prices.*

Eastwood Lake; center hall colonial, ½ acre. Lg. lv. rm. w/Fp., Formal din. rm., country kitch., 4 bdrms, Full bsmt. 2 car gar. $31,000.

Locust River; center hall colonial, ½ acre. Lg. lv. rm. w/Fp., Formal din. rm., country kitch., 4 bdrms. Full bsmt. 2 car gar. Conv. to schl buses, comm. RR nearby. Conv. to shopping, near water and beaches. $48,000 .

Amityville; *center hall colonial,* ½ acre. Lg. lv. rm. w/Fp., Formal din. rm., country kitch., 4 bdrms. Full bsmt. 2 car gar. Conv. to schl buses, comm. RR nearby. conv. to shopping. Ocean view, beautiful beaches and yacht clubs nearby. If you like to entertain and relax without leaving home, this is the house for you. $60,000.

If you're relocating to a strange area, finding the right community can be just as difficult as finding the right house. At Homerica we take the time and tension out of both. Counseling relocating families and helping them select the right community and home is our business. The Homerica way is uncomplicated and rapid, and our service is extremely personalized. We know over 5,000 key communities intimately. We can tell you all about those that best suit your family's living patterns: and we'll thoroughly screen them for homes that match your particular specifications.

THE NATION'S LEADING RELOCATION SERVICE

HOMERICA

A DIVISION OF HOMEQUITY, INC.

200 Park Avenue, New York 10017 (212) 661-3111
1901 Ave. of Stars. Los Angeles 90067 (213) 553-3111
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111
© 1970, Homerica

Write Dept. R418

AMARETTO:
DI SARONNO
hauntingly delicious

AMARETTO
DI SARONNO

Discover the indescribable delight of this rare almond of apricot liqueur— imported from Italy.

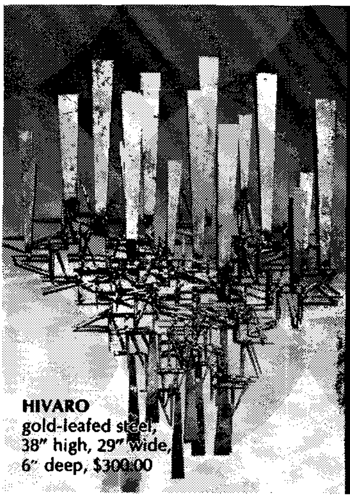
Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 56 proof.

reached the Board of Estimate in its present form. (The Assistant Corporation Counsel had provided the Board with a formal opinion that Elliott's participation was, in fact, required by the statute.) Unfortunately for his side, however, Burden started off by attacking the Board itself. For as long as City Hall watchers can remember, the Board has met ahead of time and thrashed out in executive session its differences on proposals scheduled for the open meeting—a practice that explains the remarkable absence of official dissension on such occasions (and that caused one expert on municipal government to describe the Board as less a legislative body than a caucus). According to a story circulating around City Hall that morning, the Board had privately agreed the day before to vote favorably on the U.N.D.C. project. Even the vote was available: twenty to two, the three citywide officeholders having four votes each and the Borough Presidents two. Now, stepping up to the lectern, Burden denounced the *in-camera* proceedings and called the present hearing "a charade played out with consummate cynicism." After a silence, the Board members leaned down one by one and declared that they hadn't an inkling of how their colleagues planned to vote. The Mayor's special assistant, Edward A. Morrison (Lindsay had ducked out a few minutes earlier), said that the U.N.D.C. matter had been discussed the day before, but that no decision had been made. Especially outraged was Queens Borough President Sydney Leviss. "I thought you were supposed to be a substantial citizen," he said, glowering down at young Burden. "This charge is a grave annoyance to me." The Councilman said lamely that he would accept the Board's word, and cut much of the rest of his prepared attack.

The member of the opposition who caused the Board the gravest annoyance of all was Charles Moerdler, who had been Commissioner of Buildings in Lindsay's first administration, back in the days when, as someone remarked, Lindsay was appointing Republicans. He now appeared as a representative of the New York Young Republican Club and as counsel for the Turtle Bay Association, whose members understandably did not relish having forty-story buildings loom over their pleasant urban enclave. Moerdler announced that he and his clients opposed the current deliberations on the principle that since the Borough of Richmond (population 221,991) had equal representation with Brooklyn (population 2,627,319), the

An 18th century Japanese palace to eat in, drink in and be entertained in.

The Benihana Palace. Opening April 17 at 15 W. 44th St., NYC. Phone 682-7120.



Write for color catalog
202 E. 77th ST.
NEW YORK 10021

WILLIAM Bowie / THE SCULPTURE STUDIO

The Buccaneer

On its own three Beaches

So many sea fans feel so strongly its beaches are best on the island . . .

Small wonder The Buccaneer is St. Croix's Number 1 hotel.

THE BUCCANEER, St. Croix, U. S. Virgin Islands. For reservations contact Ralph Locke, 315 East 72 Street, Box S, New York City. JU 6-3070.

Fine Foods Cocktails

The Pewter Mug
Estab. 1962

CLEVELAND, O.
(Public Square & Hanna Building)
BEACHWOOD, O. ROCKY RIVER, O.
AKRON, O. COLUMBUS, O.
ATLANTA, GA. PITTSBURGH, PA.

MAY AUCTIONS
of
RICHARD A. BOURNE CO., INC.

Auctioneers and Appraisers

MAY 9, 1970—10:00 AM
RARE GLASS AUCTION

At The Galleries of Richard A. Bourne Co.
Corporation Street — Hyannis, Massachusetts

Liquidating in part the noted collection of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wakefield of Duxbury, Mass. Many rarities in Sandwich glass, lacy, rare pattern glass, lacy salts, cup plates, lacy Sandwich and contact mold miniatures, and a great deal more from this renowned collection.

Illustrated Catalogue $4.00 a copy (By Mail — $5.00)

Lacy Sandwich Glass

Historical Staffordshire China

MAY 16, 1970—10:00 AM
ESTATE AUCTION

At The Galleries of Richard A. Bourne Co.
Corporation Street — Hyannis, Massachusetts

Items include rare American antique furniture, highboys, desk, secretaries; rare clocks; American pewter; Georgian silver; historical Staffordshire china; Chinese export porcelain; American martial firearms; paintings, etc.

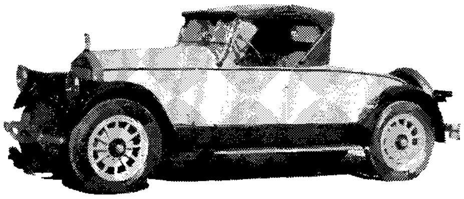
Illustrated Catalogue $3.00 a copy (By Mail — $3.50)

MAY 23, 1970—10:30 AM
ANTIQUE AUTO AUCTION

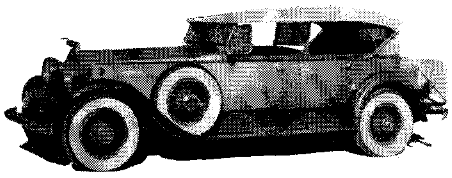
At The Antique Auto Museum of Massachusetts
at Larz Anderson Park, Inc. — Brookline, Mass.

Sponsored By and Conducted For The Antique Auto Museum of Massachusetts. Featuring a superb collection of antique automobiles, many of which are in mint restored condition, others unrestored but well maintained. Important cars include 1932 Duesenberg Model J convertible sedan, 1909 Tudhope-McIntyre high wheeler, 1904 Reo roadster, 1909 Packard Model 18 town car, 1908 Buick Model 10E rumble, 1922 Marmon Model 34 sport touring, 1916 Locomobile Model 48 touring car, 1921 Rolls Royce Silver Ghost town car, 1929 Packard Model 640 roadster, 1929 Lincoln Model 165 club roadster, 1927 Packard Model 343 touring, 1934 Ford phaeton, 1930 Packard Model 740 custom 8 phaeton, 1926 Buick tourer, 1929 Ford station wagon, 1926 Pierce Arrow Model 80 runabout, 1926 Franklin Series 11 A touring, 1960 B M W Model 502 super sedan, 1939 Packard Model 1708 Victoria, 1964 Ferrari coupe, 1919 Ford Model T huckster's wagon, and many, many other vehicles including Ford Model T touring cars, coupes, and sedans, Model TT Ford truck with open bus body, 1938 International fire engine, a number of other desirable Packards, Fords, Chevrolets, MG - TD Midget, etc.

Illustrated Catalogue $4.00 a copy (By Mail — $5.00)



1926 Pierce-Arrow "80" Runabout



1930 Packard Custom Eight Phaeton

NOTE: Yearly subscriptions to our catalogues (approximately 20 to 25 per year) are available at the subscription rate of $100.00 per year including price keys to all auctions. We have available a limited number of 1969 catalogues with price keys which provide valuable recent price information. A printed list of these catalogues and their prices will be sent on request.

RICHARD A. BOURNE CO., INC.
Corporation Street, Hyannis, Massachusetts
(½ Mile West of Airport Rotary Circle on Rte. 28)
Telephone (617) 775-0797
Mail: P. O. Box 141, Hyannis Port, Mass., 02647

where all the pampered pirates stay and play...

Bluebeard's Castle & Beach HOTELS
ST. THOMAS, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Set your spyglass on BLUEBEARD'S, high over the sky-blue harbor. Drink in the Dungeon Bar, survey your domain from the 300-year-old tower. Go Calypso in the Pirate's Parlour. Dine on the starlit Terrace or in the Rogues' Galley. Then dream of doubloons in your air conditioned room. Treasure hunt the mile-long beach at BLUEBEARD'S BEACH HOTEL.
Milan V. Glumidge, Gen. Mgr.

For folders, information see your Travel Agent.
Represented by
THE LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION
1345 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, New York 10019 • (212) 765-5800

la Maisonette
presents
Hildegarde

Apr. 16-May 6
HAL TURNER & his Orchestra
QUINTERO & his Latin Band
Dancing 7:30 'til 2
May 7-20
VAUGHN MONROE
LA BOITE
Dinner from 6:30, Music by
Ernest Schoen and Julius Kuti
Reservations PLaza 3-4500
Nightly except Sun. & Mon.
St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel
5TH AVE. AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 10022
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Board of Estimate was not legally entitled to decide anything, under the *extension of the one-man-one-vote doctrine* to similar bodies in the recent Supreme Court case of Hadley v. Junior College District of Metropolitan Kansas City, Missouri. Though the ruling had undoubtedly come to the Board's attention, this was the first time its members had been directly challenged. Borough President Leviss's face was redder than ever. "I started off with an open mind on this proposal, but now I see the character of the opposition," he growled at Moerdler. With a gleam in his eye, Sutton pointed out that under the same rule the City Council, which elects ten of its councilmen-at-large, two to a borough, would also be un-Constitutional. Moerdler felt that the Council's problem could be dealt with more easily. "It occurs to me that if we vote down this U.N.D.C. matter as you want us to, you won't care about our not being a Constitutional body," said Hayes. "You imply that some of us have a drive for survival that seems to transcend our devotion to principle." The Board members all smiled broadly when Moerdler, representing principle, agreed that if the Board should indeed reject the plan he would not feel it necessary to challenge its legal power.

The Board recessed at 10:27 P.M. without voting on the U.N.D.C. plan. The next day, the Board voted to accept the zoning part of the proposal but to reconsider the rest of the matter on April 16th. The City Council had recessed at eight-thirty-two. Twelve days later, it extended the rent-control law, with the understanding that before June 1st the Lindsay administration would offer it certain amendments altering, easing, or restructuring rent-control provisions, after which, of course, more hearings would be held.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

> HOLLYWOOD (UPI)—Danny Kaye will star as Don Quixote in a film version of the Cervantes novel to roll in Colombia early next year. spine-tingling rescue-mission in space.—*Bergen County* (*N.J.*) *Record.*

And here's another twist: nobody wears clothes.

•

With its decision to ask for a change in dumping areas, the Middlesex Sewage Authority becomes the first treatment plant to seek permission to dump father out at sea.—*Newark News.*

It's crossed a lot of other people's minds, though.

BIG WHEELS
little wheels. We're dealers in wheelers. Experts! We fit them properly, service those we sell. We've all sizes, all makes, imported or domestic. Bikes with side wheels for young beginners and *plenty of those hard to find in-between sizes!* Racers, sport models, convertibles. Why jog? Pedal! Select a bike for yourself and your spouse. A tandem for two? Terrific! Whatever your choice, we've a bicycle built for you. Roll in and see. Cheers! We send them assembled in our delivery area. Remember, Saturdays and Sundays, cars are banished from Central Park. Happy cycling!

Rappaport's TOY BAZAAR INC.
1381 Third Ave., New York 10021
our address since 1892
Toy Headquarters for Smart New York
(TRafalgar 9-3383-84)

grandmother's charm
Sterling 1" sphere from Mexico holds 6 pictures.
10.50 ppd.
THE PHOENIX
793 Lexington Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
1514 Wisconsin Ave., Wash., D. C.

OLD DROVERS INN
DOVER PLAINS NY

LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED TUES. & WED.

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
• Vitello al Saltimbocca
• Shrimp a la Livornese
BERE MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY

April 22 is Earth Day. The beginning of the end of pollution.

Even on a clear day in New York, there's a dark cloud hanging over your head. Soot and carbon.

You drive along the East River, by the Harlem or under the Hudson. What if you had to drink them?

Your ears are attacked. By jackhammers. The garbage cans. Subways. Blasting. 150 decibels of noise is enough to drive a man insane. Midtown New York is at 77 and rising.

You stay in your nice air-conditioned office for lunch thinking the pollution won't get you. Wrong. It comes after you. Right through the vents. And you inhale more than a pack a day even if you don't smoke.

You can't believe this city has more rats than people. But it does.

You leave the office early one day and wonder why it's so dark out. Sunlight is cut by as much as 50% because of carbon from cars.

By 1980, you'll probably need a gas mask and a flashlight to get to the office.

There won't be any birds or bees or trees.

Time is running out.

Unless we stop what we're doing, we're going to kill ourselves.

You toss away an average of 5.5 pounds of garbage per day.

Use returnables. Not disposables. An incinerator just converts plastic and wax and aluminum containers into poisonous smoke.

Use mass transit. Support the mass transit bill. And if you have to drive in the city, use lead-free gas and install a muffler device.

Take your own shopping bag to the supermarket.

Gutter your dog.

Use soap instead of detergents. You won't contribute to water pollution.

Boycott businesses that use ugly neon signs.

Boycott clothiers who sell clothes made from skins of threatened species (there are only about 700 Bengal tigers left in the world).

Support the state conservation bill.

Support the bounty fee of 2c a pound for non-disposable material.

Start a block association to clean up your neighborhood.

Write the Dept. of Parks and find out where you can plant a tree.

Stop throwing cigarette butts out the car window.

Keep your garbage can lid on tight. Starve those dirty rats.

Write a politician about the smell in the subway.

The list is endless.

April 22 is Earth Day.

The day to stop worrying about making a living for awhile and start thinking about how you can go on living for awhile.

Leave your car at home. Try a bus or a train for a change. Driving will be difficult that day.

Fifth Avenue will be closed to all cars from 59th Street down to 14th Street from noon to 2 pm.

No parades or protests or demonstrations. Just the world's biggest shopping mall. Free from cars and carbon. On April 22, it's legal to jaywalk on Fifth Avenue.

14th Street will be closed from 7th to 2nd Avenues for most of the day. Closed to cars. But open to ideas for concrete solutions to environmental problems.

Go down to 14th Street and help paint a subway station or find out about some ecological alternatives. Hundreds of companies and schools and individuals are taking part.

Meet Margaret Mead. Talk with Pete Seeger. Watch an electric car run cleanly. Hear a quiet garbage truck. Etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

If you want to do more than just be a spectator in trying to save your own life, call us. The Environmental Action Coalition at 486-9550.

If you want a free New Yorkers' Pollution Survival Kit, write to us.

Earth Day.

It can be the beginning of the end of pollution.

Or the beginning of the end.

Environmental Action Coalition
235 East 49 Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10017

LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 9

A WEEK or so ago, the Third International, which was dissolved about fifty years ago by the separation of the French Communist and Socialist Parties at their historic congress in Tours, came to life for about an hour at a meeting of the Paris city councillors in an argument about Lenin. The hundredth anniversary of his birth falls on April 22nd, and the Communist and Socialist council members requested that, as a posthumous birthday honor to his great fame, the council vote to change the name of the innocuously named Rue Marie-Rose—it is just behind the old Montparnasse Latin Quarter—to Rue Lénine, since that is where he lived during his Paris exile, from 1909 to 1912. The vote on changing the name was close—forty-three against and thirty-seven for. Because of the political importance of France's Communist Party and its years of propaganda glorifying its heroes, Lenin is very well known here by the non-Communist French petty bourgeoisie, even though about the only memento to him is the tiny white-stone medallion of his profiled head affixed to the second-story front of his Rue Marie-Rose refuge. It is not likely that Karl Marx is any better known by the London non-Communist lower class—simply because England has no influential Communist Party—despite the fact that at least the city has Marx's tomb, an impressive center for Communist piety.

The Paris period of Lenin's life among Russian refugees here before the First World War has, by chance, been present in many novel readers' minds just now, because of the popularity of "L'Éléphant Blanc," currently in its second month on the national best-seller list. It is the final volume of a trilogy written under the over-all title of "Les Héritiers de l'Avenir" by the extraordinarily productive Russian-born Paris novelist Henri Troyat. Since early childhood, he has lived in Paris, among Parisian Russian refugees, who influenced his early international political upbringing, and whose counterparts he has featured in his many volumes of fiction. Some of the novels have been written as serials about the same group of individuals and their connecting events, and all have been almost always highly popular with the big ordinary fiction-reading public because of Troyat's undeniable literary gifts as a storyteller with a sense of action and of private life. It must be stated at once that Troyat is looked down on and mistrusted historically by those Russian émigrés who preceded him and arrived here and in London as adults, and who now regard him rather as a Russian-French bartender, belatedly selling a homemade kind of European vodka under his own label. The opening volume of this recent Troyat trilogy deals principally with three aged Russian men, the most important socially being the Bartchouk, meaning the young master—Vissarion Vassiliévitch. This is the fashion by which he is always respectfully addressed by Klim, former serf of his father, a baron who was assassinated in Russia by an angry serf owner for having obeyed Czar Alexander II's decree liberating the serfs. The Bartchouk and his so-called intellectual friend, the anarchist Stiopa, and the ex-serf Klim, who is morally and psychologically the most interesting of the trio, were all involved by Stiopa in a plot to assassinate the Czar, and all three were deported to Siberia, from which they escaped by way of Japan, eventually reaching Paris one book later. One of the notable passages in Volume II concerns the reactions of Klim on being free: He feels merely like a lost man, because he now belongs to nobody—the idea of belonging to himself being one he had never envisioned. From this comes his idolatrous devotion to his dead master's son, as the only remaining stable element in his existence—that is, along with his devotion to God, to the Russian Church, to icons, miracles, and prayers. The years in Paris that these three are living through are the ones just after Jaurès founded the revolutionary Communist newspaper *Humanité* (still published today), and for the elderly trio time itself is rushing on with destructive speed. For one thing, their anarchist past is regarded by their few Russian intimates in Paris as old-fashioned romanticism, the new view being "victory by peaceful means" and "international brotherhood." To earn their living in Paris, they have become umbrella-makers—or, rather, Klim has, who has taught himself the trade. All these human failings and efforts are merely the exteriorizations of what Henri Troyat never states but what is the illuminating tragedy that this book contains. That is the fact that neither of the two edu-

CUSTOM CASUALS

THE NEW CLASSICS OF TOM MALLO

Great Custom...
the costume that takes
you everywhere so well.
Crisp, leather-belted
dress with its own cropped
jacket. Graph plaid of
Arnel® triacetate and cotton
in white, pencilled in blue
or brown. Sizes 8 to 16.
*About 65.00**
Lord & Taylor, all stores
Julius Garfinckel, Wash., D.C.
Miller & Rhoads, Richmond
Neusteters, Denver
Lou Lattimore, Dallas
I. Magnin, West Coast
Or write Custom Casuals Inc.,
205 West 39th Street, N.Y.
N.Y. 10018 *higher on the West Coast.

Hertz introduces
the world's second 747.

It doesn't fly. It merely saves you money on vacations, weekends, and holidays.

This is the year of the Boeing 747 jet. We're going to make it the year of the Hertz 747 rate as well.

We intend to revolutionize vacation travel on the ground the way the new jets are doing it in the air.

Now you can rent one of our intermediate or standard Fords or a similar sedan at many of our 1275 offices in the United States and Canada for $7.47 a day and 10¢ a mile for a seven-day week, for a weekend, or over a two-day holiday. Insurance is included, gas isn't.

This new 747 rate is an excellent deal if you're driving less than 500 miles. If you're driving further, we have a rate that's even better: the $99 Unlimited Mileage Plan.

This rate lets you rent an intermediate or standard sedan for any seven consecutive days for $99. Insurance is included, gas isn't. You can drive as far as you like at no extra charge provided you return it to the city where you rented it.

As the 747 rate and the $99 Unlimited Mileage Plan are available at many but not all Hertz locations in the United States and Canada, it's wise to check with us in advance.

Outside the United States and Canada we have arranged similar special vacation deals.

And no matter which vacation rate you choose, you always get the maps, and touring guides, and Survival Manuals, and all the other Hertz services that make the difference between renting a car and a company and just renting a car.

For more information about these and other special Hertz rates, call your travel agent or us.

Hertz®

©HERTZ SYSTEM, INC., 1970

You don't just rent a car. You rent a company.

The RESORT ON THE OREGON COAST
SALISHAN LODGE

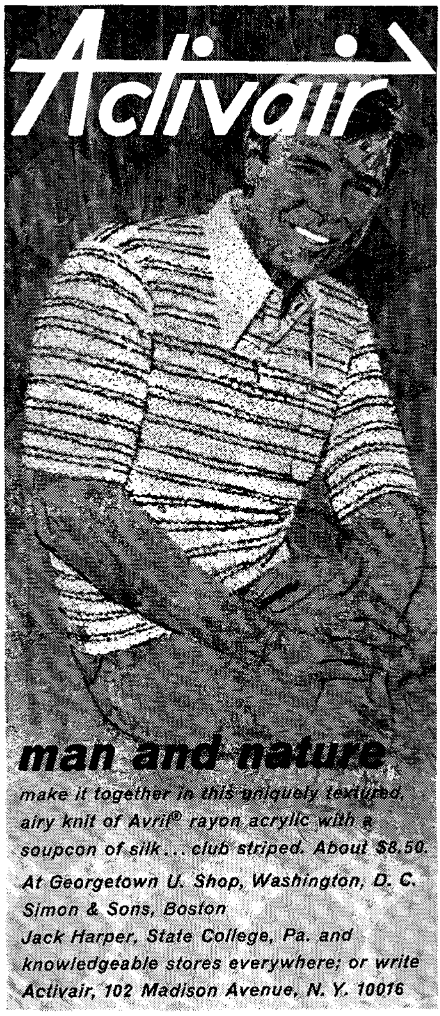
For the perfect vacation this year discover the gracious hospitality, magnificent setting and special Salishan flair. It is truly "one of the most beautiful modern hotels anywhere."

125 luxurious rooms with fireplaces • superior sound-proofing • gourmet restaurant • coffee shop • lounge • 18-hole championship oceanside golf • pool • saunas • tennis • miles of secluded beaches • spectacular location • impeccable service in an atmosphere of informal elegance.

write for full color brochure **SALISHAN LODGE**
Alex Murphy, Manager
Gleneden Beach, Oregon

phone 503/764-2371 • Seattle 624-1666

Mobil Travel Guide 5 Star Rating
"One of the best in the country."



Activair

man and nature

make it together in this uniquely textured, airy knit of Avril® rayon acrylic with a soupcon of silk . . . club striped. About $8.50.
At Georgetown U. Shop, Washington, D. C.
Simon & Sons, Boston
Jack Harper, State College, Pa. and knowledgeable stores everywhere; or write Activair, 102 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 10016

cated former revolutionaries, so full of the cant of their particular notions of salvation obtained by brotherhood, displays fraternal kindness to any of their Russian friends, or even to each other, Klim being the only one of noble sentiments and human kindness. The Bartchouk and Stopia are merely pharisaic theorists.

There is one more incident in this novel which is part of the history of their time. One day when Klim and the Bartchouk are strolling with a friend through the Place Denfert-Rochereau, the friend says, "*Tiens!* Look who is there!" The passage continues:

> Klim turns his head and sees some men at a café table.
>
> "Lenin!" says the Bartchouk. "I thought he was in Switzerland!"
>
> "He comes, he goes," says the friend. "But all his activities are more and more in vain. A mad theoretician, he will end up in solitude, disdained by all."
>
> "Which one is he?" asks Klim.
>
> "The second on the left."
>
> Klim stares at a clean, ordinary little man with a high forehead and a short beard. He looks like a functionary. He is drinking a glass of light beer. His eyes are slanted, wrinkled. He puts his beer down. He talks.
>
> "Well, Klim, are you rooted to the ground?" the Bartchouk says.

If you are interested in reading a lively, informative modern historical novel in French, "L'Éléphant Blanc" is your book. As for the title, nobody seems to know precisely what it signifies.

THE Salon des Indépendants, now showing at the Grand Palais, was once, back toward the end of the last century, the great pugnacious art event of the Paris painting year. It was founded as a successor to the Salon des Refusés of Napoleon III and was the first Paris salon ever organized by those who were still considered the "outs" and were just becoming the "ins." Its founders, in 1884, were the big new young artists, like Signac, Odilon Redon, and Seurat, in revolt against the mossbacks in the Salon des Artistes Français, still devoted to anything that was old hat or else politely nude. Unable to push in anywhere else, the rebels made the Indépendants their own stamping ground, their free-for-all club, because of the then astonishing liberty it afforded by having neither jury to pass on the entries nor prizes to placate public opinion. As has since often been found a melancholy political truism, too much freedom eventually weakens standards and then performance. But before it lost all meaning, the

Get close to it all in Houston.
Stay at Houston's traditional host.

Next time you're in Houston, stay at The Rice Hotel, right in the most interesting and colorful section of Houston. The Rice is just a couple of short blocks from the new Civic Center, Jones Hall, Old Market Square. Just down Main Street from The Rice is Houston's shopping and financial district. Stay with us . . . and discover why The Rice is Houston's traditional host.

THE RICE HOTEL

Main at Texas, Houston
(713) CA 7-2111

Gloucester House

for SEA FOOD
37 East 50th Street, N. Y. 755-7394

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of **JAMAICA** that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

ECLECTIC CONTEMPORARY CASTLE
Drawbridge, minstrel gallery, Rapunzel tower updated by award winning architect. High overlooking 5 acre lake amidst 25 acres apple orchard and meadows complete with gatehouse and swimming pool.
$300,000
Barbara Corey Tippin, Inc.
Redding Centre, Connecticut 203-938-2442

Indépendants made invaluable art history. It showed the Neo-Impressionists, the Nabis, the Fauves, and the Cubists, and it has intelligently made it a custom ever since to borrow whatever good examples of these styles it can lay its hands on and include them in its exhibitions of the ever-declining painting performances of the year, which this year, 1970, have struck bottom. As one Paris art critic wrote, "Despite the new works of twenty-six hundred artists, the Salon des Indépendants is dead on its feet." Among the new art shown, there is nothing that catches the eye sufficiently even to sneer at, cruelly. The truth is that the young new Paris painters worth their salt can all be seen today in the front windows of the multiple art shops behind the Institut and up into Saint-Germain-des-Prés, and that at the moment there is no new French art tendency of any special savor anyhow. Even the retrospectives shown in the *cours d'honneur* of the Grand Palais, this year devoted to the late Cubists and their friends, around 1914, seem a little tepid, a little warmed over, because they are not necessarily examples of their creators at their moment of creative heat, such as today are often found in a private collection or in a tightfisted commercial gallery, neither of which likes to loan things out. The last private dictum this writer ever heard from Miss Alice B. Toklas was "Paintings are nothing like people. They do not like to travel, and it does not do them any good. They always come back home the worse for wear. So I shall never lend any more of Gertrude's paintings as long as I live"—which was, alas, to be only a short time.

Among the Cubist period's honored relics at the Grand Palais are a Léger called "Femme en Rouge et Vert," too typical to be interesting; a good Gleizes canvas of "Clowns," fresher and with more meat in it than his more theoretical subsequent performances; a lovely La Fresnaye, whose poetry emerges in a woodland scene, painted, like all his works, too early in Cubism to give full value to the style as reflected in his short career; a good still-life by de Waroquier; and a lovely Dufy, always in his early days an excellent student of the theories being practiced, such as Cubism, at that time marking his regattas and horse races—topics in motion, which always fascinated Parisian eyes. There is an exquisite, voluptuous Modigliani nude, contorted and rosy; a rare Louise Hervieu architectural painting of a carved door-

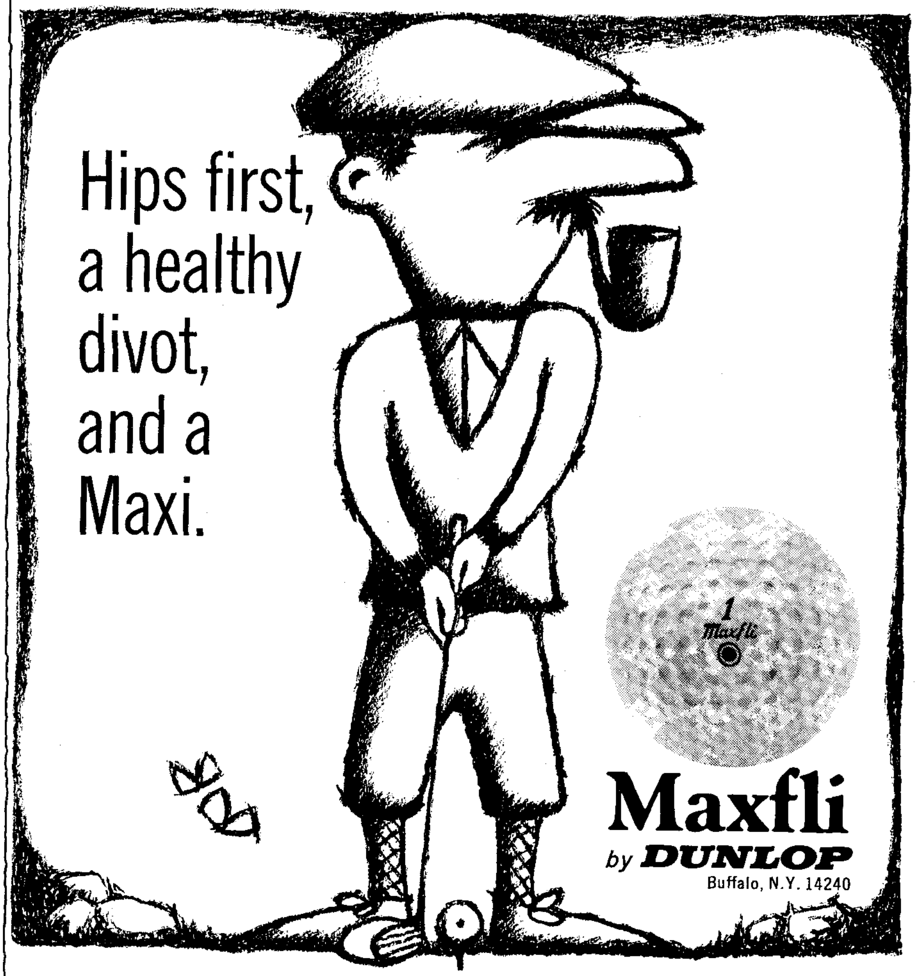
Swank, Inc.—Sole Distributor

JADE EAST CARGO
JADE EAST AFTER SHAVE
JADE EAST COLOGNE
JADE EAST AFTER SHOWER FRESHENER

Go East, young man.

JADE EAST

The Jade East Cargo Set: 2 oz. each
Jade East After Shave, Cologne, and After Shower Freshener. $5.50.



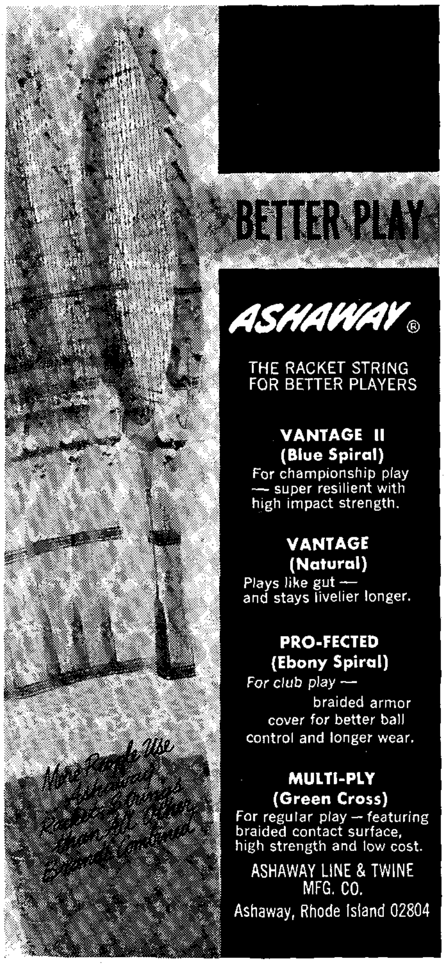
Drive carefully. Use Dunlop balls, clubs and tires.

The Talbots

Imported stretch terry. Our French shortie cover up has such shape and dash, we wager you'll wear it on and off the beach. Long front zipper adds ease and interest. Terry is blended with nylon to make it soft and stretchy. Turquoise, shamrock, watermelon, yellow, navy or powder. Sizes S,M,L. $17.00. Add 50¢ for postage.

Send for free catalog.

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. ED, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Conn.


More People Use Ashaway Racket Strings Than All Other Brands Combined

BETTER PLAY

ASHAWAY®

THE RACKET STRING FOR BETTER PLAYERS

VANTAGE II
(Blue Spiral)
For championship play — super resilient with high impact strength.

VANTAGE
(Natural)
Plays like gut — and stays livelier longer.

PRO-FECTED
(Ebony Spiral)
For club play — braided armor cover for better ball control and longer wear.

MULTI-PLY
(Green Cross)
For regular play — featuring braided contact surface, high strength and low cost.

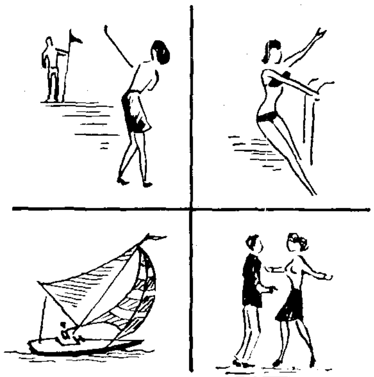
ASHAWAY LINE & TWINE MFG. CO.
Ashaway, Rhode Island 02804

Free "Guide to Good Courtsmanship" available on request.

way; a third-rate Pascin; a Max Jacob; a Theo van Rysselberghe; and a lovely self-portrait by Marie Laurencin, which she must have painted about the time Apollinaire was so much in love with her. This past week, owing to the many strikes among state employees, which have extended from employees in the national gunpowder works to Paris museum guardians, the Grand Palais guards on Monday afternoon consisted of a group of old chaps who at three o'clock were too tired to stand up any longer, so squatted on and around a large table, where they sat smoking a supply of strong, slender stogie cigars, giving the severe museum scene a rare atmosphere of jolly sociability and the fumes of a bistro.

SIX Paris movie houses are currently showing a fragile film that is a brief report on the lives of two young Vietnamese children in Saigon—a boy of eleven and his sister, aged two, living their lives in the endless war there. It is a film directed by its French photographer, Raoul Coutard. Five of the theatres are showing it in French, and the sixth in Vietnamese. Coutard was the photographer of "Z," this week's foreign-film Oscar winner in Los Angeles. He was the first photographer for most of the *nouvelle-vague* films made in France several years ago by the then unknown young directors who are now famous and authoritative. He was cameraman for fourteen Godard films, from "Breathless" through "Weekend," and for five Truffauts, including "Jules and Jim" and "Shoot the Piano Player." Before that, he was a news photographer in Vietnam, where he lived for a total of eleven years, but so long ago that it was still called Indo-China and was still part of the French Empire, though already at war in the same bloodshed that the natives have known for thirty years. This film is called "Hoa-Binh," the Vietnamese word for "peace"—something the older natives barely remember and the children have usually never heard of. "Hoa-Binh's" simple plot, Coutard says, is vaguely taken from a novel called "The Column of Ashes," by Françoise Lorrain, and the film has just won the Prix Jean Vigo, awarded for cinematographic originality. The plot is simple and tragic enough for the two children to act out on their feet as they trot through the city. At first, they live with their mother in a row of little cane huts. She sickens, goes to the hospital (taken by the American Red

Bermuda's Inverurie.... The Spice of Life Resort

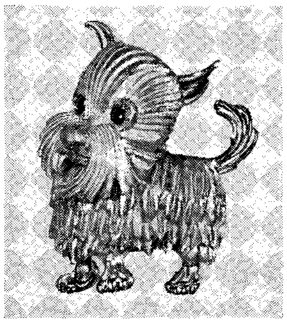


Variety—it's the spice of Inverurie. It is small enough to be intimate and charming, but large enough for great nightly entertainment with Johnny McAteer's Boston Society Orchestra, great calypso and imported stars. Superb cuisine created by Swiss chefs. Roman bath pool, tennis, games room, sailing and motor bikes.

Ten minute ferry (25 cents) or surrey fringed taxi to Hamilton shops and ten-minute morning complimentary taxi to private beach.

See your travel agent or call
(212) 565-1114

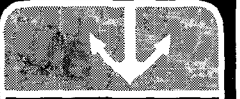
INVERURIE
The hotel at the water's edge
PAGET, BERMUDA
Conrad Engelhardt, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.



at Select firms

"Mother's Pet"...beguiling accessory pin in two tones of 14K yellow gold. Fine oriental ruby eyes add color. The perfect gift idea for loving mothers of any age at $85. See your nicest jeweler for this little treasure.

14K By SLIP-ONS



IN FORT LAUDERDALE

So easy to sea... So great to stay!

See your Travel Agent or phone
(305) 525-4221

Bahia Mar
MOTOR INN & Yachting Center

Unique & Useful Co-ed Summer
for Horse Lovers ages 10-20

Living at
MON AMI LE CHEVAL
Details: Box 243
Middletown, Delaware 19709

Cross and a female crew), and there dies, which throws the two children onto the street, since their father has earlier gone to war. With the mother dead and the home now the sidewalk, the boy lugs his little sister everywhere on his hip, washing her face and tummy at the public drinking fountains and busily begging for both of them. He finally becomes a shoeshine boy on the main stem. Even better, a Vietnamese woman, living alone, takes in the two waifs and, best of all, gives them a place to sleep and a bowl of rice each night. Nothing of the war is shown except in the sky—the coveys of planes and helicopters and, in the Saigon streets, the marching native Vietnamese troops. One sees nearly no Americans in the movie. What one does see in this film that so strongly touches one's sentiments is the two children themselves—the button-eyed little girl wailing with maidenly timidity whenever a bomb goes off, and her brother instinctively buying lottery tickets and gambling with his first earned pennies, as if he were already a man. One sees their childish speed in running from brutalities, their childish confusion when they are well treated by their elders. One sees what remains of the lovely countryside (when the planes do not interrupt one's view), with its fringes of bamboo trees, its narrow streams, its rigorous simplicities as a civilization, and its antiquity. One becomes so involved with the children's survival that toward the end of the film, when a man walks down the street in apparent search for somebody and by chance sees the young pair, one could not stand it if he did not turn out to be the father, back from the war. In its poverty of melodrama, the film is enriching. Its high point, toward the end, is the great question which the son asks his returned father, and which sounds almost Shakespearean in its simple splendor: "Papa, what is peace?"

—GENÊT

•

THOMAS PATRICK, Chairman
FUNCTION: To Plan and Stage at Least One Annual Meeting During the Calendar Year of 1970.—*Photograph caption in the Twin Citizen, publication of Greater Winston-Salem Chamber of Commerce.*

Little enough to ask.

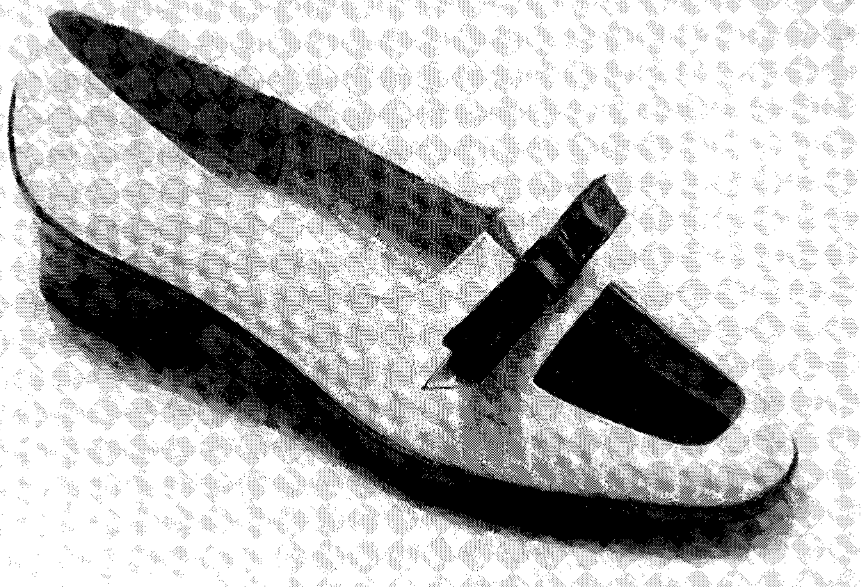
•

There were five hits in the inning. The big one was Pat Kelly's triple that brought in two nuns.—*Kansas City Times.*

Both standing up?

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

This shoe is made for walking, in comfort and style. It has a molded leather sole that curves up to cradle your foot, feels better than any slip-on you've ever worn. Made in Italy by Salvatore Ferragamo, in white suede with black, red or navy patent leather insert and bow, $23. Exclusively in our Shoe Salon. Mail and phone orders filled.



TRADER VIC'S

You're looking pale. Put a flower behind your ear and come to Trader Vic's.

Restore your health with navy grog and wildly native delicacies. For a leisurely lunch, dinner or late supper till 1 a.m. For reservations, call 355-5185. Just one of eight great restaurants at The Plaza.

These days you need all The Plaza you can get.

The Edwardian Room. Oak Room & Bar. Oyster Bar. The Palm Court. The Palm Court After 8. Trader Vic's. The Persian Room. Plaza 9-.

A SONESTA HOTEL

You can see the personal Rolls-Royce at any of these dealers.

ARIZONA
Scottsdale/Max of Switzerland

CALIFORNIA
Beverly Hills/Charles H. Hornburg, Jr. Motor Cars ☐ Costa Mesa/Roy Carver, Inc. ☐ Los Angeles/Charles H. Hornburg, Jr. Imported Motor Cars ☐ Oakland/British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd. ☐ Pasadena/Peter Satori Co., Ltd. ☐ San Francisco/British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd. ☐ Walnut Creek/British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.

COLORADO
Denver/The Kumpf Motor Car Company

CONNECTICUT
Farmington/Tyler Imported Motor Car Co.
Greenwich/Imported Cars of Greenwich

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington/Flood Pontiac Company

FLORIDA Fort Lauderdale/Taylor Rolls-Royce, Inc. ☐ Miami/C. R. Berry Motors, Inc. ☐ St. Petersburg/Scarritt Motors, Inc. ☐ West Palm Beach/Taylor Rolls-Royce, Inc.

GEORGIA Atlanta/Mitchell Motors, Inc.

ILLINOIS
Evanston/Evanston Motor Company, Inc.

INDIANA Zionsville/Albers Rolls-Royce

KENTUCKY
Louisville/Sam Swope Pontiac, Inc.

LOUISIANA New Orleans/Sport Cars, Inc.

MARYLAND
Glen Burnie/Gladding Rolls-Royce, Inc.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston/Foreign Motors, Inc.

MICHIGAN
Detroit/Falvey Motor Sales Company

MINNESOTA Minneapolis/B & K Distributors

MISSOURI
Kansas City/Max Griffith Oldsmobile, Inc.
St. Louis/Gruet Motor Car Company

NEVADA Reno/Modern Classic Motors

NEW JERSEY
Montclair/Imported Motor Car Co.

NEW YORK Glen Cove/Rallye Motors, Inc. ☐ New York/Peter Zage & Co. Ltd. ☐ Palmyra/Palmyra Motors, Inc.

NORTH CAROLINA
High Point/Transco, Inc.

OHIO
Cincinnati/Williams Ford Sales, Inc.
Cleveland/Qua Buick, Inc.
Columbus/Konner's Chevrolet Corporation

OREGON
Portland/British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.

PENNSYLVANIA ☐ Philadelphia/Keenan Motors, Inc. ☐ Sewickley/Ascot Imported Cars, Inc.

RHODE ISLAND
Providence/Inskip Motors, Inc.

TENNESSEE Nashville/E. Gray Smith

TEXAS Austin/Roy Butler, Inc. ☐ Dallas/Overseas Motors of Dallas ☐ Fort Worth/Overseas Motors Corporation ☐ Houston/Sam Montgomery Oldsmobile Co.

VIRGINIA Richmond/Mooers Motor Car Co.

WASHINGTON
Seattle/British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.

Mr. Lynn Perkins
Public Relations and Advertising Manager
Rolls-Royce Inc., Department 474
Box 2707, Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

☐ I have enclosed $2. Please send me the catalogue on the personal Rolls-Royce.

☐ I have enclosed $12.50. Please send me the catalogue and Owner's Manual on the personal Rolls-Royce.

Name________________________

Address________________________

__________________ZIP #______

[Read about the personal Rolls-Royce on pages 24 and 25.]

THE CURRENT CINEMA

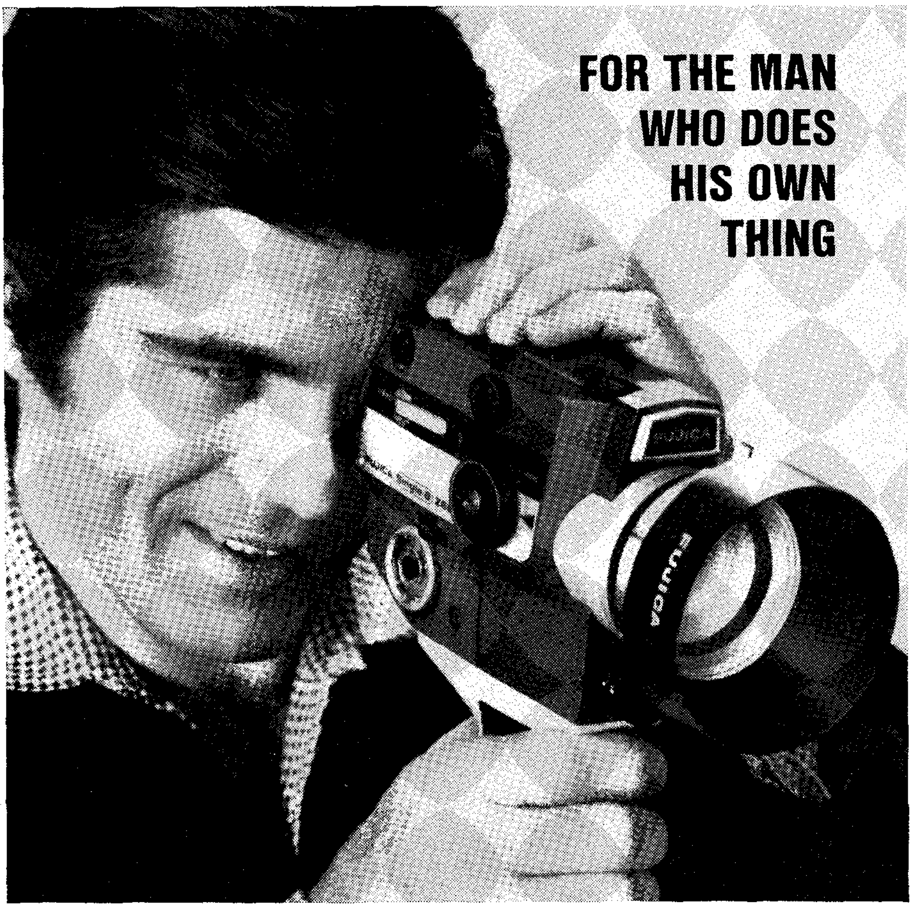
Doting

François Truffaut's "Mississippi Mermaid," a love story masked as a thriller, is so much Truffaut's that it is impossible not to be deeply fond of it. If anyone else had made it, I suppose it wouldn't have had a prayer of working. But there is something moving about the way he sees his characters' muddle of intent criminality and absolutely capsizing and absurd love. It has the skepticism about unconfused people and the affection for the only middlingly brave that run through all of his films and that probably help to make him such an admirer of Renoir and of Tati. He said in an interview in *L'Express* (April 23, 1959), talking about the time he spent at the age of sixteen at Villejuif, a place half insane asylum and half a house of juvenile correction, "When the guards were nasty, we used to invent very romantic excuses for them: 'It's because his daughter's got pregnant or his wife's left him.' " "Mississippi Mermaid" invents very romantic excuses.

A ravishing girl played by Catherine Deneuve, wearing a straw hat and a chiffon dress and carrying a bird in a little wicker cage, arrives at a tropical island on a boat from France. She has been ordered as a bride through the classified ads by a rich colonialist. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the rich man, called Louis. The island is full of evil undergrowth and the occult shrieks of tropical birds. The girl isn't the girl whom Louis saw in a photograph sent from France. She is a lot more beautiful. Later in the film, she apologizes profusely for the deception. With the same due seriousness, Louis admits to a lie of his own: "I said I was the foreman in the cigarette factory. I'm the owner. I'm not very proud of myself." There are a good many moments in the picture when the extremely blessed couple feel ashamed of themselves like this, but the confessions always end well, even if the girl does turn out to be a criminal who helped to murder the real mail-order bride on the boat and now wants only her husband's money. We catch on to her plot much sooner than Louis does, because he is in love with her, as the film itself is. He has fallen cruelly into the medieval trap of taking the beautiful for the good. We see her drinking coffee without arousing his suspicions, even though the letters sent by the murdered girl from France had said she liked only tea. In an iris shot, we see her terrified of being caught at something by a maid. We see her passion for caged birds, and the situation looks more dank than Louis thinks. She is given drawing rights against his bank accounts, and splits with nearly twenty-eight million francs. Louis, nearly out of his mind, goes to a place called the Clinique Heurtebise in Nice for a sleep cure (Heurtebise was the angel in Cocteau's "Orphée"). "I don't feel rested. I dream all the time," he says, looking whey-faced and distracted, sagging in the arms of a nurse who is trying to make him walk. Then he happens to see a television program that suddenly shows him his unforgettable, criminal wife, whom he is bound to as much by his form of troubadour love as by the legality that prevents him from prosecuting her. She is dancing as a pickup girl in a newly opened night club. (Why, though, with all that money, and when the customers repel her? Only the sight of money or of a violent crime seems to turn her on sexually. Or perhaps only Louis's money or Louis's later violent crime. "We used to invent very romantic excuses . . .") He tracks her down and means to kill her, but instead murders a detective who is after her, and the two of them escape to a Hansel-and-Gretel house in Switzerland in the snow. She tries her own further and private escape route—rat poison for him—but this really is a love story and not a thriller, so in the end she cries and changes heart. (Cocteau's Eurydice talks of having a husband bold enough to hunt for "her lost life.") Earlier on, we have seen Louis dizzy with the first dose of rat poison—the picture being endearingly ridiculous—but reading Balzac's "La Peau de Chagrin," which brings back the boy who stood for the young Truffaut in "Les Quatre Cents Coups" and who copied out a piece of Balzac's "La Recherche de l'Absolu" for French composition. The picture ends in a snowfall. It looks like "Tirez sur le Pianiste" and the end of "Fahrenheit 451." The shot is very idiomatic of Truffaut. It is also, of course, no fit end to the plot, but it is a perfectly true end to the work of a gentle-natured filmmaker inventing a sacrosanct world.

MARGUERITE DURAS's "Destroy, She Said"—part of the Grove Press International Film Festival, which is to tour colleges after playing New York—is set in a vast hotel in parkland. There is a certain sort of metaphysical cinema that seems to drift naturally to hotel settings ("Marienbad," "The Silence," Antonioni's films), to huge, formal houses for well-off transients who move round one another like goldfish through weeds. Mme. Duras's film is placed in an expensive hotel of quite terrifying loneliness. Only four people are staying there, watching each other beadily. There are no servants. Their identities merge. A woman sits in a single deck chair in a garden surrounded by a cryptically alarming forest. One of the men is a history professor called Max Thor; he teaches the history of the future but says that he has nothing to say and that his students sleep in class. The forest perhaps represents this future. No one wants to set foot in it, although the four people here are too high-tuned and too alert to take cover from it in sleep. Their nights are hag-ridden, and even their days are tinctured with the mood of insomnia. A man called Stein—acted with a basilisk attentiveness that drills into the head—silently watches the others' tiny interchanges. Max Thor sometimes describes what Stein sees. Thor speaks of pretending to read. The woman in the deck chair, endlessly awake, talks of having had a painful delivery, of coming from a cold country, of never getting enough sunshine. She seems the embodiment of an anxiety that can find no recourse.

The events of the film are small, cold, and highly charged: a croquet game, a card game, a meal, a beautifully managed mirror scene when two women talking to one another's reflections seem to exchange identity. Mme. Duras is obviously interested in dispensing with as much as possible. Her people are without the usual fictional apparatus of characteristics, for instance. Their being is in gesture and in watching others. Her dialogue has fewer whole sentences in it than any other I can think of. People talk in wisps, with the special bated-breath tone that clings to those deceptively simple French pictures about veiled conceptual problems where a mind of extreme cleverness is playing with a form of anti-intellectualism. The air the characters live in is stagnant and obscurely danger-


FOR THE MAN WHO DOES HIS OWN THING

The world's most versatile instant load movie camera.

Drop in the instant load cartridge. Shoot a simple movie... or create a professional show. You have complete freedom of choice. Even if you've never taken a movie before, you can now superimpose one scene right over another... or make one scene fade into the next... or put your movie title right on top of action. Only Fujica, of all instant load movie cameras, permits these professional effects.

You have these features working for you:

A push-button powered 14 element, f/1.8 reflex zoom lens, 6x zoom range (8 to 48mm).

A through-the-lens, automatic CdS electric eye positioned at the film plane for precisely accurate exposure. And if the light's too dim or too bright to make a good show, the camera tells you before you waste even one foot of film.

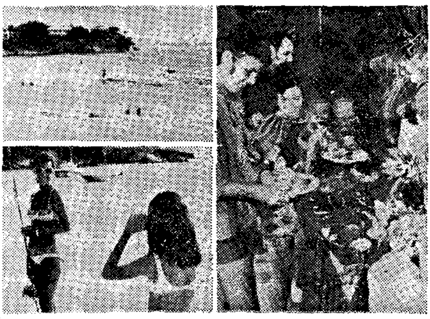
Fujica's exclusive built-in pressure plate locks the film flat for the sharpest movies you've ever seen. A variable shutter that gives you speeds from 1/40th to 1/216th second for special effects or to stop the fastest action. Single frame for animation or stop motion. Remote control accessory. Operate the camera from 14 feet away for candids or scenes of natural wild life.

If you've been thinking of getting a movie camera, you owe it to yourself to see a demonstration of the Fujica Z-600.

Lists for less than $330 including DeLuxe case, batteries, lens hood and eye cup... other Fujica instant load movie cameras start at less than $80... at better camera stores or write for data:

FUJICA INSTANT LOAD **Single-8**

FUJI FILM Manufacturer's U.S.A. Subsidiary: **Fuji Photo Film U.S.A., Inc.,** 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10001
U.S. Distributor: Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530
In Canada: R. & H. Products, Ltd.



The 'Everything' Hotel

We've got a beach (the most beautiful in the Caribbean) and a giant fresh water swimming pool; a dining room that is internationally famous for its cuisine; all air-conditioned rooms and cottages; water sports (scuba diving, snorkeling, water skiing, sailing); we've got golf nearby and real Caribbean entertainment.

Plan your next vacation at the 'everything' hotel; from April 16 to December 15 from $16.00 single to $31.00 double (U.S.) per day M.A.P.

CROWN POINT HOTEL
TOBAGO, W.I. Cable CROTOB
Robert Perrin, General Manager

Represented by Travel Contacts
10 East 40th St., New York 10016
Telephone (212) MU6-5674

Authentic Scottish Skirt/Sweater Pack. $15.75.

Isle of Bute Pack Handwoven Tweed and Knitting Yarn made in Scotland

The Isle of Bute Pack contains everything you need to make your own Scottish sweater and skirt – 2 yds. x 27″ tweed for your skirt, 14 ozs. of knitting yarn specially dyed to match, and a pattern book. Yours from the remote island of Bute for just $15.75.

Choose your outfit from these gorgeous colors: Cinnabar (Rust), Fir Cone (Sage), Hathor (Violet), Crotal (Dark Tan), Pollen (Rich Orange), Pine Leaf (Camel).

Send check or money order to:
The Scotch House, 60 Princes Street,
Edinburgh, EH2. 2DF. Scotland.

Please send me
( ) Bute wool and skirt pack(s)
state color(s)____
( ) Free Scotch House Catalog.
Name....
Address....
....City....
State....Zip....

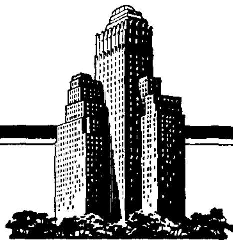
Note: Afraid we can't include Customs duty in the price . . . these things are beyond our control.

The Scotch House
Established 1839

ous. "We are all German Jews," says a character to a fifth visitor, who comes in near the end—speaking the factual truth, and also obviously referring to the retort on Cohn-Bendit's behalf during the French revolution of May, 1968, which claimed for the rebels the metaphor of the German Jew so as to say to the existing France, "We are all strangers to your state, to your society, to your shady deals." Now Mme. Duras wishes us to look at four intelligent people becalmed after crisis, living on the edge of change, scared of what she sees as necessary anarchy, sunk in a state of hippie numbness that they are somehow too old for, and too elegant. They are people with their minds elsewhere, more solemn than their visible circumstances demand, and, indeed, more solemn than their ideology protests, for Stein's position at this crux of history when the world outside the hotel is vaguely felt to be flying apart is said by Mme. Duras to be more or less Bakunin's: "People . . . are beginning to understand that they are in no way obliged to suffer." But the characters in her film, including Stein, suffer stupendously.

For all its technical grace and its mesmerizing grip, "Destroy, She Said" has minutes of the contrary-minded, silly-on-purpose note that sometimes seems key in highly intellectualized avant-garde literature and cinema. And yet the enterprise is peculiarly more tender, human, and physically eloquent than one might expect from its general assumptions about razing the world and starting again. It is also very absorbing to anyone interested in film rhythms, with its slow, long takes and its choice often to withhold closeups.

"IS it a film that expresses hope?" ask Jacques Rivette and Jean Narboni in an interview with Marguerite Duras about "Destroy, She Said." "Yes. Revolutionary hope," she replies. "I'm in favor of closing the schools and universities . . . of ignorance . . . of falling in line with the humblest coolie and starting all over again." Mme. Duras's film isn't actually as obscurantist as she seems to have wanted it to be in that airy vision. The wan thing is that if any of the Grove Press Festival's films really does manage to whisk us back to the Dark Ages the one that does it is a picture from a country with a desperate stake in more light. Brazil's "Antonio das Mortes," made by Glauber Rocha, honored leader of the Cinema Novo, seems to me a sickly lapse. It isn't that the film observes a colossal session of frenzy and black



Enjoy New York at a Prestige Hotel Address at Moderate Rates... overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

. . . renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

RESERVATIONS AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles.....$19.00 to $26.00
Choice Doubles ...$26.00 to $34.00
Tower Studio Suites $34.00 to $40.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Singles from $24.00.
Doubles from $32.00.

WRITE FOR FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"
TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner
Banquet Facilities
IN THE HEART OF B'WAY AND THEATRE DISTRICT
200 W. 44 ST. • 524-4707
• IMPERIAL, 935 LEX. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
• GOURMET, 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
• EAST, 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930
FLUSHING • SUNNYSIDE
QUEENS (ELMHURST)

. . . A NEW WAY OF LIFE . . .
Close by the rugged Atlantic shoreline, overlooking the haunts of wild swan and Canada geese, a marvelous country inn, a private club, a granite house with ample rooms, and huge "play house" barn to boot. . . . . . Choose a new way of life. Find your success and happiness as have the present husband-wife owners who wish to retire after eleven years of work and play in developing the Stone House Club. Location: The charming seaside community of Sakonnet, Rhode Island. Write Box 534, Little Compton, R.I., 02837 or phone 401-635-8590, evenings 401-635-4848.

MONSIGNORE
ELEGANT CONTINENTAL CUISINE
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
STROLLING VIOLINISTS—CHARGE CLUBS
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070

magic around a present-day Brazilian mercenary; it is that the movie itself is hysterical, with a head addled by a diet of pure style. The effect is pompous, baroque, and inhuman. Antonio das Mortes, a mercenary in the wilds who goes through an entirely superstitious conversion into a revolutionary hero, though his mind could hardly be called emergent, is admired with a suffocating lack of humor. Even at the most urgent moments, he moves very, very slowly, turning his face to the camera as if to a mirror. We see orgiastic dances orgiastically recorded, and judgments delivered from a tree by an apparently catatonic virgin oracle in what looks to be a sternish type of chastity belt, and a blind rich villain who eerily resembles Robert Graves but behaves like Samson in a pet. There is also a beautiful jade, glumly passionate, who wanders around in a sort of nightdress-cum-evening-dress that is generally spattered with blood because she is always throwing herself onto the bodies of men who have violently died. She stabs one of her lovers in the back herself, using a knife umpteen times in a spirit of inappropriate drudgery, like a tired waitress slamming down plates. This is all filmed with an aestheticism unmarred by the faintest sense of the ridiculous. Long sequences are put together as if they were opera, obviously on purpose, though that doesn't make them any less excrescent. They seem a rather knowing paean to the primitive by a man who is really perfectly in sync with the times. There are expanses of music in which savagery is carefully cultivated. A voice will swoop through four octaves, establishing pre-industrial excitements and telling us the opposite of what Rocha meant, which is that such pleasures must be forgone if we are to edge into any new deal for Brazil. The look of the movie leans often on a sort of drugged circling motion; characters keep walking round one another while they scream insults or intone spells or duel with a natty pink scarf held taut between two combatants' teeth. The photography also keeps wheeling round things, like a poor donkey hobbled by one leg to a tree. There are moments when the camera seems to be having an epileptic fit. The excitability of the film is very powerful and very uninfectious. People who admire Cinema Novo, as I do, would prefer to have talked of what Rocha has done before, or the films he might make in the future, or even what he perhaps meant to do in this one, but its showing off is puzzlingly conscious and hard to respond to. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

?
What is Kittinger

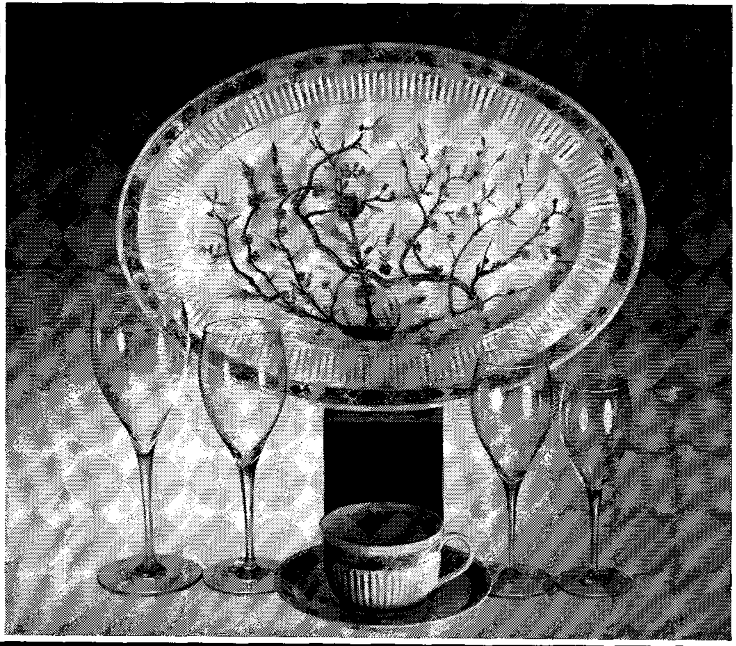
More than furniture—almost a legend—certainly a tradition. Kittinger, the finest English and American traditional furniture ever made. The entire Kittinger Story is contained in "A Library of 18th Century English and American Designs," 180 pages, profusely illustrated. Send three dollars to:

KITTINGER
a division of General Interiors
1925A Elmwood Avenue
Buffalo, New York 14207

BACCARAT CRYSTAL... since 1764

CERALENE CHINA ... imported from Limoges, France

CERALENE CHINA ... in the distinctive French tradition



The tall, graceful tulip-shaped glasses above, in full-lead crystal by BACCARAT, are part of the ST. REMY stemware pattern designed in 1878 for the Paris International Exposition; $8 each. The china, made by RAYNAUD et Cie., in Limoges, exclusively for CERALENE is FLEUR DE JADE, patterned after a Far Eastern design made at Nyon, Switzerland, during the 18th century. In green or terra cotta, $42.50 per five-piece place setting; the 18" oval platter shown, $54; the cup and saucer, $13.

Write Dept. Y18 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china, or gifts, 25c each, and/or $1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

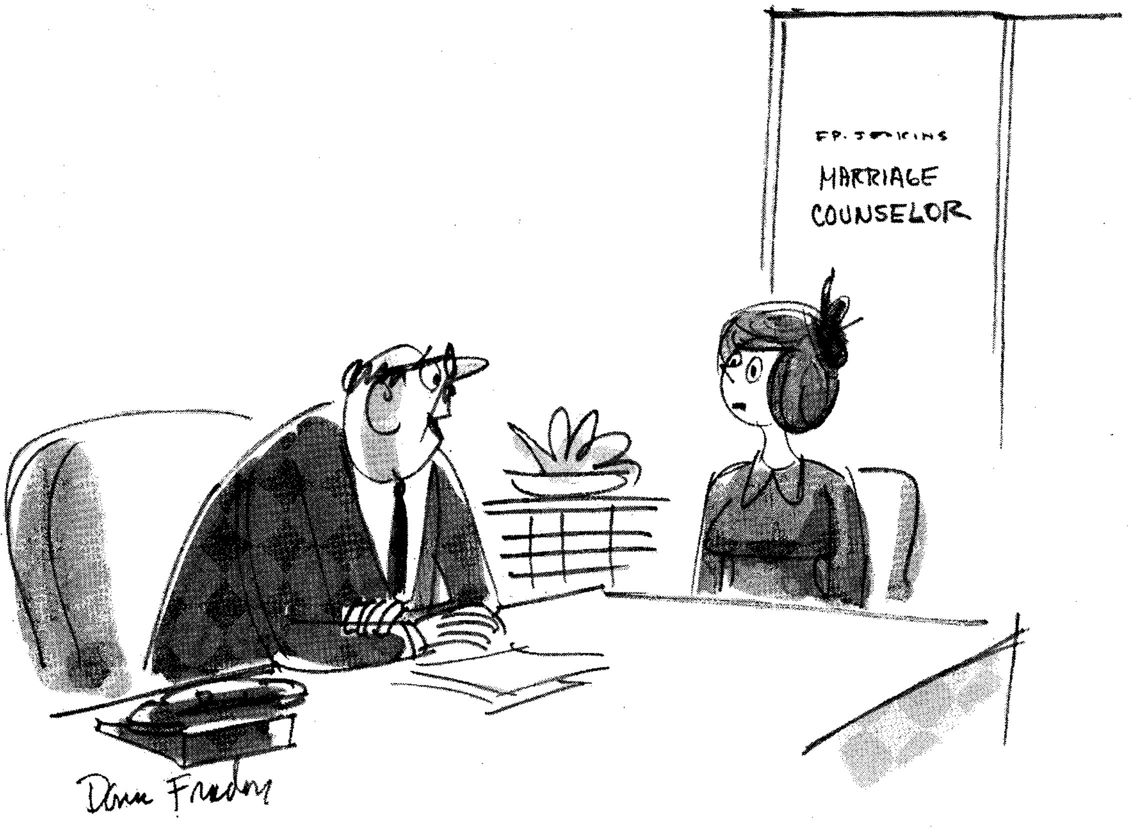
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

April 11

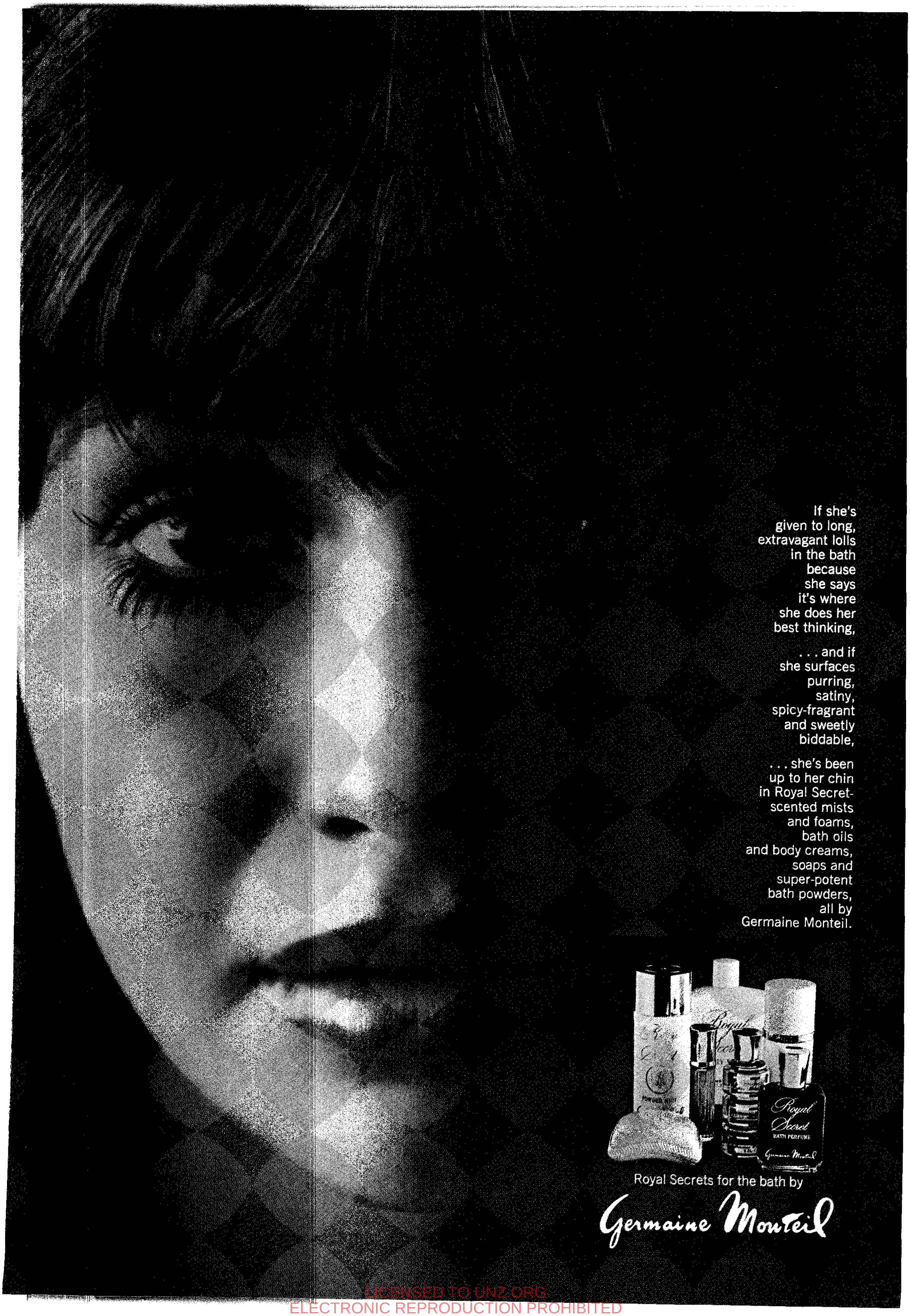
THE President has described the Senate's rejection of Clement F. Haynsworth, Jr., and G. Harrold Carswell as acts of "regional discrimination," and has reached the conclusion that no Southerner on the federal bench who espouses the "philosophy of strict construction of the Constitution" could win approval in the Senate "as presently constituted." He has charged the majority of this body with "hypocrisy," "character assassination," and "vicious assaults" on the "intelligence, honesty, and character" of the two men he has nominated to fill a vacancy on the Supreme Court. He has also explained that he was guided in his selection of them by the fact they "were both men of the South"—a region whose people, as he sees it, "deserve representation on the Court," and a region, too, that has a common "legal philosophy" that should be "articulately represented."

It is difficult—it is, in fact, impossible—to recall any Presidential statement in this century as intemperate and as divisive as the one issued by Richard Nixon two days ago. Some unkind and perhaps untrue things were said about the President's nominees in the course of the Senate debate over their qualifications to serve, but no one used language about them or about the President that was as abusive as his language about the senators who declined to consent to the elevation of the two men in question. Taken as a whole, the statement demeans all three branches of government and exacerbates the tensions that exist among them. What can be described as "regional discrimination" has frequently been practiced in this country—and no doubt in just about every other country in history—but to cite the Carswell vote in the Senate as an instance of it not only intensifies existing regional divisions but misrepresents what actually happened when fifty-one senators voted against confirmation and forty-five voted in favor of it. The plain statistical fact is that if the issue had been primarily a regional one Carswell would have been confirmed. There simply were not enough votes outside the South to defeat him. The margin of defeat was provided by four Southern senators—Fulbright, of Arkansas; Gore, of Tennessee; Spong, of Virginia; and Yarborough, of Texas. Had they seen the issue as the President now sees it, Carswell would have been approved by a margin of two votes instead of being disapproved by a margin of six, and he would have done better than that if several border-state senators—two from Missouri, two from Maryland, and one each from Kentucky and Oklahoma—had found it their duty to uphold the President. In the aftermath of the past week's events, it is conceivable that the President is right in saying that no "strict constructionist" from a federal appellate court in the South could win Senate approval; if this is so, it is not because "regional discrimination" is a strong factor in matters of this sort but, rather, because the Nixon Administration, having chosen Carswell and having chosen to use all the power it could muster to gain approval for him, forced practically every judge in the Southern circuits to commit himself on one side or the other of the contest. The Senate would now have to view with some suspicion any nominee who yielded to political pressure to declare in favor of Carswell, while any jurist who stood silent or expressed reservations would very likely have to disqualify himself, because it could be held against him that he acted—or neglected to act—in the hope of advancing his own career. Thus, if no Southerner is today eligible, it is because certain Administration decisions have compromised just about everyone who might merit consideration.

"I understand the bitter feelings of millions of Americans who live in the South," the President said. "They have my assurance that the day will come when men like Judges Carswell and Haynsworth can and will sit on the high court." Not even Barry Goldwater, who pursued a "Southern strategy" and never pretended otherwise, addressed himself to "the South" as if it constituted an ideological as well as a geographical entity. Like the country as a whole right now, the South is a region tragically divided within itself—and not by race alone. Judge Carswell's South has hardly more in common with the South of George Wallace than George Wallace's South has with that of Julian Bond. No doubt there are a good many Southerners—white, propertied, powerful—who regard themselves as authentic community leaders and spokesmen, and whose values are authentically spoken for by men like Haynsworth and Carswell; no



"You've got to give a little, take a little, and let your poor heart break a little."


Royal Secret
BATH PERFUME
Germaine Monteil

If she's
given to long,
extravagant lolls
in the bath
because
she says
it's where
she does her
best thinking,

. . . and if
she surfaces
purring,
satiny,
spicy-fragrant
and sweetly
biddable,

. . . she's been
up to her chin
in Royal Secret-
scented mists
and foams,
bath oils
and body creams,
soaps and
super-potent
bath powders,
all by
Germaine Monteil.

Royal Secrets for the bath by

Germaine Monteil

THE $70 DIFFERENCE

Heritage set out to make a cabinet that would look as though it came from the ancient Palace of the Doges in Venice. To achieve that soft-worn look of centuries, it took the hands of thirty-two craftsmen. Hands to rub, scour, and stain; crumble gold leaf and pat it in; paint, bruise, burnish and soothe with antique wax.

And only more money can buy it.

The dollar difference between our little $320 cabinet and any rival, lies in the patient hands of the men who made it. And everything Heritage makes gets this kind of attention. Our upholstery fabrics, for example, are all cut by hand, because no machine can match up patterns. Our interiors are hand finished—no little splinters to snag or tear. So whenever a Heritage piece costs more, if you look you'll find you get more.

HERITAGE
A division of Drexel Enterprises, Inc.

If you think the Heritage handwork deserves a place in your home, send two dollars for our catalog and room planning kit to Dept. NY 4-18-70, Heritage Furniture Company, High Point, N. C. 27261.

doubt, too, there are many less privileged Southerners who identify their interests with those of persons who enjoy greater social and economic advantages. It is hardly credible, though, that there are many "millions" who feel much personal anguish over this latest turn of events, and it is certain that there are a good many black Southerners who find it not in the least painful. What is altogether incredible is that there should be in 1970 a President of the United States who can speak of the South as if it were some vast middle-class suburb—racially and economically homogeneous, united by a common outlook, common goals, and even, of all things, a "legal philosophy" all its own. Yet unless this was a document composed by another hand and thoughtlessly accepted and disseminated by the President, we are left with no choice but to acknowledge that we have a Republican Chief Executive who is capable of speaking—on occasion, at least—as an heir not of Lincoln but of Jefferson Davis, as President of Senator Thurmond's country but not of Mayor Charles Evers' country.

Richard Nixon is the first President since Franklin Roosevelt to have been schooled in the law and to have practiced it at one time or another. Roosevelt never claimed or exhibited eminence in the field, and neither has Nixon. But no pronouncement on the law by any recent President, lawyer or layman, has displayed such unlawyerlike thinking as some of Nixon's recent ones—most notably this latest one. Six times in the course of only six hundred words, he speaks of "strict construction" of the Constitution, and he twice describes it as a "legal philosophy." Whatever else it may be, "strict construction" hardly qualifies as a philosophy, legal or otherwise. In his statement, he opposes "strict" to "liberal" construction, from which it may be inferred that when he says "strict" he means "conservative." Probably he does, though historically "strict" has been more or less a synonym for "rigid" or "literal," and the approach has been used to gore the oxen of both liberals and conservatives. But the whole concept is today an archaic one, of little meaning and less utility. "Strict construction" now has a kind of affinity with the fundamentalist Protestant view of the "literal truth" of the King James Bible, and those who find it praiseworthy, or merely convenient for their ends, generally maintain that the courts should honor the letter of the law rather than attempt to interpret

Sheraton in Egypt.
Now Open
Cairo-Sheraton Hotel
on the Nile.

On the Nile, soaring 22 stories in the Egyptian sky, a new hotel: the majestic Cairo-Sheraton. A Wonder of the modern world. Completely air-conditioned. Offering luxurious guest bedrooms and suites, cocktail lounge and outside terrace. Swimming pool, of course. **For reservations call this toll-free number 800-325-3535. Or call your Travel Agent.**

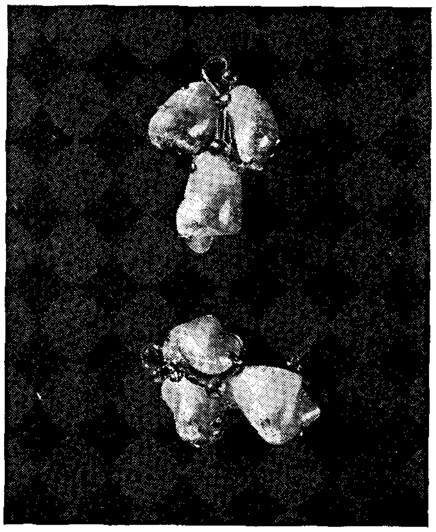
Cairo-Sheraton Hotel & Casino
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Kingsberry invents the great escape.

Get set for a new way of life with a Kingsberry vacation home. A getaway kind of life you can savor at a serene seaside setting or on a lush mountain slope. Your Kingsberry can be built almost anywhere. The model shown here is only one of a choice of leisure home designs from Kingsberry. All of them represent the ultimate in fine construction. For a brochure, send 50¢ to Kingsberry Homes.

KINGSBERRY HOMES
BOISE CASCADE CORPORATION
61 Perimeter Park East, Atlanta, Georgia 30341 Copyright © Boise Cascade Corporation 1970

For a Brochure, Send 50¢ to Dept. NY, Kingsberry Homes.

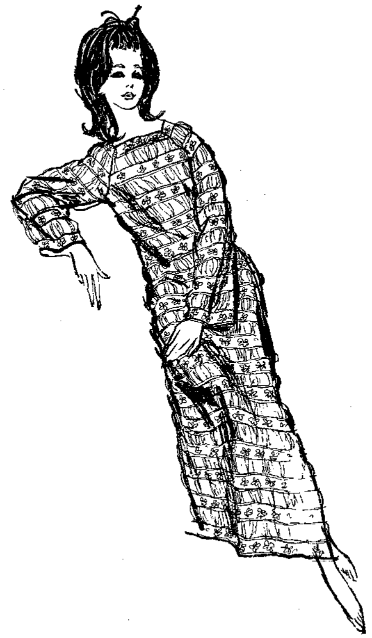


PEARLS OF BEAUTY
FOR HER EARS

Lustrous free-form fresh-water pearls clustered into clover shapes of 14kt. gold wire—to clip onto any ear worth whispering into.
Actual size shown, $120.
Smaller size, $100.

Mail and phone orders carefully filled.
Pa. residents add 6% tax.

NAN DUSKIN
1729 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103



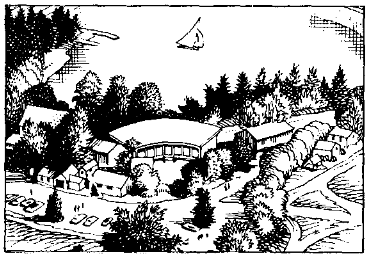
Soft gown of nylon chiffon and lace, adapted from the Mexican wedding dress. White only. Sizes: Small, Medium, Large.
Long $26.00 Short $17.00
Please add $1.00 for handling
Mail orders carefully filled

Gene Burton South
505 South Lake Avenue
Pasadena, California

and apply what some judges may feel is the "spirit" of the law. But the passage of time has more or less closed the argument—or at least has led to its being carried on in very different terms. The absolutist view of *stare decisis* has never had much support from intelligent jurists of any persuasion, the majority of them—at least in this century—subscribing to the proposition set forth many decades ago by Mr. Justice Holmes: "It is revolting to have no better reason for a rule of law than that so it was laid down in the time of Henry IV." "Strict construction" is not a revolting concept but an almost impossible one, there being today so many problems in law that the framers of the Constitution did not and could not foresee—though, of course, they did foresee that new problems would arise, and in this foresight made provisions for amending the charter. For example, the whole body of law relating to the individual's right to privacy—described by Mr. Justice Brandeis as "the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men"—is extra-Constitutional and, it could be held, the product of "loose construction." The same is true of most of the decisions dealing with education. The Constitution says nothing about education.

This is not to say that there is no intellectually responsible or respectable basis for a critical or disapproving approach to the performance of, say, the Warren Court. Holmes could be flexible in his reading of the Constitution, but he was a persuasive advocate of "judicial restraint," holding that judges should honor the separation of powers and resist any tendencies to substitute their views of what the law ought to be for those of the legislators charged with drafting the laws. And there are some thinkers today—most prominently Alexander Bickel, of the Yale Law School, and the author of the recently published "The Supreme Court and the Idea of Progress"—who feel that in late years the Court has revealed a weakness for attempting by legal means to solve problems or resolve conflicts that could more suitably be dealt with by other agencies. But Nixon, in talking about himself and Carswell and the South and "legal philosophy," isn't really talking about matters of legal principle and conduct. He is talking politics, and he is saying to his constituents in the South, and to others in the region whom he hopes to make into constituents, that he has been struggling against great odds to place on the Supreme Court a man who will see things from their

Your haven from a harried world.



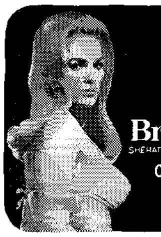
Opening June 14th.
Basin Harbor is 700 acres of beautiful tranquility on the shores of Lake Champlain. Golf on our uncrowded 18-hole course. Fish, sail and relax on this lovely lake. Swim in our 75-foot pool. Play tennis in the clear Vermont air. Enjoy delicious food and great guest rooms. We also have special children's programs, so bring the whole family. Come this summer or fall. We're open until October 15th.

For information and reservations, New York Reservation Office: 30 Rockefeller Plaza West. Tel: (212) LT 1-6595 or write Robert H. Beach, Manager, Box 8A.

BASIN HARBOR
CLUB
Tel (802) 475-2311
VERGENNES, VERMONT 05491

THE MILLS BROTHERS
A family affair.
April 8 to April 28
Performances 9:15 & 12:15
Reservations: PLaza 9-3000

PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
A SONESTA HOTEL

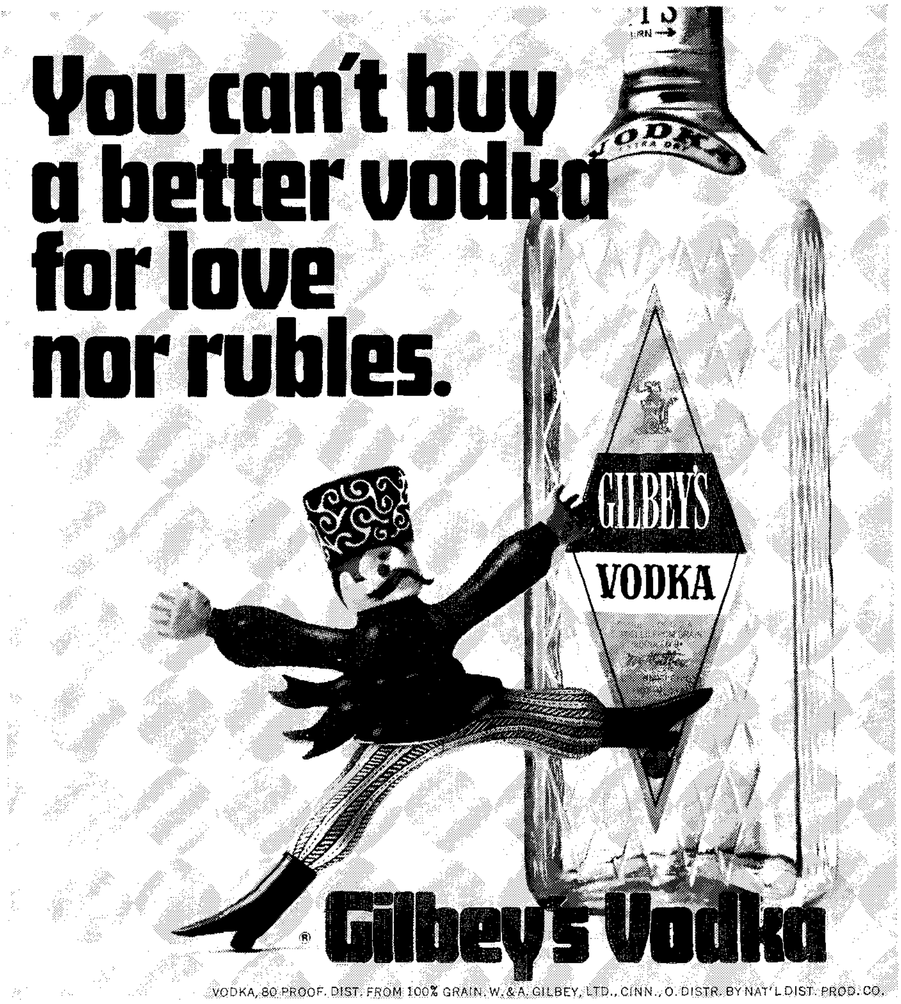


SHERATON IN NASSAU
Sheraton-British Colonial Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
Call it free—Anytime from anywhere in the Continental United States
800-325-3535

ADVENTURE in CREATIVITY
Art • Music
Writing
Theatre
Dance • Film
Summer residential program. Coed Ages 14-19 June 28-Aug. 9
H. J. Motley, Jr., CRANBROOK SCHOOL, Box Y
520 Lone Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills, Mich. 48013

point of view. And unless he is being grossly misread here, he does not mean their point of view toward the Constitution—which is in most cases nonexistent and in most other cases indefinable—but, rather, their point of view toward a social order that a few of them dominate and the rest find more tolerable than any they can now imagine. "Strict construction" has nothing to do with it; if "loose construction" could get the federal judges off their backs, they would find it a splendid approach. Indeed, the President's apologists in recent days cite his primarily political aims as the most defensible ones. His real adversary in the politics of the moment is not, they say, the "Eastern Establishment" or, as the Vice-President has said, "the liberal media," which "snowed" the Senate. He is locked in combat not with Senator Javits or the New York *Times* but with a far more formidable foe—George Corley Wallace, of Alabama, who must have been every bit as gratified by the rejection of Judge Carswell as any of the labor or civil-rights lobbyists who worked to bring it about. Nixon, they claim, places a high political priority on the elimination of Wallace at the earliest possible date—preferably this year, by seeing to it that Wallace does not once again become governor of Alabama. Though Carswell's South and Wallace's South are very different, they have in common a wish for deliverance from the federal judiciary, particularly its rulings on segregation, and Nixon's championing of Southern jurists is an effort to show that he, a Republican President, can be more effective than Wallace, a maverick spoiler. Having been twice frustrated in this—having twice proved Wallace correct in prophesying that a Republican could not deliver the deliverance—it was not altogether strategically unsound for him to try to cut his losses by denouncing—in language not unlike that which Wallace has used in the past—those who had frustrated him. *C'est le politique.*

There is unquestionably something to this; it has to be part of the "Southern strategy" to chip away at the Wallace constituency, and if Wallace menaces the Republic to the degree claimed by a good many people, cutting him down to manageable size might justify a few lapses from political etiquette. But if the end was in any sense defensible, it was badly served, from start to finish, by the means. There are Southern judges whom the Senate could not possibly have rejected; Nixon chose two whom it could not possibly accept. His



VODKA, 80 PROOF. DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO.

The Mother's Day gift for a swinging mother.

Give her a membership in the new "Hole-In-One Club" and 12 golf balls.

If she is a "Hole-In-One Club®" member when she makes an ace we pay up to $200 for the clubhouse celebration and she gets her choice of a 10-day vacation* for two to Hawaii, Europe (London, Paris and Rome) or Bermuda. Or she can take a Caribbean cruise for two. Annual dues and 12 liquid-center golf balls cost $22. Annual dues alone, $10. (Mother's Day card with your name included.)

*Air fares and accommodations.

4-18

Mother's Name________________

Address________________

City________ State________ Zip________

Sender's Name________________

Fill out and mail coupon and your check for ☐ $22 (annual dues plus 12 golf balls) or ☐ $10 (annual dues alone) to: Hole-In-One Club, 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10022. (We love Canadian golfers, too, but add 10% to Canadian funds.)

EXECUTIVES...

Relocating?

Corporate Timetable?
Good Location?
Best Schools?
Right Home?
Recreational Facilities?
Right Price?
Shopping?
Resale Value?

Executive Homesearch will help solve your househunting problems . . . WITHOUT CHARGE . . . quickly . . . easily . . . professionally

With eight branch offices in key locations, and a nationwide network of Realtors, we offer the fastest individualized personal attention to the home buying problems of the relocating executive and his family. Backed by Previews' 36 years of real estate experience, dedication and integrity, our trained consultants will screen communities and homes to match the profile of your requirements. Executive Homesearch charges NO FEE for its services. Literature on request.

Write or call (212) PL 8-2630, B. GARVEY.

Previews EXECUTIVE HOMESEARCH™

49 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022
Boston • Wash., D. C. • Chicago • Palm Beach
Denver • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Paris

"First in French Crystal ...since 1666"

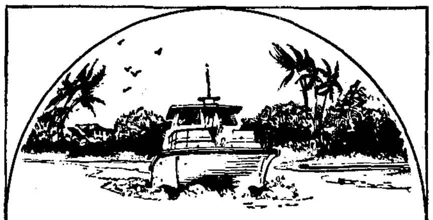
Bordeaux by BAYEL ...$7.00 per goblet

Bayel
Cristal
SINCE 1666

Send for FREE illustrated Bayel brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. B2, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

nominees and the methods he used to win confirmation for them antagonized senators from both parties and from all regions. Nor, it would seem, did his choices impress his constituency across the nation. A recent Harris poll reported that Nixon received "a forty-five to thirty per cent negative rating on the calibre of his appointments to the high court." In itself, this means rather little; the public isn't much given to studying the records of appellate judges, and certainly not such obscure ones as Haynsworth and Carswell, and when a substantial percentage gives an unfavorable "rating," it probably means only that a good many people believe that where there is smoke there must be fire. But any sort of judgment on a President's appointments is a judgment on the President himself, and it comes as only a mild surprise that Nixon has suffered a loss of confidence in the last two months. Ten weeks ago, he commanded impressive heights. A Gallup poll showed general approval by two-thirds of those questioned, which is about as much as any President can hope for. But the most recent Gallup poll, taken in late March, well before the flareup over Carswell, showed that he had slipped to fifty-three per cent, which is by no means as low as a President can get but which is nevertheless a bit uncomfortable. The drop could have had little to do with the troubles then beginning to build up in the Senate; it probably had to do mostly with anxieties over the war, which seemed to be expanding rather than contracting, and over the economy, which was unhealthy in an alarming number of ways. Still, the decline was a fact—noted not only by the polltakers but by politicians sniffing at the grass roots in their traditional Easter sniffing period—and it might have been expected that Nixon would react as politicians normally do in such circumstances, by conciliatory notes and gestures. Instead, he chose to add insult to the injuries he had already inflicted on both his critics and his supporters in the Senate—men who can make or break not only his candidates for appointive office but any of the programs he advances for his own, his party's, or the country's benefit.

Opinion has always varied widely over Nixon's talents as a practical and practicing politician. There are some who feel that he is one of the shrewdest and smartest produced in this century. His assets at the outset of his career were negligible, his liabilities considerable. He made enemies more easily than he made friends. Nevertheless, it can be



seaVentures Yachting Resorts
Treasure Cay, Abaco, Bahamas

UNIQUE VACATION ADVENTURE

Enjoy the best of sea and shore as you vacation aboard a luxurious, air-conditioned Catamaran Motor Yacht based at a beautiful tropical resort. You'll cruise, fish, or just explore some of the loveliest waters in the world. Ashore, there is fine food, tennis, golf or soaking up sunshine on a secluded beach. Rent a 44 or 56-foot cruiser. Accommodations for up to eight adults. All services available at dockside.

LUXURY YACHT OWNERSHIP

Own your own luxury yacht based in the Bahamas. Attractive financial advantages through the unique seaVentures rental-management plan. We handle all maintenance and rentals. Write for details.

For full information call, or write Dept. TNY-4,

seaVentures International, Inc.
7710 Computer Avenue
Minneapolis, Minn. 55435
612-927-9931

The Ultimate in French Cuisine

Café Chauveron

Your host ROGER CHAUVERON

FOR RESERVATIONS PLaza 1-6480 139 East 53 St., N.Y.C.

900 NORTH MICHIGAN

Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO

Dine in our beautiful year-around garden or French dining room. Also facilities for private parties. Parking at Delaware entrance. For reservations: WH 4-4795

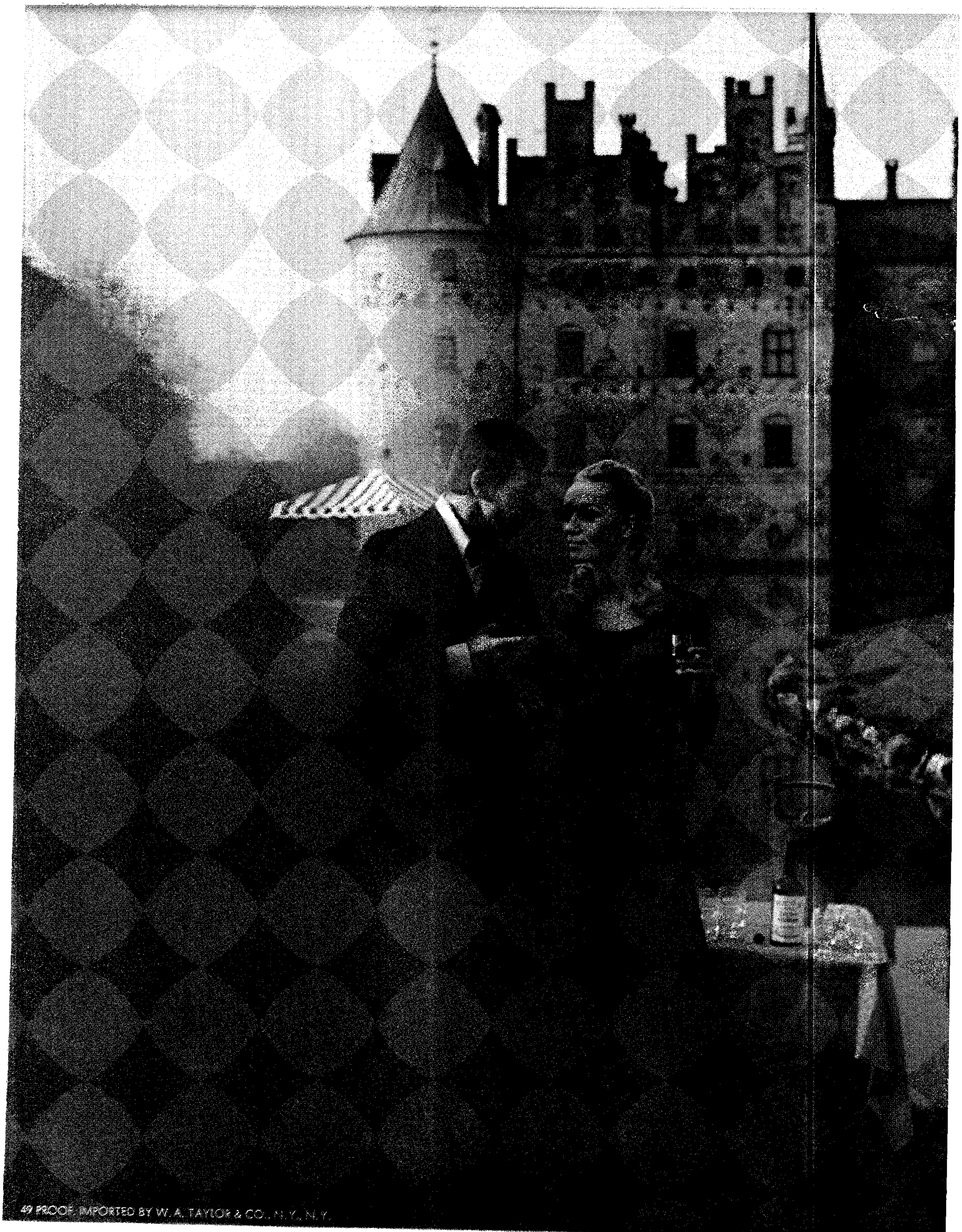
OPEN DAILY 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

BROADWAY JOE

"NEW YORK'S TOP STEAK HOUSE"

open 4:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.

315 W.46 ST.NYC CI 6-6513 CO 5-9196

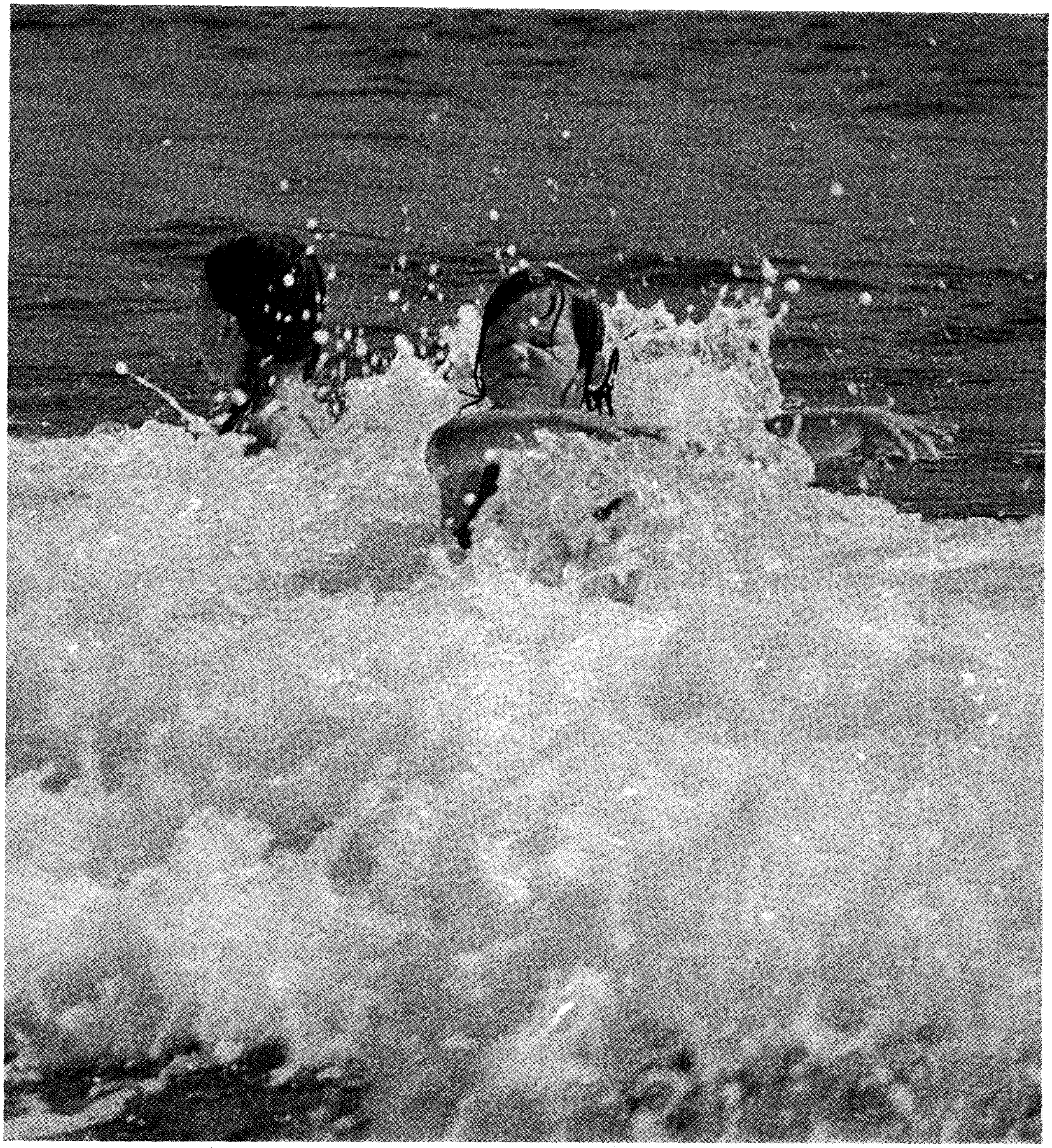

49 PROOF. IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N.Y., N.Y.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT EGESKOV CASTLE, FYN, DENMARK

Denmark is a fairy tale surrounded by Europe. Taste a bit of its magic.

Cherry Heering.

CHERRY
HEERING
PETER HEERING



There are more than 135 ocean beaches in Nova Scotia.

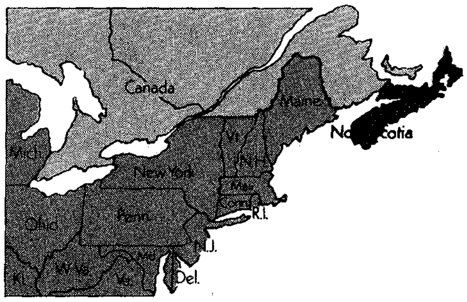
Nova Scotia warmly invites you to Canada's Ocean Playground

For details of a secluded sea-side vacation,
read Nova Scotia's 32-page colour storybook.
Write, visit or call the office nearest you.

In New York: Nova Scotia Travel Information
30 West 54th St., New York, N.Y., 10019
Tel: (212) 581-2420

In Boston: Nova Scotia Travel Information
607 Boylston St., Boston, Mass., 02116
Tel: (617) 267-1431

Or: Nova Scotia Travel Bureau
PO Box 130
Halifax, Nova Scotia
Canada


Canada
Maine
Nova Scotia
Vt.
N.H.
Mich.
New York
Mass.
R.I.
Penn.
Ohio
N.J.
Ky.
W.Va.
Va.
Del.

only moments away

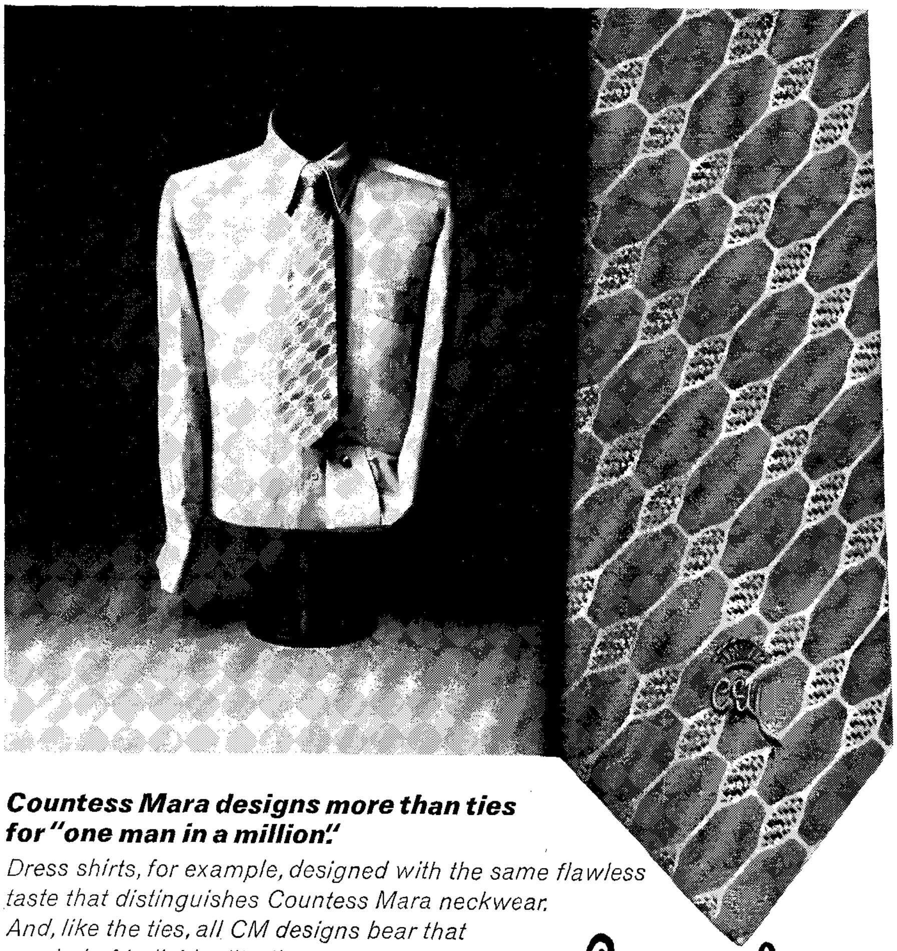
held that, by cunning and energy and some good luck, he rose with remarkable speed, and at the age of forty-seven came within a hair of defeating for the Presidency a man of enormous charm and almost unlimited means. He then ran into bad political weather, and his career, as recently as three years ago, seemed ended. But he quickly fought his way back, and only, many say, a superb political technician could have accomplished this. In the opposing view, it is held that the fact that a man has attained the Presidency is not necessarily a proof of his own talents, there having been many Presidents who were scandalously deficient as politicians. No one denies Nixon his drive or his cunning, but many think that these would have got him nowhere if tremendous good luck and events far beyond his control had not conspired for his advancement. Even his good luck, it can be argued, was not so much that as the product of the misfortunes that befell most of his rivals in the last decade. However this controversy may be settled in time, it seems inescapable that his performance in recent months does not support the view of those who look upon him as a gifted politician. It is probably true that the country is not now quite as divided as it was in the year of his election, but it is far more divided than it was when he took office and renewed his pledge to "bring us together," and he himself has only this week played a large and lamentable part in what might be called the division-making process. From the tenor of his statement on the Carswell vote, it would seem that he is bent on a course that can end only in increased racial, class, and regional hostilities. What he clearly wants is the election this year of Republican senators of the sort who would go along with him in seating a Carswell. If his tactics are rough enough, he may succeed—though the prospects of Republican success in an off-year election in which the war and unemployment are issues do not seem particularly favorable. But to succeed by appropriating the rhetoric of George Wallace is really to concede the failure of his Administration. And a Senate that would accommodate itself to a Carswell appointment would be one more instrument of divisiveness.

—Richard H. Rovere

•

12:30 noon—The Metopera starts early for the rousing Johann Strauss funfest Dr. Rosenkavalier.—*Radio listing in the Victoria (B.C.) Daily Colonist.*

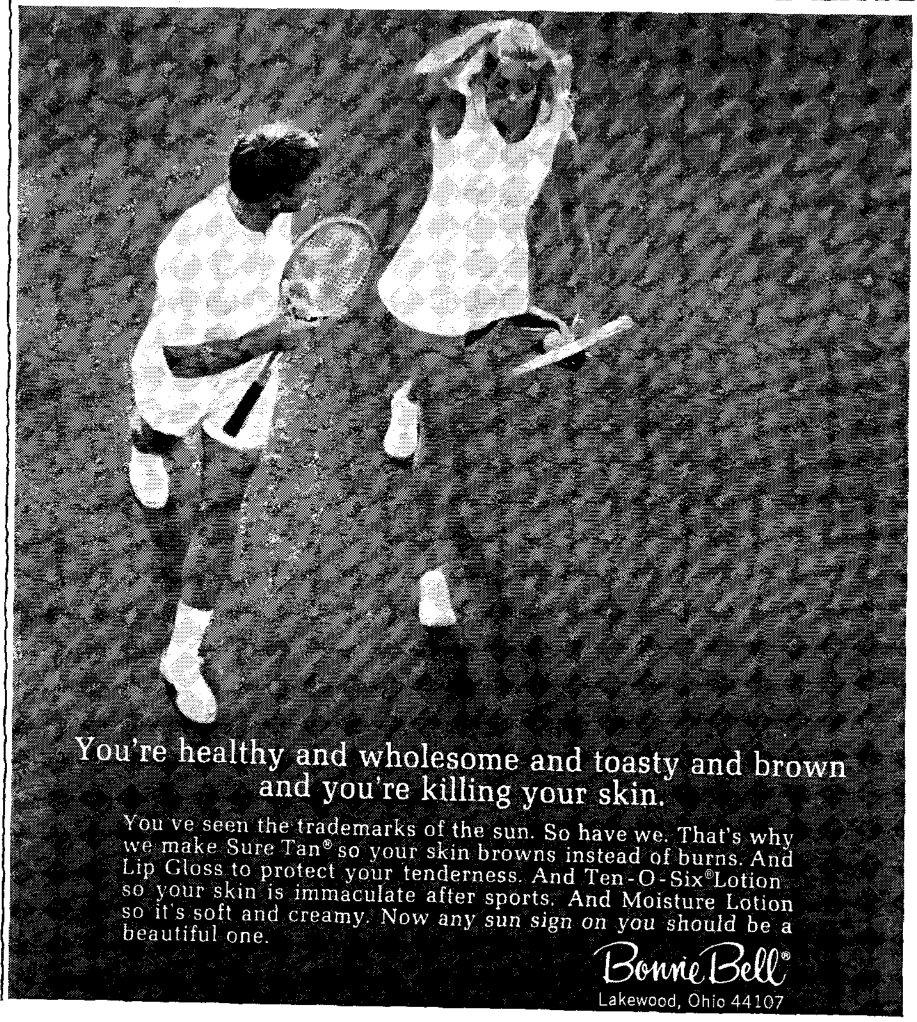
The role of the Doctor's wife is the funniest in all opera.



Countess Mara designs more than ties for "one man in a million."

Dress shirts, for example, designed with the same flawless taste that distinguishes Countess Mara neckwear. And, like the ties, all CM designs bear that symbol of individuality, the nine-point coronet. Countess Mara, Inc., 110 East 57 Street, New York.

Countess Mara®

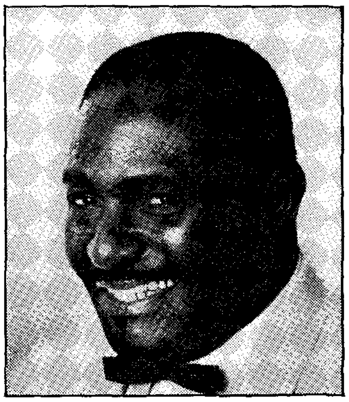


You're healthy and wholesome and toasty and brown and you're killing your skin.

You've seen the trademarks of the sun. So have we. That's why we make Sure Tan® so your skin browns instead of burns. And Lip Gloss to protect your tenderness. And Ten-O-Six® Lotion so your skin is immaculate after sports. And Moisture Lotion so it's soft and creamy. Now any sun sign on you should be a beautiful one.

Bonnie Bell®
Lakewood, Ohio 44107

Mr. Sam wishes a word with you.



Mr. Sam is your maitre d'.

"Wear a coat in the dining room, sir? Only if you like. You want to relax, mon, when you live at this hotel. Ride a beach buggy or a water scooter. Or play tennis at night under the lights. We'll send your drinks right to the courts, mon."

Chatham

One of the five very different hotels of Montego Bay, Jamaica.

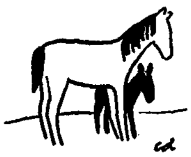
See your travel agent or Utell International, Essex House, NYC, PLaza 7-2981.

The Executive **FLAIR!**

Flair's smooth, tough nylon point and rich, vivid ink sleekly cased in executive style. **Only $1.95. Refillable.**

THE RACE TRACK

Close Company



THOUGH the handicap division, made up of the better older horses, is hardly what it once was, it puts up a good show. You couldn't have had a much more dramatic struggle or a closer finish, short of a dead heat, than the one in the Excelsior Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday. Hydrologist, Never Bow, Gaelic Dancer, and Gleaming Light passed the winning post so closely aligned that it took the placing judges a bit longer than usual to announce their findings after studying the photograph. The margins were a nose, a nose, and a neck. Dewan was fifth, half a length behind. There were nine runners, and after the break Gaelic Dancer led, as he did in the Westchester a fortnight before, until Never Bow and Hydrologist joined him on the turn for home. Meanwhile, Dewan and Gleaming Light were moving up, and as they, too, swung into the stretch for the run to the wire, the five went all out almost abreast. Tommy Trotter, who did the handicapping, should take a bow for this one. Hydrologist, who is owned by the Meadow Stable, is a squarely built four-year-old chestnut colt by Tatan out of Iberia. He had bad racing luck in a number of his starts last season. Things are better this year; he's won three of six tries. Never Bow looked good and went well in what was his first time out since he won the Flamingo last February, but I have a notion that Gaelic Dancer likes a mile better than he likes a mile and a furlong.

Heigh-ho. Another fifty-thousand crowd and another five-million-dollar handle in the tote at the Big A.

SEEKERS of signs and omens fancy that they've found one in the victory of Process Shot, a stablemate of Silent Screen, over Ta Wee in the Distaff Handicap at Aqueduct earlier in the week. I wouldn't know, never having majored in divination. The fact remains, though, that Process Shot, who is nimble at the break, led to the stretch, where Ta Wee overhauled her. Ta Wee didn't hold the advantage long, however; she shortened her stride before she'd gone another fifty yards, and Process Shot went on to

First Exhibition in America

FELIX VALLOTTON

(1865-1925)

A retrospective showing of paintings drawings and lithographs

THE HARBOR, VIEW FROM HONFLEUR
Oil on canvas 34½x32½ in.
Signed (LL): F. VALLOTTON. 1911

April 7 through April 25

Hirschl & Adler
Galleries inc.

21 East 67th Street New York N. Y. 10021
Telephone (212) 535-8810 Cable: Hiramart

SAVE YOUR HEART WITH... STAIR-GLIDE

Rental-Purchase Plan Available
Installs quickly • Will not mar stairway • Tax deductible when recommended by physician • Costs about 8c a wk. to operate • Guaranteed.
Used by thousands: Cardiac Patients, Sr. Citizens, Post Operatives, Arthritics, and as a Wife-Saver.
Write For Free Brochure
AMERICAN STAIR-GLIDE CORP.
201 W. 80th Terr. Dept. NY418
Kansas City, Mo. 64114

Bonnie Oaks Resort
FAIRLEE, VERMONT
Beautiful Lodge and Cottages On Lake Morey's Shores
Your Hosts, The Avery Family
Write Box 14 for Folder

THREE LIONS
English Pub & Restaurant
Open 7 days from 8 A.M. to 3 A.M.
FREE DINNER PARKING (after 6 P.M.)
305 E. 41st St., N.Y.C. • Phone 867-3220

win by nearly two lengths. Ta Wee carried 134 pounds—eight more than Process Shot. Weight, they say, is a great leveller.

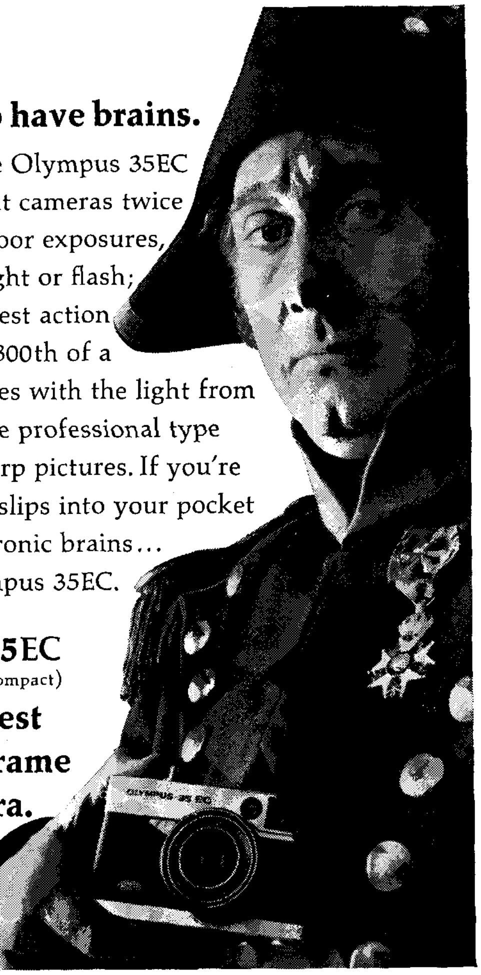
OF course, the big question in the Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct this weekend is Silent Screen, and whether he will like the distance of a mile and a furlong. The best information from his stable is that he has trained well since he finished third to Native Royalty and Delaware Chief in the Gotham. Last Saturday morning, he wound up his work for the week with a mile over the course, doing it "handily" in 1:41. Some of the more enthusiastic watchers put it "impressively" rather than "handily," because he bucked a stiff wind for the last quarter of the mile. I doubt whether he'll be the favorite for the Wood if Native Royalty is a starter, and Native Royalty certainly will be, according to the Wolfson boys, who own him. Delaware Chief is marked to go, as is Sunny Tim, whose stable is hoping he'll draw an outside post position, which will give him the clear sailing he likes. Personality and High Echelon, Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' pair, are also probables. The former sailed home by five lengths in a sprint at seven furlongs that preceded the Excelsior, and the latter worked a mile in 1:44⅗. There'll very likely be half a dozen other runners. Colonel Martingale has no selections.

FARTHER AFIELD: At Keeneland last weekend, Naskra, star of the Everglades Stakes at Hialeah, could do no better than finish third to Derby candidates Hard Work and Jackal in a prep for the Blue Grass Stakes. And in Florida Argentine-bred Snow Sporting didn't run as well over the turf course as he did in the Gulfstream Park Handicap, and One For All, who's a good performer on the grass, beat him by half a length in the Pan American Handicap. —AUDAX MINOR

•

DEAR ARROW SPONSOR:
Since issuing the *Peanuts Cook Book*, which appeared on the January and February Arrow Book Club offers, we have been informed that there may be a possible hazard in the recipe for "Lucy's Lemon Lollipops" on page 18 if instructions are not carefully followed. This involves the high alcoholic content of the lemon extract.
Please ask pupils not to use this recipe. —*Communication received by a fourth-grade teacher in Franklin, N. J.*

Too late! The tykes are sleeping it off.



You don't have to be big to have brains.

Tiny solid state devices in the Olympus 35EC do many things automatically that cameras twice its size can't do. Indoor or outdoor exposures, whether day or night, sunlight or flash; all are set automatically. The fastest action stopped electronically at 1/800th of a second. Yet you can take pictures with the light from one match automatically. The professional type 5 element lens delivers razor sharp pictures. If you're looking for a camera that slips into your pocket but is packed with electronic brains… see the remarkable new Olympus 35EC.

The Olympus 35EC
(Electronic Compact)
World's smallest electronic full frame 35mm Camera.

OLYMPUS

Marketed in U.S.A. by **Ponder&Best**. Corporate Offices: 11201 West Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90064.

THE REAL McCOY!

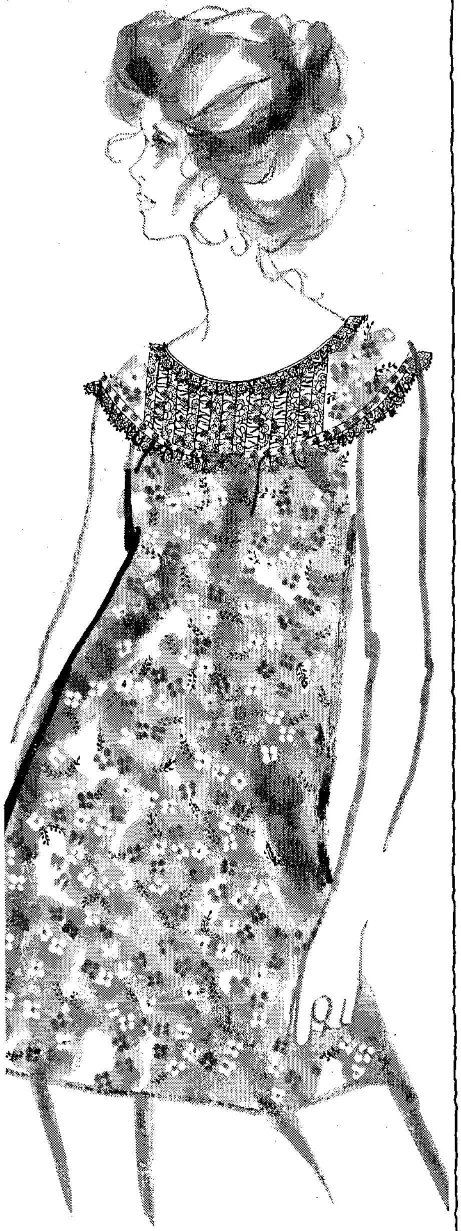
Our "onboard" one-suiter is strictly the real *thing* in time-saving carry-on luggage. It's crafted of Seal-grained black Calfskin, double belted with chrome snap fittings and fine lock. Inside: moire-lined divided compartments. Outside: full-length document pocket. 18x13x4", it expands to twice its girth and fits easily under your airplane seat. Why settle for less? Do as Hatfield did and go for the real McCoy!

☐ Send me the "McCoy" One-Suiter, $60
☐ Matching Briefcase (fits "McCoy's" side pocket) $20
☐ Both "McCoy" and Matching Envelope Briefcase, $72 (a saving of $8).
☐ Please apply the following chrome initials:__________$3.
Add $1 for post. & ins. (Calif. resid. add 5%). Return in 2 wks. if not delighted.

NAME
ADDRESS ZIP
Mail to: 584 Washington Street, San Francisco, California 94111

haverhill's

BARBIZON



Brighten your Spring dreams with this pretty floral-printed Blendaire® Batiste sleep shift. Embellished with imported nylon Val lace. Pink or blue in petite, small, medium and large.
ANNETTE $9.00

B. ALTMAN & CO., New York
and other fine stores.

Barbizon

Blendaire® Batiste — Polyester, Nylon, Cotton

MUSICAL EVENTS

Master Touches

GEORGE SZELL, that eminent old-school disciplinarian, took charge of the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday evening, and the Philharmonic reacted as it usually does to him, playing with exemplary precision, and making the all-Beethoven program that was the task of the evening sound as though it had been sculpted from solid marble. Mr. Szell differs from most contemporary conductors in the extent and exactitude of subtle control that he exercises over an orchestra, and he is also a Beethoven specialist of great distinction. His program started out with the Overture to "The Creatures of Prometheus," Opus 43, in which the incisiveness of the rapid violin passages was memorable, and it ended with the Seventh Symphony. The treat of the evening, however, was Beethoven's Fourth Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Opus 58, with the admirable British pianist Clifford Curzon in the solo part. Mr. Curzon certainly stands today at the top among our middle-aged pianists, and very near the top among pianists of any age. He is the most polished executant imaginable; his technique is formidable and his musical understanding complete, so that he can produce an interpretation of a work like this that is both traditional and highly personal. It is interpretations of this kind that keep music alive nowadays, for they not only show respect for the long tradition of piano playing but they provide surprises, too, keeping audiences on the edges of their seats and showing them that there is more than one way of doing things. Mr. Curzon's performance, which was intimately meshed with Mr. Szell's, was something I shall remember with pleasure. And yet I couldn't help speculating what Beethoven himself would have thought if he had been present to listen to it. The Fourth Piano Concerto, as we know it today, has been filtered through generations of great pianists, each of whom has clarified, polished, and in some cases even added embellishments to it. We know from reading the writings of Carl Czerny, Beethoven's pupil, that much greater liberties were taken with tempos in Beethoven's day, and that ritardandos and accellerandos were much broader and more frequent. We also know that the pitch of orchestras and pianos in Beethoven's time was at least a half tone lower than it is nowadays, and that performance was consequently somewhat less brilliant. Beethoven never in his life knew an orchestra as smooth and as accurate as today's major symphonic ensembles, and though he was a great piano virtuoso himself, I doubt that he played in the manner of Mr. Curzon, with all that meticulous polish, smoothness, and digital dexterity. Would he have thought Mr. Curzon's and Mr. Szell's performance an improvement over those he heard or participated in? I think that probably he would. Still, this Fourth Concerto would have been very different from any that Beethoven ever heard.

ONE of the most distinguished evenings ever presented by the Clarion Concerts, under the baton of Newell Jenkins, was offered up last Tuesday night in Alice Tully Hall. It was distinguished for the obvious rehearsal pains that had gone into it and for the artistry of the numerous singers and instrumentalists who took part. But it was also distinguished because the work performed—Monteverdi's "Vespro della Beata Vergine," first heard in 1610—is a composition of enormous profundity and complexity, which sounds today with all the nobility that it had in the early seventeenth century. The forces involved in this performance were fairly large, including the Clarion Concerts Orchestra and Chorus; the Choir of the Church of the Transfiguration; a group of instrumentalists who played a lute, an organ, a harpsichord, a viola da gamba, and other antique instruments; and seven able vocal soloists—Benita Valente, Neva Pilgrim, Charles Bressler, Robert White, Hugues Cuenod, Arthur Burrows, and John Ostendorf. The orchestration was that of Nikolaus Harnoncourt, following certain suggestions by the musicologist Denis Stevens, which I suppose implies at least a little restoration of one sort or another. But the "Vespro della Beate Vergine" has strengths of its own that are quite apparent to the modern ear. One of them is the masterly command of counterpoint that permits Monteverdi to build up huge climaxes and magnificent polyphonic structures that can overwhelm even an audience ac-

These colors are for the birds.

Introducing Masland's Plumage Collection—
an array of elegant and luxurious carpets of pure wool pile.

We took a cue from the birds and created a fresh look in carpeting. Colors like the vivid green of the parakeet. The rich burgundy of the cardinal. The exciting orange of the oriole. The crisp blue of the bluebird. The sunny yellow of the goldfinch. And others too subtle for words.

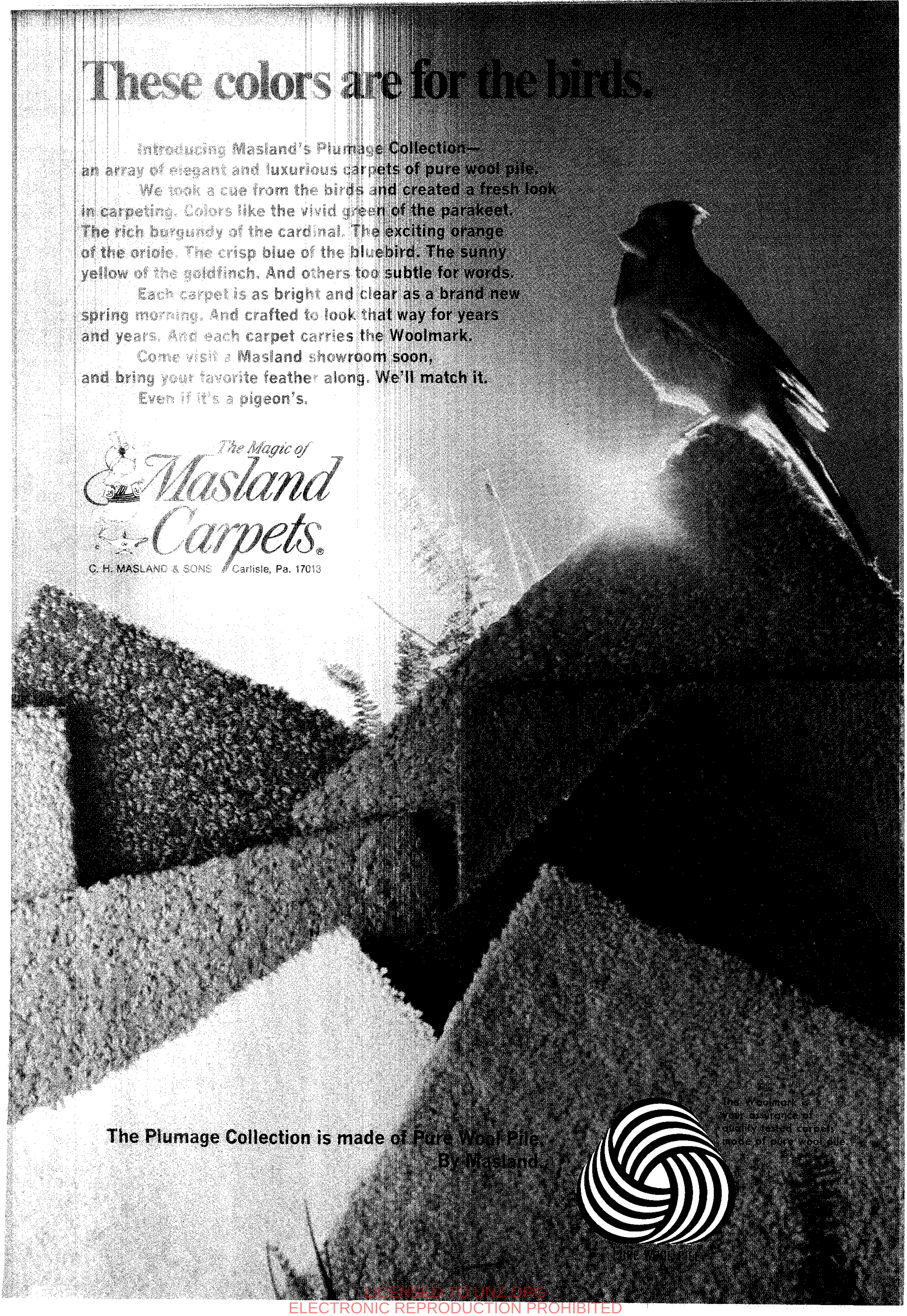
Each carpet is as bright and clear as a brand new spring morning. And crafted to look that way for years and years. And each carpet carries the Woolmark.

Come visit a Masland showroom soon,
and bring your favorite feather along. We'll match it.

Even if it's a pigeon's.

The Magic of
Masland
Carpets®

C. H. MASLAND & SONS / Carlisle, Pa. 17013



The Plumage Collection is made of Pure Wool Pile.
By Masland.

The Woolmark is your assurance of quality tested carpets made of pure wool pile.

PURE WOOL PILE

Imperial's luxury ride has been imitated. But never duplicated.

A man is understandably proud of the things that please him most.

The story behind Torsion-Quiet. Only Imperial among America's three luxury cars has a torsion-bar suspension on every model, though a competitor uses it on one of his most expensive models. Torsion bars, with unibody construction and the Sound Isolation System, deliver a Torsion-Quiet Ride. An ideal combination of quietness, stability and control.

The roomiest luxury car. We have designed Imperial to be the roomiest American luxury car. Based upon the sum of eight critical interior measurements, we come out ahead of the others. Roominess, we feel, is a prime luxury car requisite.

Adding convenience to luxury. In addition to Imperial's long list of standard equipment (power steering, brakes, windows, etc.), there are many interesting options to select from. Including our exclusive dual heating or air conditioning systems. Dual controls allow the driver to set separate levels of comfort for front and rear compartments.

Price. A modicum of difference. Price differences between comparable models in the luxury class are negligible. However, the standard LeBaron 4-Door Hardtop comes with a vinyl roof and 50/50 split bench seat; thus many regard it to be the best value. It's only a three-car field. Study them all.

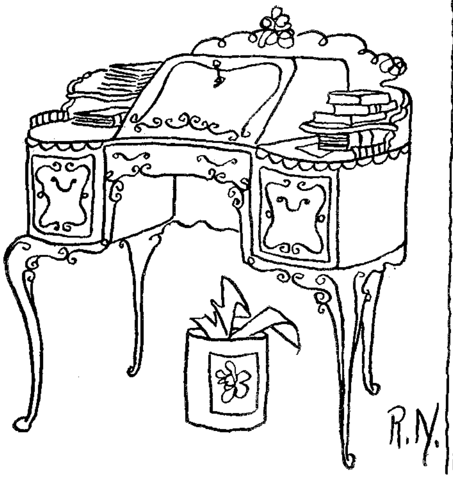
The new choice.

IMPERIAL

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

customed to Wagnerian opera. Altogether, I should say that from the purely musical standpoint this work is more interesting than most of Monteverdi's operatic writing, as exemplified by such things as "L'Incoronazione di Poppea." The added interest is the contrapuntal virtuosity I have mentioned. The solo vocalists did extremely well, but, for me, the great excitement lay in the large choral passages—the "Laudate pueri" and the "Nisi Dominus." This great work stands on its own as a masterpiece, and it was beautifully performed—sung in Latin, of course, with admirable enunciation on the part of both soloists and chorus.

UNFORTUNATELY, toward the end of the work I had to return to "Pelléas et Mélisande," which was being performed by the New York City Opera, around the corner in the State Theatre. I had greeted its première with sullied enthusiasm a week or so before, and had been accused of unfairness. My criticism, for the most part, had concerned the French diction of the Mélisande, Patricia Brooks. I have, during the past decade or so, held the New York City Opera to far higher standards in French opera than I expect of the Metropolitan, where most of it is sung by Italians with execrable French accents. And so I was disappointed, both in Miss Brooks and in the boy soprano who sang the role of Yniold. (It is true, by the way, that the first Yniold was a boy soprano, but it is also true that Debussy found him inadequate and switched the role to a female soprano. The trouble with a boy soprano in this role is simply that he hasn't the power to be heard over Debussy's orchestra.) At my second performance, which took place on Tuesday evening, and of which I attended only the second half, things were better in one respect. There was a brand-new and splendid Pelléas, Richard Stilwell, who has superb French

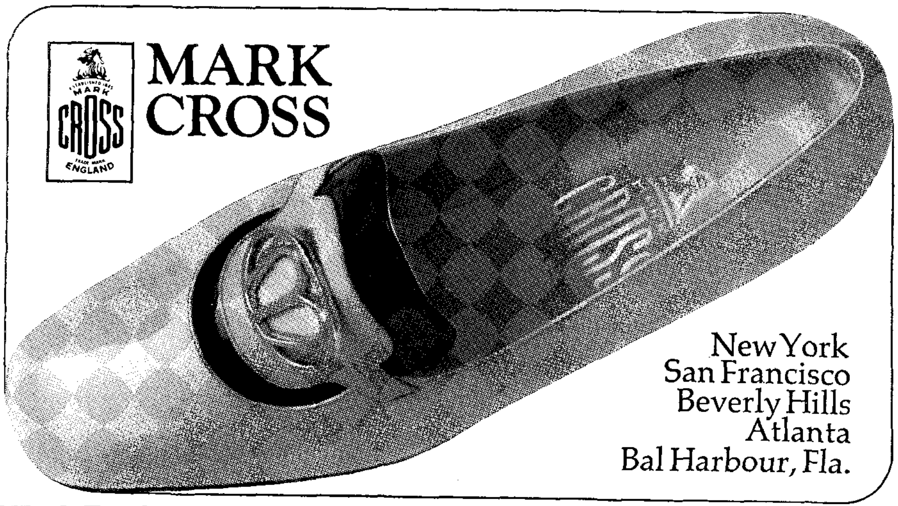


Go with Jerold, baby!
You'll have it made!

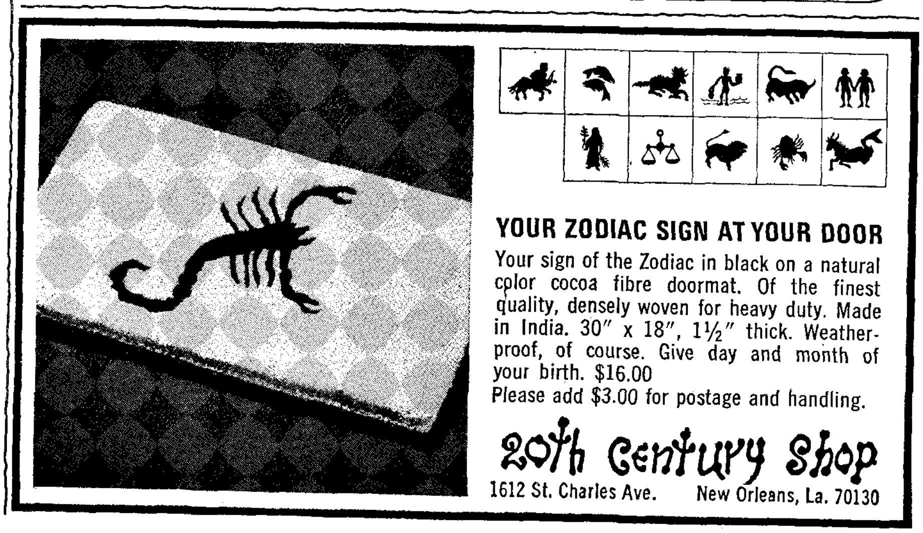
The Safari Coat by Jerold

Great fashion trophy of 65% Dacron®polyester/35% cotton. Protected with ZePel®. Light ale, wedgwood blue, corn, oyster, navy, medium blue, wheat, lavender, natural, rose, ice blue, mint, yellow. 6-18 —about $22. From the Outer Banks Collection to hunt for at Gimbels, Milwaukee; Hutzler's, Baltimore; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; B. Forman, Rochester. Or write Jerold, 512 7th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10018.

DUPONT ZEPEL RAIN/STAIN REPELLER ®TM Du Pont


MARK CROSS

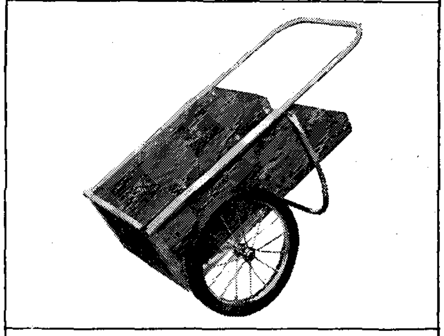
New York
San Francisco
Beverly Hills
Atlanta
Bal Harbour, Fla.


YOUR ZODIAC SIGN AT YOUR DOOR

Your sign of the Zodiac in black on a natural color cocoa fibre doormat. Of the finest quality, densely woven for heavy duty. Made in India. 30" x 18", 1½" thick. Weatherproof, of course. Give day and month of your birth. $16.00
Please add $3.00 for postage and handling.

20th Century Shop
1612 St. Charles Ave. New Orleans, La. 70130

From VERMONT



FREE BOOKLET

shows, with more than 40 fascinating photos, WHY this wonderfully different, better, new idea in carts is so rapidly becoming known as "The World's Best Handcart"-how its delightfully clever, simple design, developed here in Vermont, is based on more than 20 years of intensive cart research and experience — how it carries ever so much more than wheelbarrows or other carts — WHY it is so much easier to handle with just one hand — indoors or out — than ANY wheelbarrow or cart you ever saw!

With its handsome, rugged, handcrafted appearance it makes a perfectly wonderful gift for any him or her. The whole family will enjoy it all year 'round! So, no matter how many other carts or wheelbarrows you now have, please let us tell you about our GARDEN WAY CARTS. You'll enjoy reading about them and you'll surely want at least one for yourself and probably more as gifts. Several models to choose from. Much lower prices than you'd expect compared to other carts. Just ask for FREE CART BOOKLET. Write now to GARDEN WAY RESEARCH ASSOCIATES. Dept. 5014 Charlotte, Vermont, 05445.

One of the few remaining Great Hotels

The Benson is in Portland, Oregon, elegant and distinctive, home of the Holiday Magazine Award winning London Grill and Trader Vic's. When you're in Portland, make your home the Benson on Broadway.

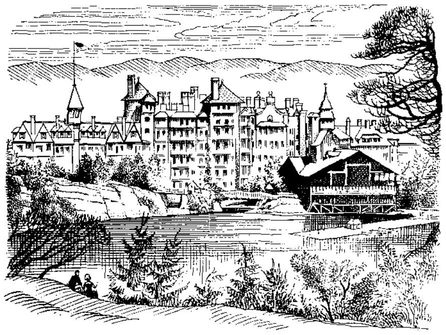
For reservations:
Call any Western International Hotel, or
N. Y., 661-7300 • Wash, D. C., EN 1-5800
Chicago, 337-8100 • Los Angeles, 879-0830
San Francisco, 397-1464 • Seattle, 682-6161

THE BENSON
228-9611 PORTLAND, OREGON
WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

enunciation, as sometimes happens with American singers who have cultivated the language. The new Mélisande was Lois Crane, and though her voice was always pleasant, her French was not much better than Miss Brooks'. Clear enunciation is more difficult for a female than for a male voice. Nevertheless, "Pelléas et Mélisande"—an opera without the tunes that carry you along in other French operas, an opera in which all the music passes from atmosphere to atmosphere without the rhyming structure of arias, an opera in which everything is recitative that must be understood—demands exquisite enunciation. Difficult as this sort of enunciation may be in the role of Mélisande, it has to be there, and nobody can become a great Mélisande without it. The conductor that night, Jean-Pierre Marty, was new to me. He acquitted himself with taste and technical competence. It is too bad that this is not an absolutely perfect "Pelléas," for some of its components—the scenery, the costumes, the orchestral playing, the singing of Louis Quilico as Golaud, and, now, Mr. Stilwell's Pelléas—are of the highest order. Since absolutely perfect "Pelléas"s are not often heard, this one is well worth attending.

LAST Friday night, I went to the Brooklyn Academy of Music for what was my one and only look this season at Eliot Feld's American Ballet Company, which ended its own season last Sunday. It is certainly one of the liveliest and most engaging companies of its sort now before the public, and Mr. Feld's choreography is always individual, avoiding the clichés of formal classical ballet and yet making use of its fine traditional elements. I saw three ballets: "Intermezzo," "Meadowlark," and "Early Songs." In the first and last of these I admired greatly Mr. Feld's avoidance of the symmetry of stage arrangement that is typical of some of the older choreographers, and I thought I detected the influence of Jerome Robbins here. At any rate, Robbins' "Dances at a Gathering" uses the same principles of stage composition—very much those a painter uses in composing his canvas, always balanced but never precisely symmetrical. "Meadowlark," borrowed from the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, pleased me less, though it is a spirited romp before a backdrop of flowers painted in the manner of Odilon Redon, and has some spectacular lifts, in which females are poured over the shoulders of males in a highly original manner. I am not

The Unspoiled Resort



Mohonk
MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Seven thousand acres of unspoiled mountain beauty for your family to relax and play on, share nature's wonders. Congenial hospitality. All sports—golf on scenic course, tennis, boat, fish, swim in spring-fed lake. Hike forest trails, stroll lovely gardens. Movies, musicales, variety of other entertainment. 300 rooms. Also cottages. Delicious meals. See your Travel Agent, or call (212) 233-2244.

MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE
90 miles from N.Y.C., NYS Thruway Exit 18
LAKE MOHONK • NEW PALTZ, N.Y. 12561

Giambelli
50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
Diner's Club
American Express

HOTEL Meurice

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations.
Singles from $17.00.
Doubles from $23.00.
Suites from $29.00.

145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
Air Conditioned
212-247-7440

Takeda's IRORI
AUTHENTIC JAPANESE STEAKS & SEAFOOD PREPARED ON OPEN GRILL
Individual Private Tables
60 W. 56th ST. tel. 247-3349

well enough acquainted with this company to comment on the performances of individual dancers. They are all well equipped and a joy to watch. "Intermezzo" had a piano accompaniment of pieces by Brahms, excellently played by Gladys Celeste Mercader, and the "Early Songs" were those of Richard Strauss—fourteen of them—sung very well indeed by Eilleen Shelle, soprano, and Steven Kimbrough, baritone.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

RECORDS: ROCK, ETC.

Randy Newman

RANDY NEWMAN composes melodies that sound like forties jazz tunes, writes lyrics that combine the cynicism of the fifties with the Pop insouciance of the sixties, and is one of the few artists I feel confident can survive the Nixon/midi/post-Altamont seventies with equanimity. Newman has immense talent; he is one of the cleverest lyricists in the business and plays fine jazz piano (he usually accompanies himself on his records). He is also a weirdo—the straight man for a black-comedy team that consists of him and his subconscious and expresses itself in a voice that makes me think of wet sand being eased out of a bottle. Although he is only twenty-six, his place in a militantly youthful culture is ambiguous. His sensibility owes as much to George Gershwin and Bruce Jay Friedman as to Lennon-McCartney or Dylan. Often he seems to be acting out a favorite myth of the Silent Generation—that beneath each button-down shirt beat the heart of an individualist who knew that his society and life in general were absurd, who believed that rebellion was useless but enjoyed ironically contemplating the disparity between his conformist façade and the anarchist within. At the same time, Newman is very much a contemporary figure. In the first place, he is an Angeleno, which immediately separates him from the Silents: in the culture of the fifties, America consisted of Madison Avenue and the Ivy League universities, and maybe Chicago. He has also made the essential Pop affirmation: I am a white, middle-class American and I'm not ashamed of it. Newman is a cheerful, short-haired, slightly paunchy suburbanite who lives in a comfortable, not especially luxurious house. He has a wife and baby, and relatives who are big shots in the movie-music business. The difference between Newman and that fifties cynic is that although Newman is quite conscious of the absurdities

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ One Year (52 issues) $10.00
☐ Two Years (104 issues)...... $17.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $1.00;
Other Foreign $3.00 per year

Your Name __________
Street __________
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To __________
Street __________
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Gift card to read: "From__________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To __________
Street __________
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Gift card to read: "From__________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To __________
Street __________
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Gift card to read: "From__________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

I enclose $_______to cover_______subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

The world is waiting for an answer.

Many pesticides are too good at killing.

Polluted air is becoming deadlier.

Sewage is mounting.

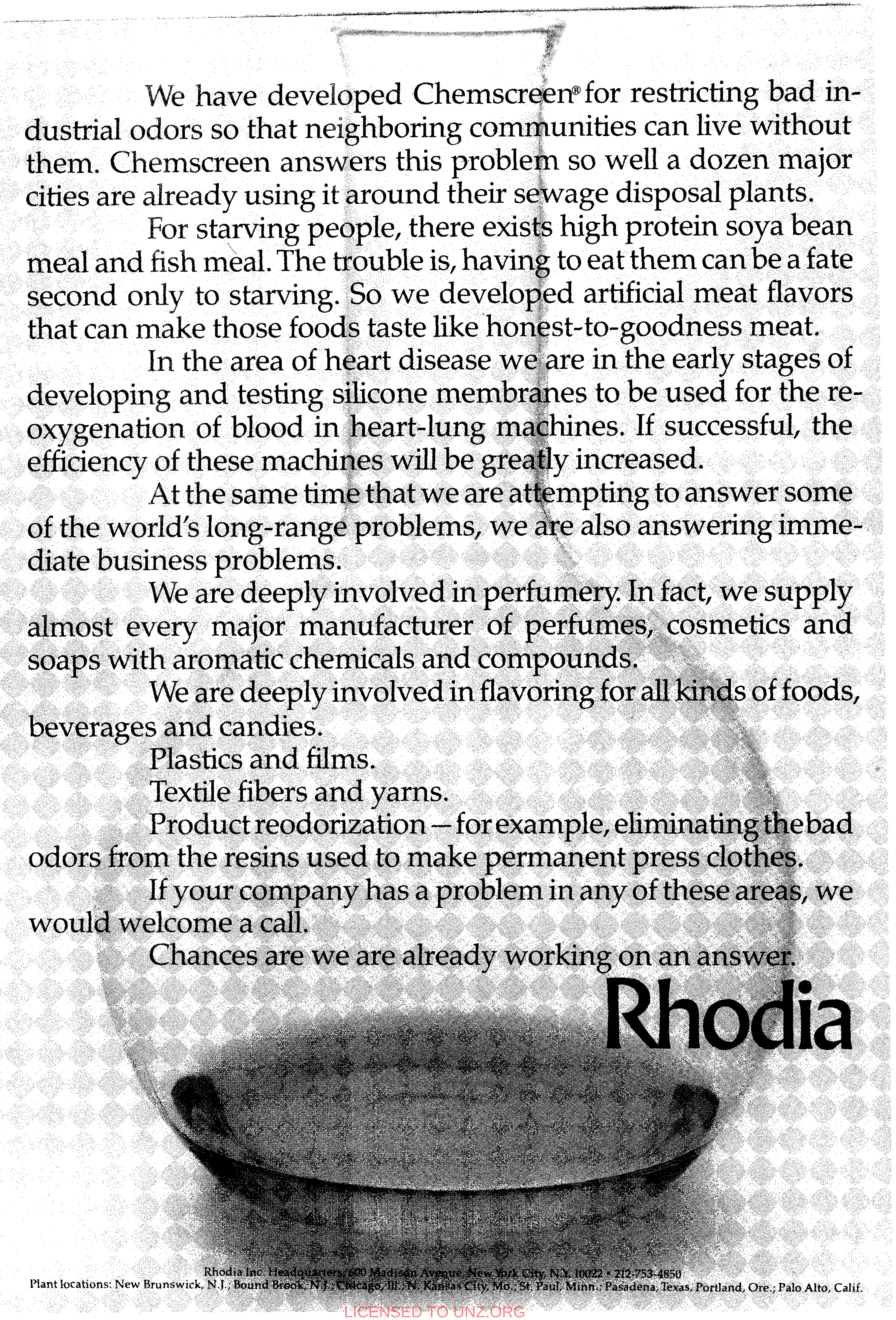
People in starving countries are getting hungrier every day.

Millions of people are suffering from heart disease.

This is our business: helping to answer some of the world's giant problems.

We are perfecting pesticides that practice the art of selective killing. For example, we are the only American producer of MCPA. It's the most effective herbicide for small grain because while it's killing the weeds, it isn't damaging the wheat, oats or rice. In fact, with MCPA a field will yield considerably more bushels per acre.

We are developing breakthroughs for polluted air. When you learn about them, you will breathe a whole lot easier.



We have developed Chemscreen® for restricting bad industrial odors so that neighboring communities can live without them. Chemscreen answers this problem so well a dozen major cities are already using it around their sewage disposal plants.

For starving people, there exists high protein soya bean meal and fish meal. The trouble is, having to eat them can be a fate second only to starving. So we developed artificial meat flavors that can make those foods taste like honest-to-goodness meat.

In the area of heart disease we are in the early stages of developing and testing silicone membranes to be used for the reoxygenation of blood in heart-lung machines. If successful, the efficiency of these machines will be greatly increased.

At the same time that we are attempting to answer some of the world's long-range problems, we are also answering immediate business problems.

We are deeply involved in perfumery. In fact, we supply almost every major manufacturer of perfumes, cosmetics and soaps with aromatic chemicals and compounds.

We are deeply involved in flavoring for all kinds of foods, beverages and candies.

Plastics and films.

Textile fibers and yarns.

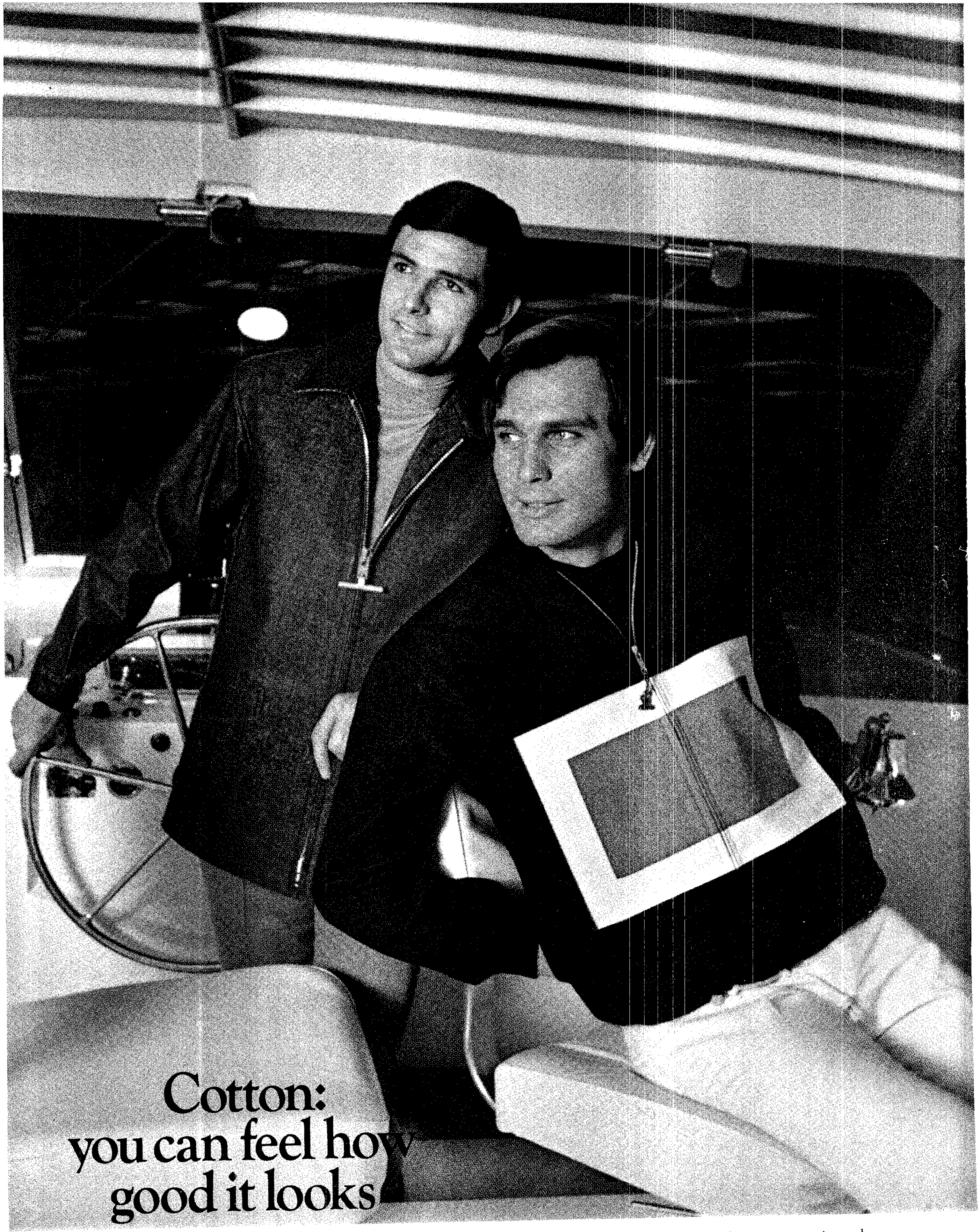
Product reodorization—for example, eliminating the bad odors from the resins used to make permanent press clothes.

If your company has a problem in any of these areas, we would welcome a call.

Chances are we are already working on an answer.

Rhodia

Rhodia Inc. Headquarters: 600 Madison Avenue, New York City, N.Y. 10022 • 212-753-4850
Plant locations: New Brunswick, N.J.; Bound Brook, N.J.; Chicago, Ill.; N. Kansas City, Mo.; St. Paul, Minn.; Pasadena, Texas, Portland, Ore.; Palo Alto, Calif.



MIGHTY-MAC knows how to dress the seafaring man. Chooses the fabric made by the elements to triumph over the elements. Cotton. The cool, *comfortable* fabric that challenges the sun, wind and brine to do their worst. Left: denim jacket with self collar; self welt pockets; as shown only; 36 to 48 regular, 38 to 50 long; $35.00. Right: cotton poplin Burgee seaproofed jacket with knit cuffs; in the 26 internationally recognized, code flag alphabet symbols; sizes S-M-L-XL; $25.00. Burgee jacket also available in women's, boys', and little boys' sizes. At good stores across the country. COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE 38112.

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON

and cruelties of straight America, he refuses to be a snob about them—to pretend he is merely the surface without the substance. What, after all, is straight America but people like him? How can you pose as something without becoming it?

The songs on Newman's first album, "Randy Newman" (Reprise 6286), show an intimate familiarity with, and affection for, all the nuances of American life—the settings and characters, the family relationships, the romantic fantasies, the euphemisms—as well as an unsparing awareness of our oppression of old people, fat people, and other non-mainstream types. Newman sees himself as both a perpetrator of the culture and its victim, and is philosophical about it all—one of the traits shared by the Silent and Pop generations is cool. In "Love Story," the narrator is telling his girl his vision of their future. They will marry, breed, watch the late show, and ultimately, when their children are grown, "They'll send us away/ To a little home in Florida/ We'll play checkers all day/ Until we pass away." The indictment in that ending is real and biting, but, on the other hand—what's really so terrible about a little home in Florida? ("Will you still need me, will you still feed me/ When I'm sixty-four?") If you asked Andy Warhol, he would probably say it was groovy; it's certainly better than being thrown off a cliff. In many of these songs, Newman seems to be saying that yes, the best of all possible worlds can get pretty hairy, but that doesn't mean it isn't the best.

Newman's second album, "12 Songs" (Reprise 6373), is a logical outgrowth of the first, although it is very different in spirit. In a low-keyed, almost subliminal way, it is political. Again, Newman is insistent about telling us who he is. A black-and-white photograph on the album jacket features a lawn with a television set, a rocking chair, and a child-sized chair in the foreground, and a house and wooden fence in the background; enclosed, on the back of a lyric sheet, is a color picture of Randy carrying some groceries and his wife holding their kid. The record itself is full of chaos, absurdity, and loneliness. Rebellion is no longer unthinkable: on one of the cuts, Newman sings slowly, painfully, at times almost inaudibly, "Let's burn down the cornfield/ And I'll make love to you while it's burning." Other songs are about a wild party, a girl who gets run over by a beach-cleaning truck, men hungry for women or strung out on dope and booze ("I been

take a potato to lunch

Sounds silly.

But so does the fact that the Amana Radarange Microwave Oven will bake a potato in just 4 minutes.

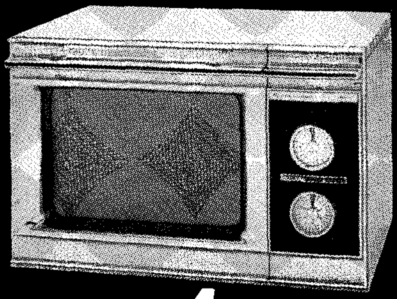
In a cool, easy to clean, portable unit that fits on the kitchen counter (only 15" high, 22¾" wide, 17¼" deep) and runs on ordinary household current. Cooks almost everything in one fourth the time you're used to.

You have to see it.

So next time you're going shopping, stuff a potato in your purse. Take it to a place where they sell the Amana Radarange.

And take 4 minutes to watch the greatest cooking discovery since fire.

For literature and sample recipes, write Ann MacGregor, Dept. 110, Amana, Iowa 52203



Radarange® MICROWAVE OVEN made only by Amana®

Backed by a century-old tradition of fine craftsmanship.

AMANA REFRIGERATION, INC., AMANA, IOWA 52203, SUBSIDIARY OF RAYTHEON COMPANY

PLEASE DO DANCE IN THE AISLE

BUT LET THE WAITERS THROUGH

MYKONOS LUNCHEON COCKTAILS DINNER SUPPER

349 W. 46 ST. (W. of Eighth Ave.) Tel. 265-1590

KEY BISCAYNE

just a causeway from Miami

Royal Biscayne

A SHERATON HOTEL

1500 ft. private beach, pool, tennis & pro, golf nearby, BBQ, award dining, entertainment. Color TV in every room

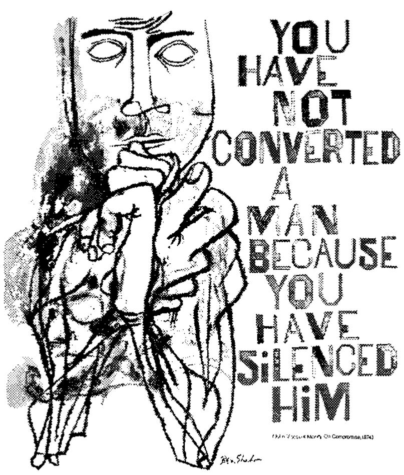
Call free anytime from anywhere in the Continental United States

800-325-3535

or see your Travel Agent

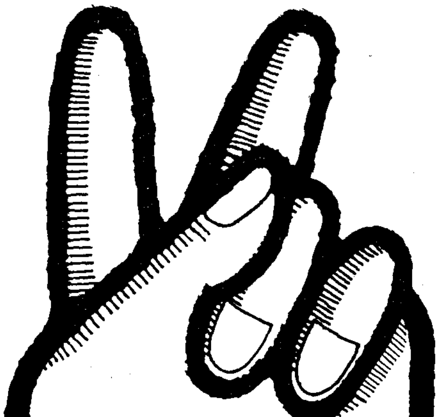
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

GALEN DRIVE, KEY BISCAYNE, MIAMI, FLA. 33149


YOU HAVE NOT CONVERTED A MAN BECAUSE YOU HAVE SILENCED HIM
(John Viscount Morley On Compromise, 1874)
Ben Shahn

Ben Shahn's rendering of John, Viscount Morley's words on compromise, 1874, $4.50 postage paid, 44" x 30", black and white with yellow ochre. Send for free poster catalog in full color:

THE POSTER GALLERY at TRUC
40 Brattle Street
Cambridge, Mass. 02138 Dept. NY-8



In Freeport,
the number one hotel
isn't one hotel.

It's two. • With a combined total of 350 beautiful new rooms and suites. Two pools. A magnificent private beach. An 18-hole championship golf course. Four great dining rooms. Two specialty restaurants. Tennis courts. Bars. An international scuba club. A first class marina and charter fleet. Sailboats. Sauna baths. A world-famous casino across the street, and another five minutes away. • The Oceanus North. And Oceanus South. Stay in one. Enjoy all the facilities of both. Charge at either. • Call your travel agent, or our international representatives, Leonard Hicks.

Freeport's
Oceanus North & South
Freeport/Lucaya, Grand Bahama Island
Where the odds are
2 to 1 you'll have a great time.

JUST PUBLISHED

THE GIRL
WHO SANG
WITH THE
BEATLES
and other stories
by Robert
Hemenway

Six of the nine stories, including the title story—this year's first-prize winner in the O. Henry collection—appeared in *The New Yorker.* Price $4.95

Alfred · A · Knopf

up so long/ That it looks like down to me"). A pervasive theme is racism. The music on this album is much blacker than usual for Newman; for the first time, he plays around with several different kinds of rock and blues—more successfully than I would have anticipated. (Especially good is "Have You Seen My Baby?") The last cut on the first side is "Underneath the Harlem Moon," by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, the only song not written by Newman himself. The first cut on the second side, the most typically Newmanesque-eccentric of the songs, is called "Yellow Man." It's a deadpan account, sung in an upbeat, jazzy style, of a yellow man who lives with a yellow woman in a foreign land, "believes/ In the family/ Just like you and me," eats rice, and "keeps his money tight in his hand." Newman has also counterposed to the general bluesy feeling of the album an excellent country song. The intention would be clear—country music is the product of the white South—even if Newman hadn't called it "My Old Kentucky Home." The album, then, is basically a warning that we may get our cornfield burned down. Where does that leave Newman, with his TV and rocking chair? He doesn't say—he is still cool. He is also, as usual, very funny. There is a grin in every song. When I think about it, I don't understand why he should be grinning, but when I listen to the songs it seems perfectly appropriate. Which is why I say Newman will survive. "Let's Burn Down the Cornfield" might cause a few frowns, but what could Spiro Agnew say about "Yellow Man"?

I'VE never liked Nilsson much—his voice and his mentality are both too pretty for me. But his album of Randy Newman songs, "Nilsson Sings Newman" (RCA Victor, LSP-4289), is pleasant and somewhat Campy, and contains such classics as "Love Story," "Living Without You," "Yellow Man," and "The Beehive State." The songs don't have the same edge without Newman's voice, but then a lot of people can't stand Newman's voice.

—ELLEN WILLIS

•

WASHINGTON, March 26 (UPI)—Robert H. Finch, the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, announced plans today to exert more control over his deportment, described by his predecessors as "a can of worms . . . nightmare . . . monstrsity."—*The Times.*

Well, nobody's perfect.

A Kafkaesque novel about a fugitive stunt man who discovers that life has a deadly tendency to imitate the movies

"A chiller, a modern tale of terror with the burning-cold quality of dry ice."
—*Cosmopolitan*

"A fine, stylish novel—I read it with much pleasure."
—ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

"A startling extension of the mind's eye into the reaches of the imagination."
—*Kirkus Reviews*

JUST PUBLISHED

THE
Stunt Man
by PAUL BRODEUR
$5.95, now at your bookstore
Atheneum

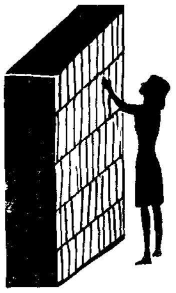
When in
Washington, D.C.
visit Madame
Wellington,
**the biggest
thief
in town**
WELLINGTON
JEWELS COUNTERFEIT
JEWELERS TO THE WORLD
1147 Connecticut Ave. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Mario's
Villa d'Este
French-Italian Cuisine
Reservations PL 9-4025
58 East 56th Street, New York
open 7 days Mario Marchi, proprietor

Takeda's JAPAN ROOM
Sukiyaki Cooked at Table
Tatami Room
Lunch Cocktails Dinner
58 West 56 Street JU 2-6153

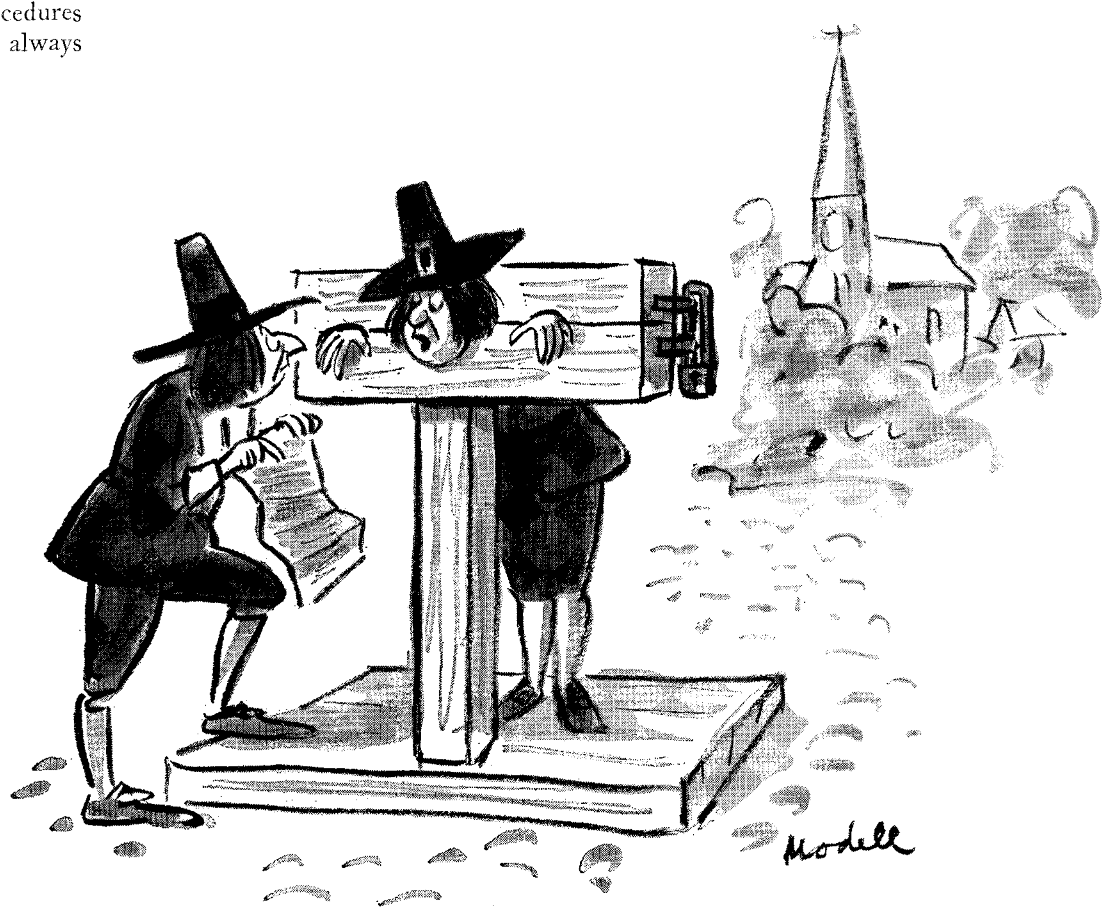
BOOKS

The Infallibility Syndrome



“Up the Organization,” by Robert Townsend (Knopf), is an important book. While sticking all the way to telling readers how (and how not) to run a business, Mr. Townsend, who was himself chief officer of the Avis Corporation, raises broad and disquieting questions about the management of all our institutions in America. “Corporation,” by Webster’s sixth definition, means “The abdomen or belly, esp. when protuberant. *Colloq.*” The illustration cited is from Smollett: “Sirrah! my *corporation* is made up of good wholesome English fat.” Mr. Townsend is concerned to explore the growth of fat and languor and inanition in the American body corporate—a growth that, he implies, has paralyzed initiative and accomplishment at every level of our companies since the better days when one mean man ran the whole show and ran it very well. What seems to have happened is that each level of management, answerable not only to a hierarchy of higher levels but to a written or unwritten Book of Procedures (codifications of “the way it’s always been done”), has tended to become less and less willing and able to take action on its own; has, in fact, been reduced to treading water within a giant landlocked swimming pool without intake or outfall. Even the men at the highest level—the officers whose leadership, or lack of it, Mr. Townsend is mainly concerned with—suffer from isolation and ineffectuality, partly through their eminence. Often, he points out, they insulate themselves from their own people through the use of “assistants-to;” often the boards of directors to which they supposedly report are panels of cronies selected to keep them in power; often their talent for leadership is sapped by a self- and system-nurtured belief in their own near-papal infallibility. David W. Maurer, in his hilarious and invaluable study of American confidence games, “The Big Con,” points out that this very assumption of personal infallibility makes chief executives preferred marks for the con man: “Most marks come from the upper strata of society, which, in America, means that they have made, married, or inherited money. Because of this, they acquire status which in time they come to attribute to some inherent superiority, especially as regards matters of sound judgment in finance and investment. Friends and associates, themselves social climbers and sycophants, help to maintain this illusion of superiority. Eventually, the mark comes to regard himself as a person of vision and even of genius. Thus a man who has cleared half a million in a real-estate development easily forgets the part which luck and chicanery have played in his financial rise; he accepts the mantle of respectability without question; he naïvely attributes his success to sound business judgment.”

After twenty-five years of American affluence—together with, until lately, an almost constantly rising market and an economy with a more than marginal tolerance for mediocre management—it is not surprising that this infallibility syndrome should have penetrated a great many of our corporations, and a great many of our corporate institutions—education, the church, the government, the military—as well. Confirmed in their unquestioning self-belief by lack of failure, their head men consider their policies and practices, timid and nonfeasant as they must often be, a surefire prescription for success. And this may in turn account for the increasingly unheeded and increasingly apparent gap between the avowed principles and the actual practices of our leaders in many fields—a gap made visible by the rapidly deteriorating quality of life in this country now. Europe has passenger trains that run on time; we have no passenger trains to speak of. Europe has workable plans to deal with air and water pollution; we have none. Europe has equitable medical care that cures illness (as evidenced by a death rate lower than ours and a life expectancy longer than ours) at a price the state and its people can afford; we have none. Europe has television programming for all segments of the audience; ours is nearly all for the mass alone. And so on. It might be argued, then, that our peculiar form of corporate organization, in its transition from the single strong boss to the prin-



“Look, Mister, I told you I have all the insurance I need.”

ciple of committee management, has run off in all directions and that it is consistent only in its failure to face problems, establish machinery to deal with them, and set reasonable priorities to solve them. What it amounts to, in input, is a continued emphasis on laissez-faire, with the profit motive in private industry and the economy motive in government as the putative twin desiderata, though in reality both institutions are dedicated chiefly to perpetuating themselves and the jobs and perquisites of their leading men. In output, the system amounts to a continued inequity in distribution of wealth and services, not to mention extremes of riches and poverty as great, if not as widespread, as they were in the United States of 1870.

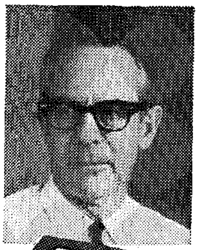
Mr. Townsend, though he modestly (if that is the word for such an ebullient iconoclast) confines himself to the problems of corporate management, has an answer for all of this. It is, to invent a repulsive word, the repersonalization of our institutional structures. He believes that managers must actually manage, that decision-makers must actually decide, that executives must actually execute, and that all buffers of rank, tradition, and intervening levels of management must go. He is for running a company on the basis of the chief executive's own judgment, uncolored by past example, and of his actual contact with all his key employees. He is against the interposition of middlemen—personnel managers, computer ringmasters, public-relations men, assistants-to, even private secretaries—between manager and staff. He believes that the work of the company should be stimulating, should be *fun*, for the people in it, and he shows how the enthusiasm and goal-mindedness of the chief can be transmitted to his followers. Surprisingly, in the face of his vast passion for change, Mr. Townsend is an old-fashioned moralist. For all his flipness of language, he really preaches an updated Puritan ethic here. He advises the chief not to pad his expenses, "not because you might get caught, but because honesty has to start somewhere." He proscribes the practice of "getting the chief executive decorated by foreign governments. Or putting his picture in the papers. . . . A good chief executive will knock off all this nonsense. A weak one will accept the kudos because his indifferent performance . . . creates in him a real need for ego massage." He downrates the glittering products of the Harvard Business School on the ground that they are trained only to become chief execu-

NATIONAL BEST SELLER

"It should have led any list of important books published in 1969 . . . Rollo May's extraordinary book is wise, rich, witty and indispensable."
— JOHN LEONARD, *N.Y. Times*

"A rich and useful book."
— *Saturday Review*

"An extraordinary book on sex and civilization . . . an important contribution to contemporary morality." — *Newsweek*



LOVE AND WILL
BY ROLLO MAY
AUTHOR OF MAN'S SEARCH FOR HIMSELF

FIFTH LARGE PRINTING
101,000 COPIES
At all bookstores, $6.95

Norton
W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC. 55 Fifth Avenue, New York 10003

Mary Lavin
HAPPINESS
AND OTHER STORIES

V. S. PRITCHETT calls Mary Lavin "one of the finest living short story writers." This fresh and exquisite new collection may be studied for its superb craftsmanship or read for quiet pleasure.
At your bookstore. $4.95

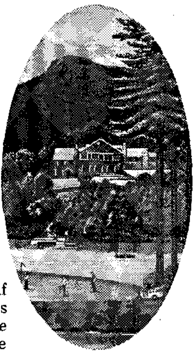
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

is the answer a different school?

Knowing the differences in schools and in children has been our special concern for more than 25 years. Ask us to send you our free booklet "To Find A School To Fit the Child". Write or telephone.

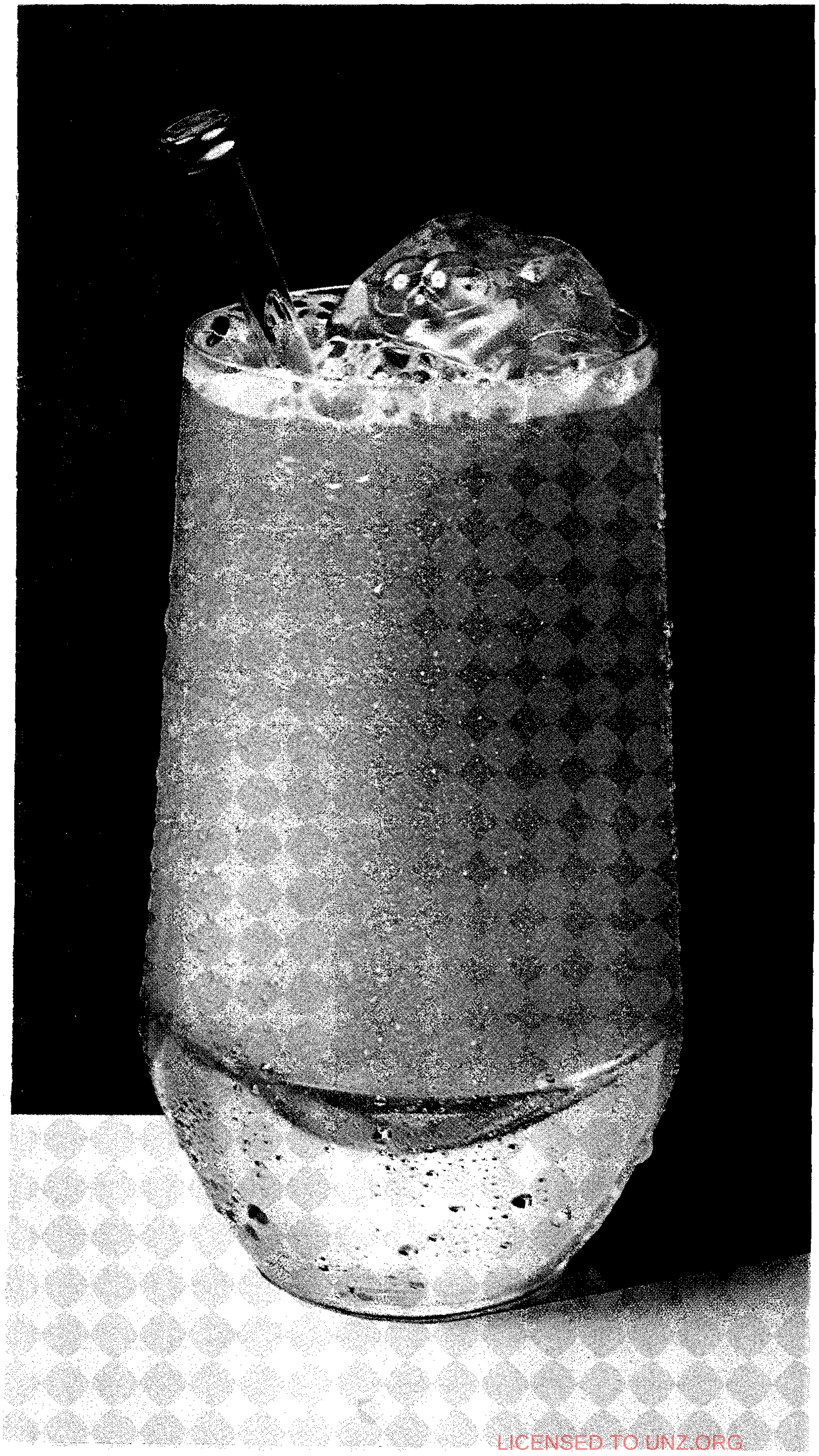
Bunting and Lyon, Inc.
Telephone (203) 269-3333
Wallingford, Connecticut 06492

High Hampton. It's a good life.



Private 18-hole, par 71 golf course / bent grass greens Located adjacent to the Inn, at 3600 feet in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Acclaimed as one of the most scenic courses in the U.S.A. We also have tennis, riding, swimming, fishing, boating, and an excellent children's program. The food is good. The rooms are simple. The guests are your kind of people. Early May to late Oct. Brochure from High Hampton Inn and Country Club, Dept. N, Cashiers, North Carolina 28717.

RUM & ORANGE. IT'S A SCREWDRIVER MADE WITH RUM. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



A screwdriver tastes like orange juice. Vodka, which is virtually tasteless, does nothing for it. But it does do something to it. It makes the orange juice taste thinner.

A Rum & Orange tastes like orange juice, too. But rum does have a taste. A taste that complements the orange juice. So rum doesn't make it taste thinner. It makes it taste better.

At least Puerto Rican Rum does. It's not dark and sweet and syrupy like rum from other countries.

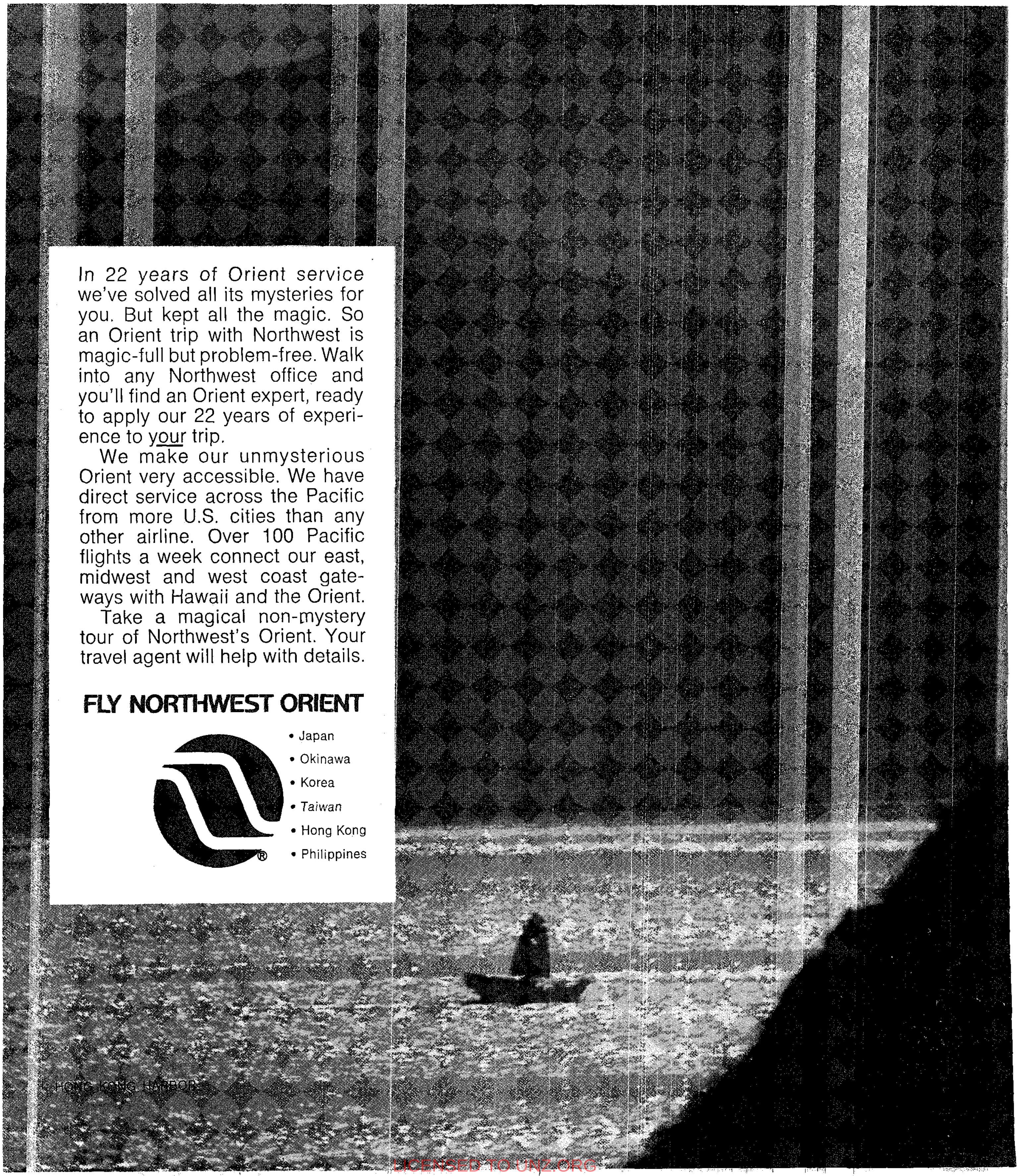
Ours is light and clear and dry. With no bite or strong aroma. Because all Puerto Rican Rums are distilled at high proof. And aged. And filtered with charcoal for added smoothness.

Try the taste. Make it like a screwdriver, but make it with white or silver Puerto Rican Rum.

PUERTO RICAN RUM

A FREE RUM RECIPE BOOK IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING.
WRITE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO, 666 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 10019.

Northwest's unmysterious Orient



In 22 years of Orient service we've solved all its mysteries for you. But kept all the magic. So an Orient trip with Northwest is magic-full but problem-free. Walk into any Northwest office and you'll find an Orient expert, ready to apply our 22 years of experience to your trip.

We make our unmysterious Orient very accessible. We have direct service across the Pacific from more U.S. cities than any other airline. Over 100 Pacific flights a week connect our east, midwest and west coast gateways with Hawaii and the Orient.

Take a magical non-mystery tour of Northwest's Orient. Your travel agent will help with details.

FLY NORTHWEST ORIENT

- Japan
- Okinawa
- Korea
- Taiwan
- Hong Kong
- Philippines

tives and that they lack "humility; respect for people on the firing line; deep understanding of the nature of the business and the kind of people who can enjoy themselves making it prosper." He deplores the keeping of company planes, chauffeur-driven limousines, and mistresses. He deplores the goal of money as an end in itself. At the same time, he pays constant homage to the ideal of having fun while running a company and solving its problems; this is the updated, or unpuritanical, part of his ethic.

If one takes the implications of this book at their broadest, it could even be argued that the author has designed the microcosm—complete with a built-in program of egalitarianism in hiring, on-the-job treatment, and stock ownership for members of such groups as blacks and women—for the reconstitution of our society: a loosely structured but highly principled organization, led in person by a decisive and undeluded man or men toward a common goal that transcends mere personal gain. It could be argued, but it probably will not be. I'm afraid that Mr. Townsend's book, in spite of the good sense that shines through its combative provocativeness on almost every page, will in the end be swallowed by that provocativeness, for the author, quite rightly, has not resisted the temptation to go beyond his own experience of corporate iconoclasm in order to think the unthinkable and then to say it as if it were a given of all good management. Actually, in some of his extreme statements, he is just fishing in our minds for a bite of interest, a spark of action. Actually, he plainly tells us, he just wants us to read his prescriptions and then go out and do it our own way, as long as it's a new way. What is going to happen, though, I think, is that his book will be taken wrong by most of the many people who will read it. They will consider it solely a clever spoof of management, like "The Peter Principle"—to be laughed at and forgotten. They will joke, at Saturday-night parties, about the essentially serious and stringent Townsend propositions—the chief executive, he says, for one thing, should replace himself every five years or so, before he goes stale or establishes a tradition—and return on Monday to a company with a rigid, humorless management, a president trapped in time-honored procedures, and a graying work force of malcontents housed in vast, rubber-tiled bullpens and dictated to by hallowed tradition and hallowed computer. That will be too bad, because Robert Townsend has written a

Imprint Society

THE FIRST SERIES...

IMPRINT Society is a publishing program of more than usual interest to the reader and collector of fine books / For its first series of ten books appearing during 1970 at regular intervals, the editors have chosen unusual, rare and significant works which combine good reading with the art of fine bookmaking / The books, which vary in size and format, are designed, illustrated, printed and bound by the leading artists and craftsmen in this country and abroad / Original prints as well as reproductions of commissioned art are used as illustration / Papers are made expressly for the Society and bear the IMPRINT watermark. Editions are limited to 1950 numbered copies.

For the first series we offer **Sketches in North America and the Oregon Territory,** Captain H. Warre / **The Compleat Gamester,** Charles Cotton / **Fables,** John Gay / **The History of Printing in America,** Isaiah Thomas / **The Playboy of the Western World,** John Millington Synge / **The Private Journal of Captain G. F. Lyon of H.M.S. Hecla** / **King Solomon's Mines,** H. Rider Haggard / **The Complete Almanacks of Poor Richard,** Benjamin Franklin / **Domestic Manners of the Americans,** Mrs. Trollope / **The House of the Seven Gables,** Nathaniel Hawthorne / The last two of these are presently available.

...AND A PRESENTATION BOOK

The Society is preparing at no charge to its subscribers to the first series a book of unusual distinction and value on the occasion of the 200th anniversary of the Boston Massacre. The handsomely printed and bound keepsake volume includes a tipped-in restrike from the original Paul Revere copper plate with the cooperation of the Massachusetts Historical Commission, Secretary of State John F. X. Davoren, Chairman. The engravings have been taken from the plate by hand. The text is the news account of the event appearing in the Boston Gazette for March 12, 1770 and an introduction. The keepsake is scheduled for delivery in July 1970 and is not for sale.

IMPRINT SOCIETY Barre, Massachusetts 01005

☐ I wish to become a member and receive IMPRINT Society's presentation volume at no charge. I enclose $250 for the first series of ten books.
☐ Please bill me for $250.
☐ I prefer to send $27.50 for each of ten books when ready and to receive the presentation volume at no charge.
☐ Please send brochure and prospectus material.

Y

Name ________________

Address ________________

________________ ZIP ________

PORTRAITS, INC.

Visit our gallery and find
the artist of your choice

We represent 200 of today's leading
portrait painters and sculptors

41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022

The right address
in New York.

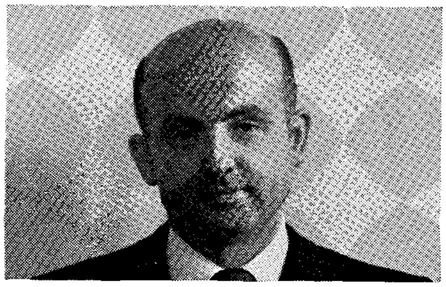
69th ST.
MADISON AVE

A hotel of distinguished character, providing superior guest accommodations in a most desirable location. Handsome rooms and suites available by the day, month or year. Complete hotel service. Excellent dining in the Mayfair Room and Polo Bar & Lounge. We invite your inquiry.

THE WESTBURY
Madison Avenue at 69th Street
New York City 10021 • Tel.: 535-2000

KNOTT HOTELS

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

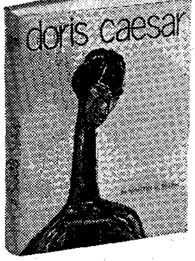


by

Martin H. Bush

This beautiful volume by historian Martin H. Bush of Syracuse University is the first comprehensive study of Doris Caesar, one of the world's great sculptors.

Doris Caesar



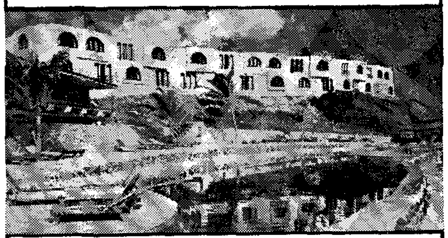
$12.00

Luxuriously illustrated with more than 100 photographs (16 plates in full color), with a Preface by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Introduction by Pulitzer Prize Poet Marya Zaturenska. Limited autographed edition available only from the publisher. $25.00

Syracuse University Press
Syracuse, New York 13210

St. Croix by the Sea

Christiansted, St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands



• Air Conditioned Rooms • 150 foot swimming pool • Entertainment • Situated on own beach.

See your Travel Agent, or Call. Write Direct for Color Brochure. In New York Tel: PL 7-2981

CARIBBEAN
Real Estate

Gives price, size, location, principals of 99 homesite and condominium developments—over 8,000 properties on 27 islands—complete, objective, current. $95. Send check or inquiry to: CARIBBEAN REPORT, Box Y, 527 Madison Avenue, New York.

book which, if taken without a grain of salt, could work within our economic system to make it work again, to the benefit of all of us, as employees and as citizens. —L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A CRY OF CRICKETS, by Brian Glanville (Coward-McCann). Mr. Glanville's novel would be better if it were much shorter—too many pages, too many sentences on every page, too many words in every sentence. The setting is beguiling, especially at the start, when we find ourselves on the expansive terrace of a gorgeous, well-kept villa on a hill that affords an unmatched view of Florence—her roof lines, her skies, her scenic surroundings. Inside the villa there is an impeccable staff to care for the place, where everything is either soft and luxurious or polished and luxurious. On the terrace, a handsome, amiable, idle Englishman of forty-one sits drinking and waiting for his young, rich, pretty American wife to return from her afternoon in the city. It soon becomes apparent that the Englishman, a would-be novelist and poet, is a drivelling drunk, and that the wife is a horrible little infant, frighteningly spiteful. Mr. Glanville continues on and on about these two weak creatures, and the fact that he writes with authority, skill, and humor does not hide the truth—that he is spending his energy in order to waste our time. He is a curiously misleading writer. He has strong talent and an exact, friendly sense of how to capture a reader, but he either doesn't know what to do with the reader's attention or doesn't care about it. This could have been a nice romantic-ironic novel. As it is, most of the pages would better have been left to gather dust someplace.

GENERAL

THE TWILIGHT OF THE PRESIDENCY, by George Reedy (World). This is an excellent book. The author, a veteran Washington reporter who was for a short time President Johnson's press secretary, believes that American Presidents have become increasingly remote from the world as it wags—that the political acuteness and alertness (sensitivity, in fact) that helped a man get the Presidency are all but destroyed by the reverence and sycophancy that have surrounded Presidents in recent

Open the Eye of the Mind

with reels of knowledge, free recorded text books, for blind and physically handicapped students.

Give to

RECORDING FOR THE BLIND, INC.
215 East 58th Street
New York, N. Y. 10022

George Feyer at the piano

His low-pressure piano subtleties are our secret ingredient for dinner, supper or drinks after 8:30 pm to 1:30 am except Sundays. No minimum. Cover $1.00.

For reservations please call "Gunnar" at BU 8-5800.

THE Stanhope
FIFTH AVENUE AT 81ST

TOM'S Shangri-La

Res. MU 3-0996
237 Madison Ave.
near 37th Street

CANTONESE & MANDARIN COOKING

3 private rooms for meetings & parties
Ample parking after 6 P.M.

Her mother is having a migraine.
Her father is going to insist on marriage.
Karen is going to have a baby.

Now Karen will become another sad statistic.

It's an important job, teaching about the beginnings of life. That's why Scott, Foresman has made available to parents and schools

The Human Story: Facts on Birth, Growth, and Reproduction

This 64-page booklet answers some of the questions that young people between 10 and 14 ask about their growing bodies, about the differences between boys and girls, about reproduction and how babies are born, about the way heredity affects their lives.

It's an important booklet—whether it's used by parents for guidance, or as a supplement to any health program in the school. A copy is $.88 plus your local tax.

Glenview, Illinois 60025

Scott, Foresman cares

◆◆

CHANDLER'S
240W52NDST
CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

Now there are two prime steak houses. Choose between Chandler's East and the exciting, new Chandler's West in the heart of the theatre district . . . both serve the same superlative steaks, chops, roast beef, luscious live trout and lobsters . . . seven days a week at the conventional hours and after-theatre, too. Reservations:

CHANDLER'S WEST 240 W 52nd St. 581-4772
CHANDLER'S EAST 49 E 49th St. 751-1960

◆◆

From Italy. Musical table of inlaid wood. Music starts when top folds up to reveal 1½" deep storage space for sewing kit, notepaper, etc. 14½" x 10½" x 16¾ high. Plays Dr. Zhivago, Gigi, Never on Sunday or Sound of Music. State first and second choice. $16.95 postage incl.

"A distinguished store of impeccable reputation"

C.&M. CARON
P.O. BOX 1735 DEPT. N
ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS
Write for our illustrated Price List

BOOK HUNTING?
Old, new, fact or fiction. "You name the Book—we'll find it."

GIFT PROBLEM? Send 25¢ for spirited brochure that Tells All, makes gift-giving a joy (almost).
Write: Dept. NY 70A
BOOKS-ON-FILE, UNION CITY, N. J. 07087
or shop: 7014 Park Ave., Guttenberg, N. J.

decades. Mr. Reedy examines various institutions—the Cabinet, the Congress, the political party—that ought to be able to confront Presidents directly with unpleasant facts and serious disagreements, and explains why none does. He is honest, he is learned, he is knowledgeable, he writes very well, and though he is nearly hopeless (and very angry) about the state of the American executive, he can be funny, too.

Merchants and Masterpieces: The Story of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, by Calvin Tomkins (Dutton). A solid, diverting history. The subject is multitudinous—the museum, that is, is a complicated institution that reflects the wills and tastes of successive generations of supporters (trustees, donors, and, since the city has always paid something, municipal officials), and of the professional staff, too. The Metropolitan is not only its magnificent collections, it is also a mission—a way of using its collections. The author braids these strands into an absorbing narrative. He has plenty of entertaining anecdotes, but his light touch does not trivialize the work; it keeps it in focus. Ten dollars.

Change at Shebika, by Jean Duvignaud, translated from the French by Frances Frenaye (Pantheon). A portrait of a Tunisian village, where the only change in life since nomad times has been for the worse for the inhabitants. Before the author, a French sociologist then at the University of Tunis, began questioning the villagers' way of life, they lived in a state of apathy; now they want a better life, but their conflicts with the government do not make that gratification seem promising. A skillfully controlled study, highly recommended. Photographs.

On Violence, by Hannah Arendt (Harcourt, Brace & World). This short, keen essay is exploratory in mood but assured in tone. Professor Arendt, as she so often does, makes distinctions that other thinkers miss and brings her acute sense of the past to bear on the present. She notices the irony that the violence available to the most powerful states—nuclear war—has made the prospect of international violence more daunting than ever, while, at the same time, weak elements in every nation, such as radical students, espouse theories or recite rhetoric that encourages violence. Professor Arendt does not think violence is attractive or useful, and applies her amazing intelligence to showing why, but she does not imagine that her criticism will end violence, or even the mediocre thinking that exalts it.

The Coming of the Golden Age, by Gunther S. Stent (Natural History Press). The subtitle of this brilliant and fascinating monograph is "A View of the End of Progress." It is Professor Stent's thesis—he is a professor of molecular biology at Berkeley—that the end of progress in all artistic and intellectual disciplines is now clearly in view. In particular, he holds that the accelerating rate of scientific discovery is very rapidly going to put scientists out of business, because the solutions of most solvable scientific problems can now be envisioned, and those that remain are either trivial or impossible. If the human race can avoid nuclear war, he feels, we will tend toward a sort of technological Polynesia, with a universal diminution of the will to power, although a few people will keep enough of their ancient power urges to maintain a high level of comfortable leisure for everyone else. Science and the arts will become non-communicable expressions of self. In brief, as he puts it, "Millennia of doing arts and sciences will finally transform the tragicomedy of life into a happening." Whatever one may think of all this, Professor Stent's arguments are so closely constructed and his style so lucid that his brief book is marvellous to read—and, indeed, he may even be right.

Note: Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published Ved Mehta's "Portrait of India," a journal of an extended tour of the subcontinent. Most of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker*. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

• •

8 p.m. (13) Ed Sullivan Show. Guests are Nancy Sinatra, Joan Sutherland and the National Urban Coalition Glee Club, featuring the voices of some 100 persons, many of them bring an investigation that leads to a search for contaminated narcotics.—*TV program in the Tampa (Fla.) Tribune-Times.*

C'mon, let's hear it for this wunnerful group!

THE STORY OF L'HEURE BLEUE

Or how a certain time of day led to Guerlain's creation of, perhaps, the most tenderly beautiful perfume in the world.

Twilight on the Seine: 1911.

The art of the perfumer, like the art of the musician, is elusive and mysterious.

But even the musician has certain laws of harmony and the eight notes of the scale to rely upon, while the perfumer is faced with an infinite range of fragrances, and only his intuition to guide him.

Common to all great art, however, is that moment, or event, which compels the artist to attempt to preserve it forever. (Who amongst us has led such a shallow existence that he was never moved to say "I wish I could paint that," or at least, "I wish I had a camera with me"?)

A moment such as this is the story of L'Heure Bleue.

A man pauses to reflect on his walk home from work. The year is 1911. It is summer. There is nothing spectacular about the scene. No vivid sunset. No heavenly rays penetrating dark clouds.

To the contrary. The air is dark blue. The sky has lost the sun but not yet found the stars. And yet it is as if all the elements were conspiring to say something.

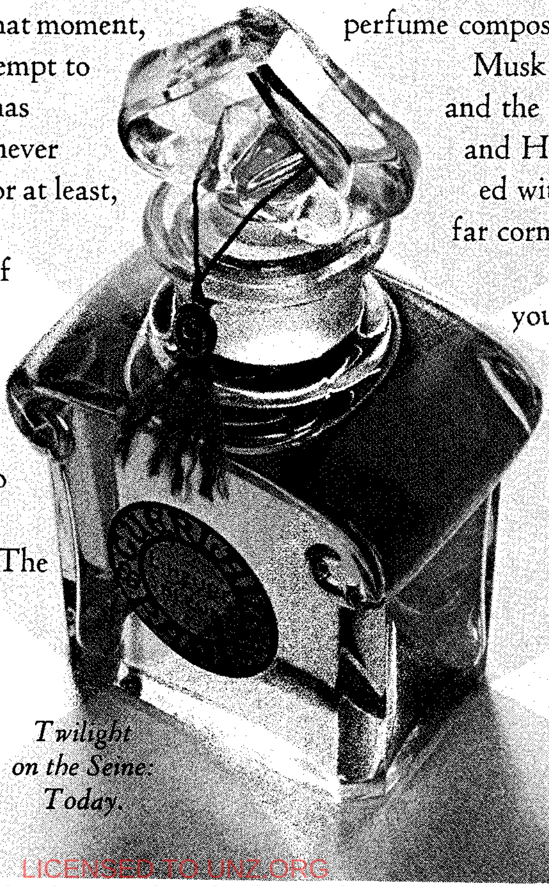
Something infinite. Something . . . tender. Something that simply cannot be translated into words.

The following morning M. Guerlain returned to his laboratory and began work. For almost a year he struggled to capture that vibrant hush, the beguiling sweetness of closing flowers, the tender, infinite something that had overwhelmed him.

The result was L'Heure Bleue, a finely balanced perfume composed with the passion of Musk and Rose de Bulgarie, and the naive loveliness of Iris and Heliotrope, subtly blended with fragrances from the far corners of the earth.

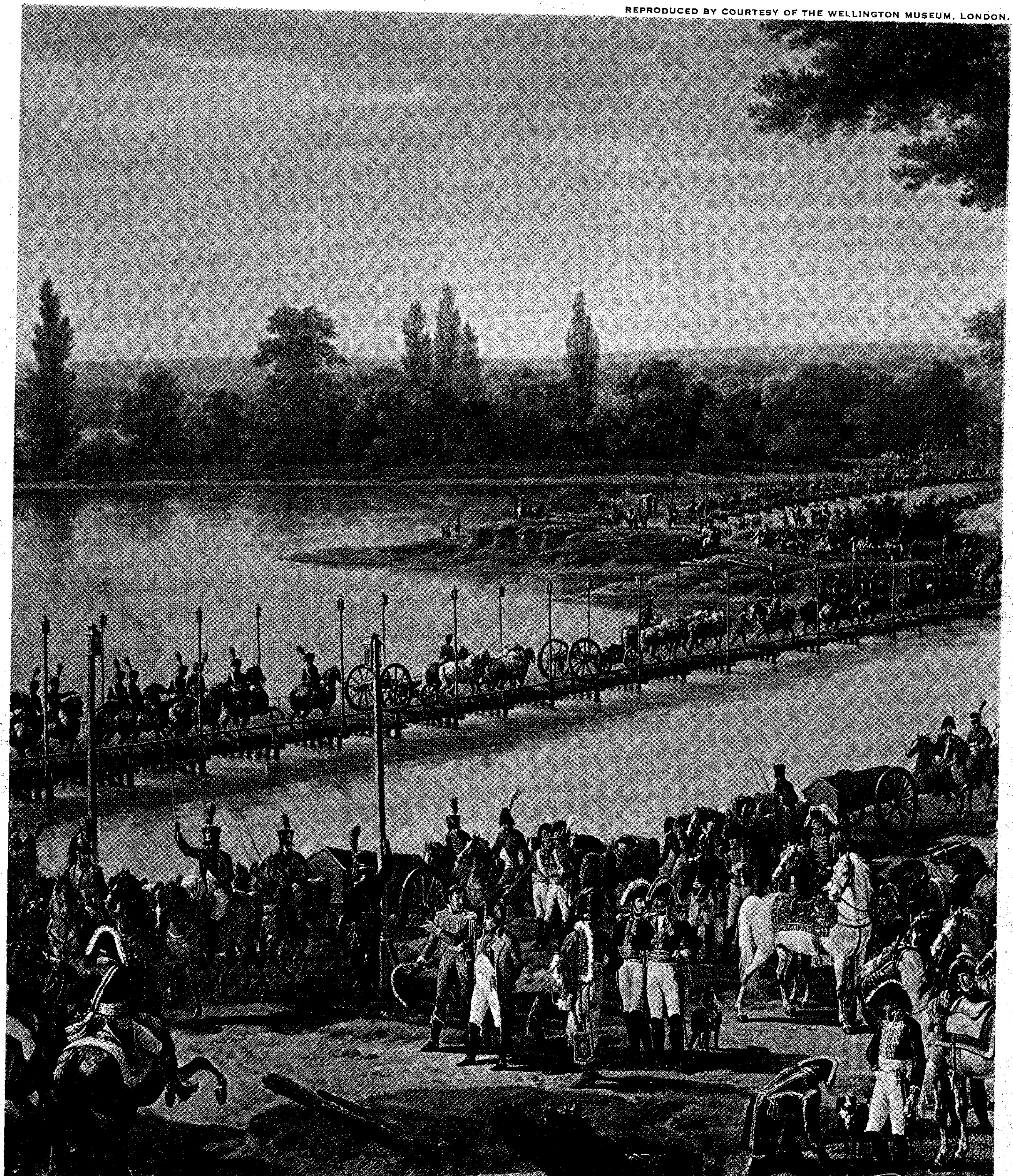
What happens when you apply L'Heure Bleue to your pulse points, and its delicate scent starts to permeate the air around you? Ah . . .

That's another story.



Twilight on the Seine: Today.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE WELLINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON.



Passage de Danube par Napoleon avant la bataille de Wagram. Detail from the painting by Jacques-François Josef Swebach (1769-1823). On the night of July 4-5, 1809, French forces crossed the Danube to attack the Austrian army in Wagram. On July 6, 30,000 infantry crushed the fierce resistance of the Austrians, gaining Napoleon a costly victory.

COURVOISIER
The
Brandy
of
Napoleon

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

IMPORTED BY W.A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 80 PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.